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The Modern Hymnal

PRESENTED TO

First Presbyterian Church

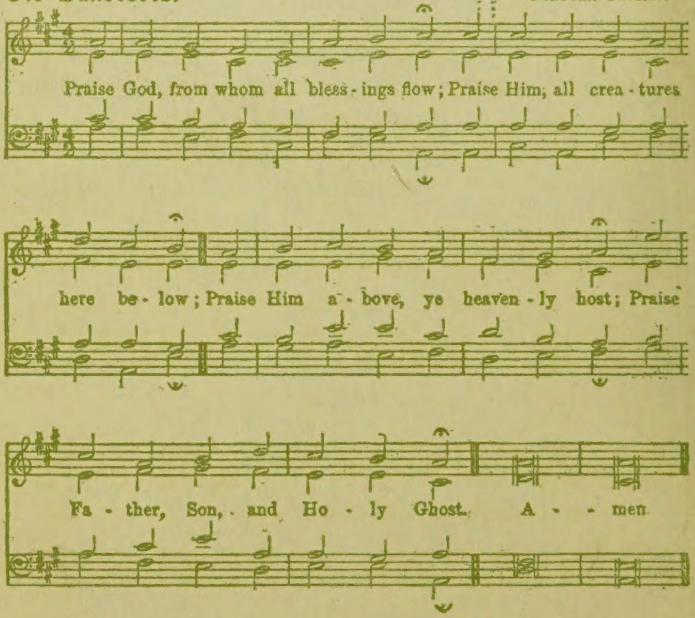
OF

Anaheim, California

By

Mrs. F. A. Altenow

Old Hundredth. Genevan Psalter.

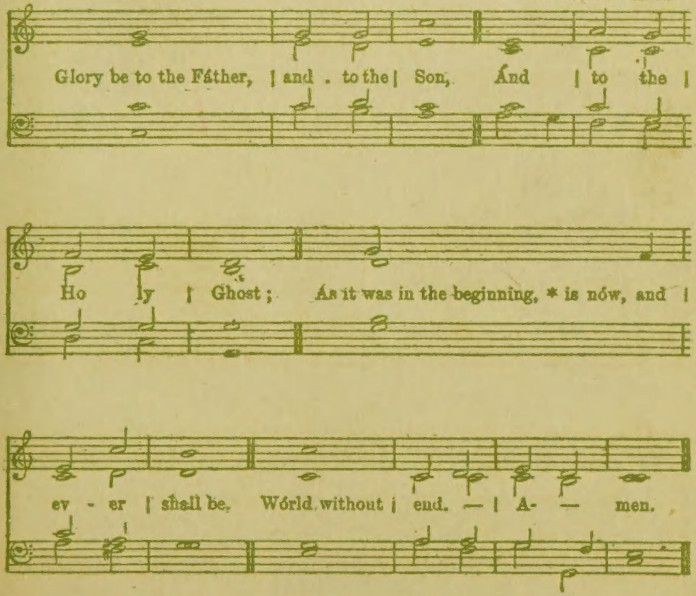

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures
here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - - men

O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

PSALM LI. 15.

Gloria Patri.

R. WOODWARD.


Glory be to the Fáther, | and . to the | Son, Ánd | to the |
Ho ly | Ghost; Ás it was in the beginning, * is nów, and |
ev - er | shall be, Wórld without | end. — | A- — men.

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The Modern Hymnal

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for General Use in All Church Services

Compiled and Edited
by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS

Foreword

THE Grand Old Hymnals "of the other days" have rendered great service, and we are glad to pay them we tribute. The Grand Old Hymns must be pre d, and the use of them should be encourage here are also many of the more recent Hym Gospel Songs which are very serviceable a ractive, because they have been inspired by present day experiences and have the blending of appealingly strong music with the forcefully simple Gospel Message. This is a MODERN HYMNAL in Price, in Make-up and in Contents. It is modern in Contents in that it meets the present day need and demand both for the Standard Old Church Hymn and the worthy newer Gospel Songs.

That this Hymnal ma e used of the Master to the glory of His g t ame and to the advancement of His matchless cause is the prayer of

THE EDITOR.

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THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

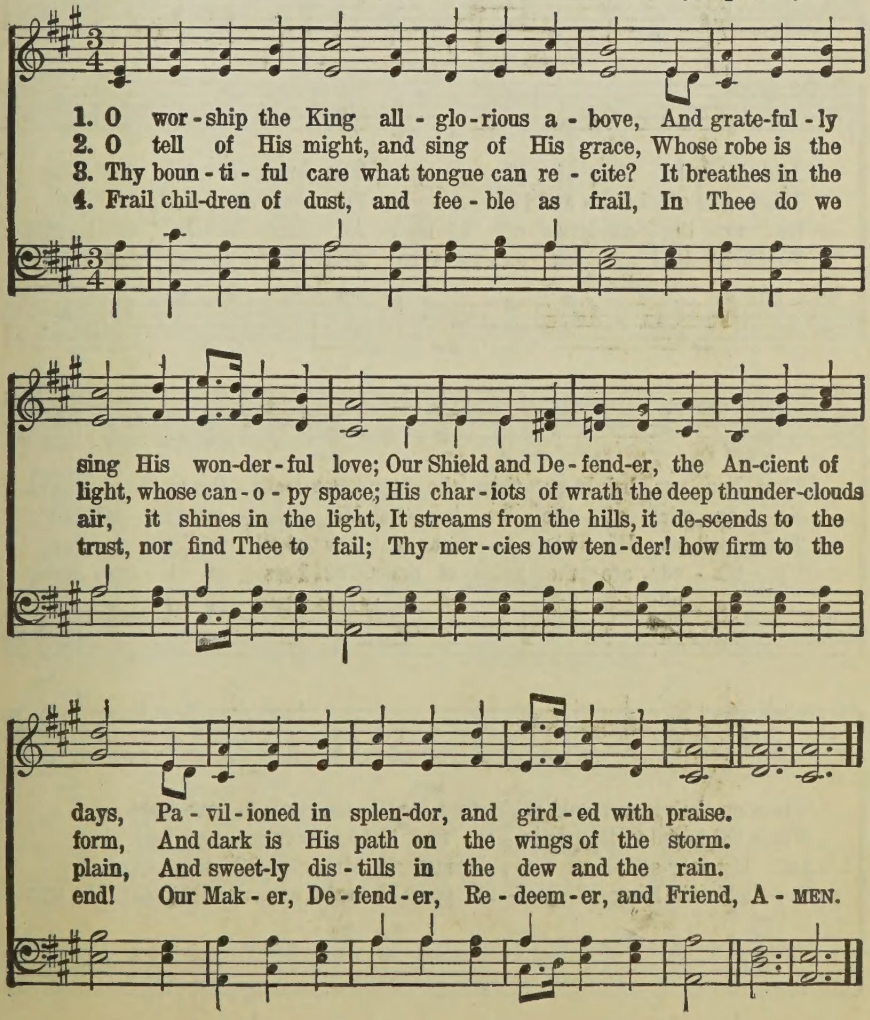
Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Amen.

The Modern Hymnal

1 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

2 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass.

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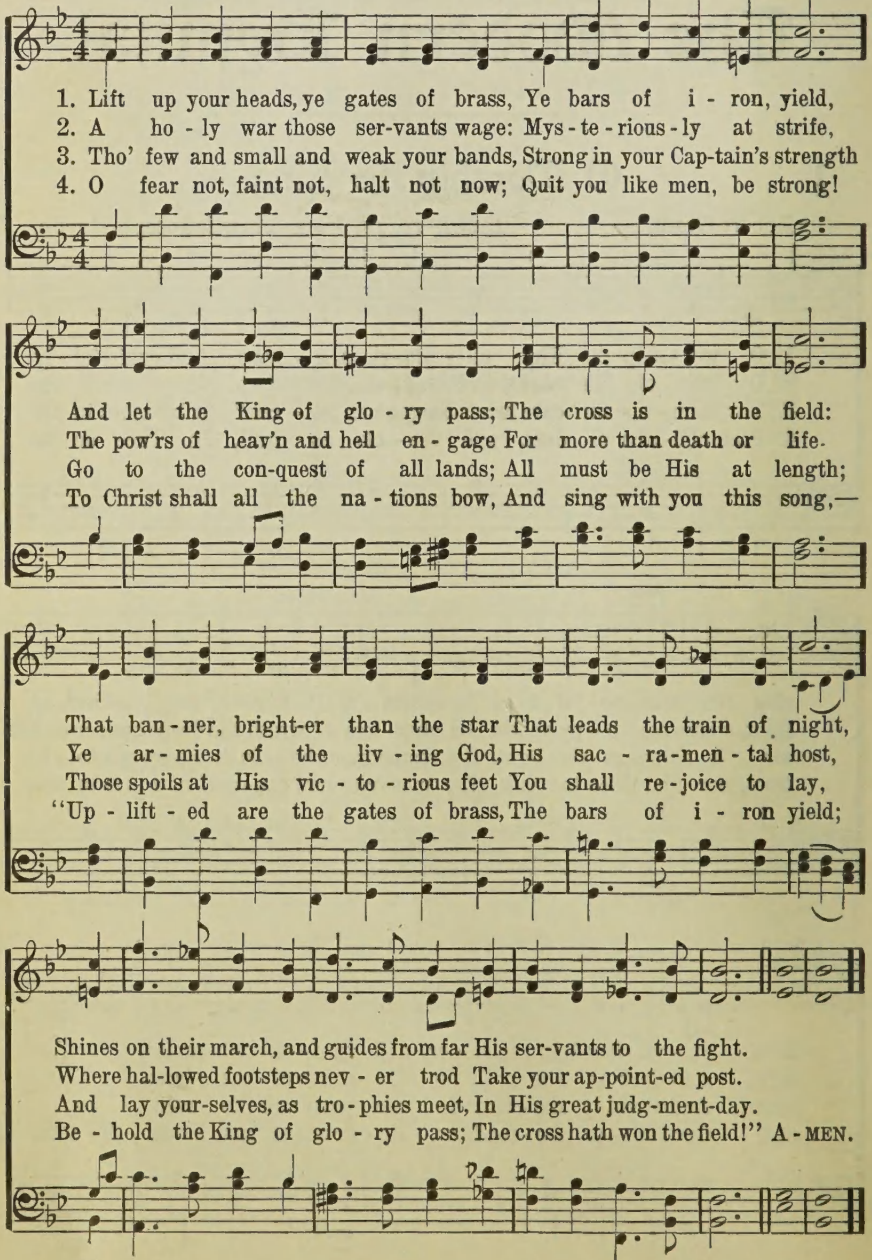
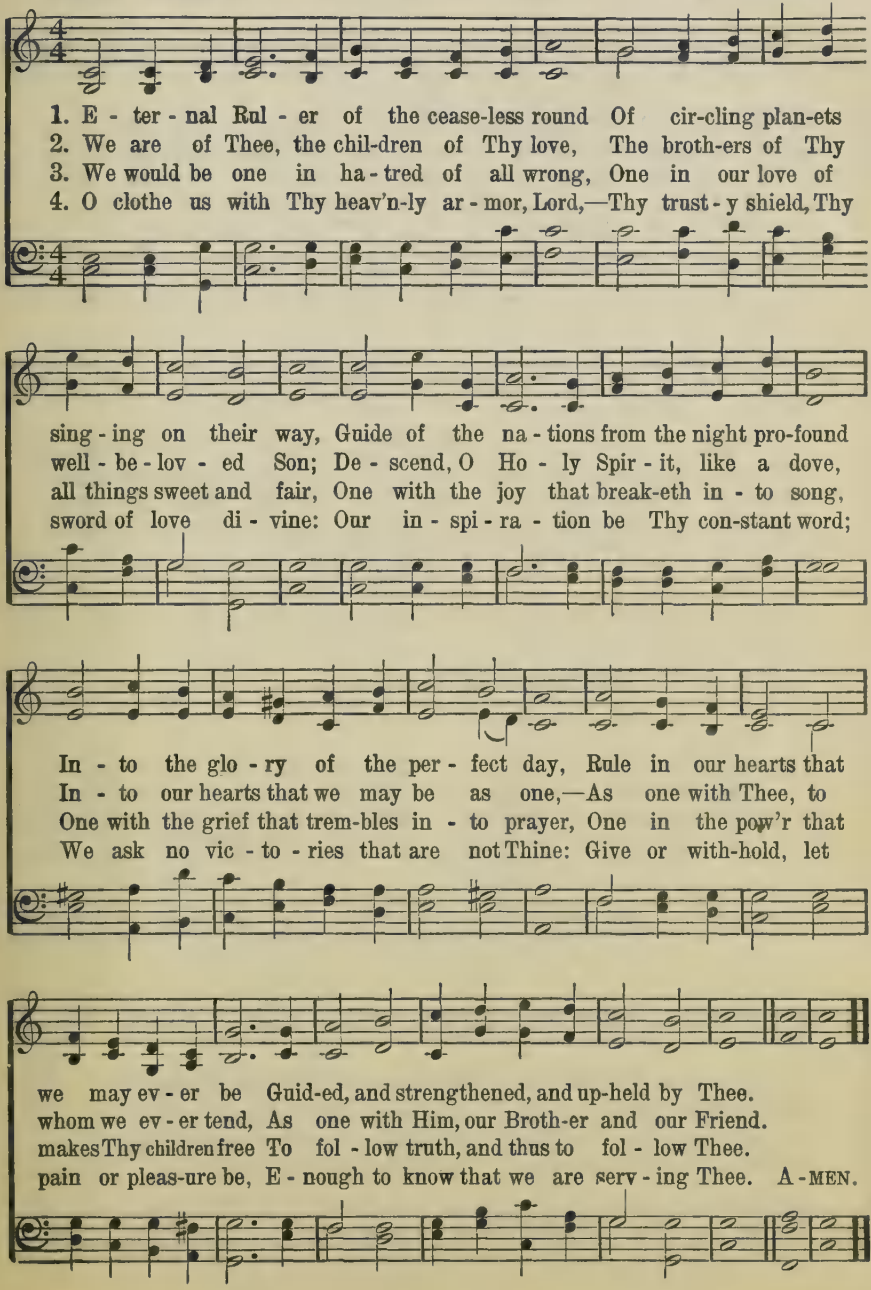
James Montgomery. *Presbyter. C. M. D.* Walter O. Wilkinson.


1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
2. A ho - ly war those ser-vants wage: Mys - te - rious - ly at strife,
3. Tho' few and small and weak your bands, Strong in your Cap-tain's strength
4. O fear not, faint not, halt not now; Quit you like men, be strong!
And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:
The pow'rs of heav'n and hell en - gage For more than death or life.
Go to the con-quest of all lands; All must be His at length;
To Christ shall all the na - tions bow, And sing with you this song,—
That ban - ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,
Ye ar - mies of the liv - ing God, His sac - ra-men - tal host,
Those spoils at His vic - to - rious feet You shall re - joice to lay,
"Up - lift - ed are the gates of brass, The bars of i - ron yield;
Shines on their march, and guides from far His ser-vants to the fight.
Where hal-lowed footsteps nev - er trod Take your ap-point-ed post.
And lay your-selves, as tro - phies meet, In His great judg-ment-day.
Be - hold the King of glo - ry pass; The cross hath won the field!" A - MEN.

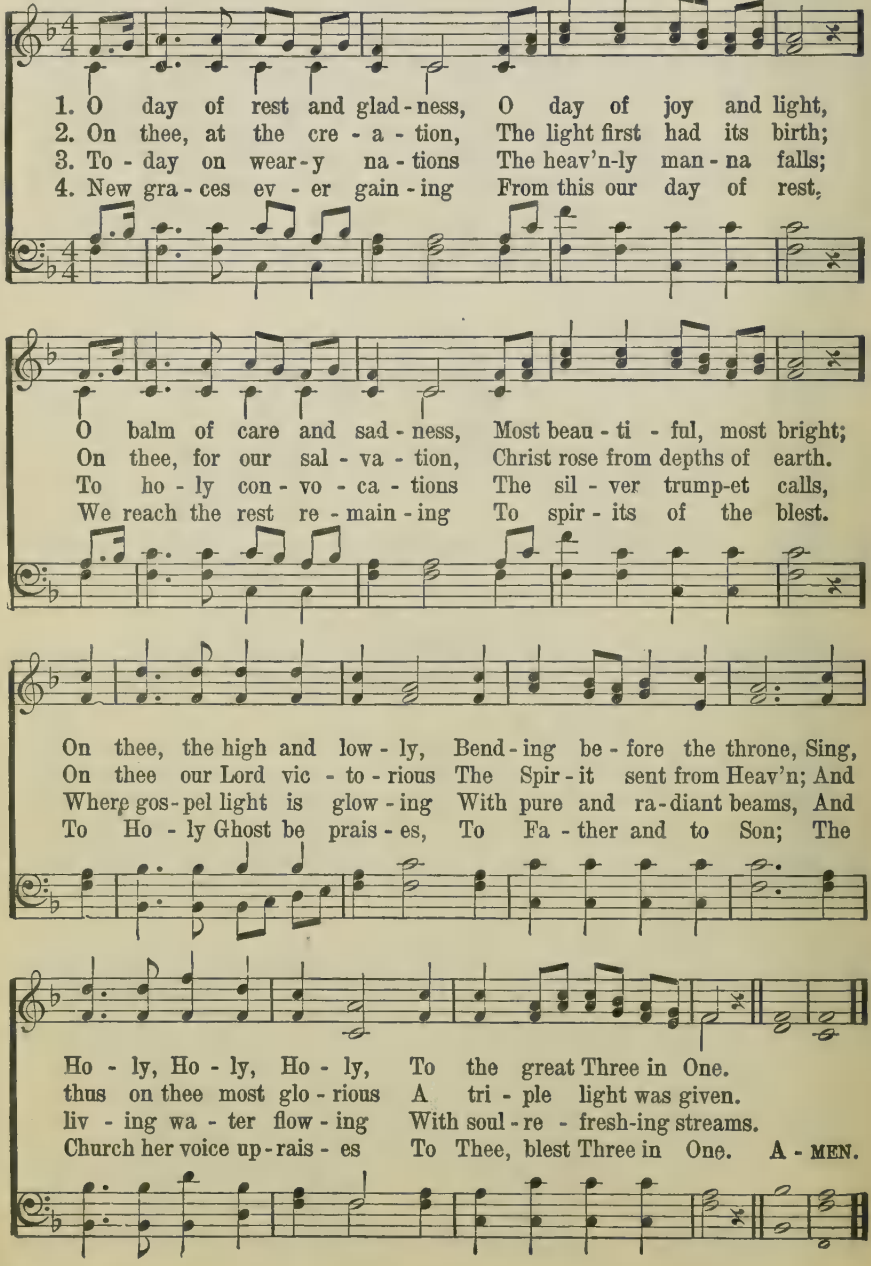
3 Eternal Ruler of the Ceaseless Round.

John W. Chadwick. *Yorkshire.* John Wainwright.


1. E - ter - nal Rul - er of the cease-less round Of cir-cling plan-ets
sing - ing on their way, Guide of the na - tions from the night pro-found
In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day, Rule in our hearts that
we may ev - er be Guid-ed, and strengthened, and up-held by Thee.
2. We are of Thee, the chil-dren of Thy love, The broth-ers of Thy
well - be - lov - ed Son; De - scend, O Ho - ly Spir - it, like a dove,
In - to our hearts that we may be as one,—As one with Thee, to
whom we ev - er tend, As one with Him, our Broth-er and our Friend.
3. We would be one in ha - tred of all wrong, One in our love of
all things sweet and fair, One with the joy that break-eth in - to song,
One with the grief that trem-bles in - to prayer, One in the pow'r that
makes Thy children free To fol - low truth, and thus to fol - low Thee.
4. O clothe us with Thy heav'n-ly ar - mor, Lord,—Thy trust - y shield, Thy
sword of love di - vine: Our in - spi - ra - tion be Thy con-stant word;
We ask no vic - to - ries that are not Thine: Give or with-hold, let
pain or pleas-ure be, E - nough to know that we are serv - ing Thee. A - MEN.

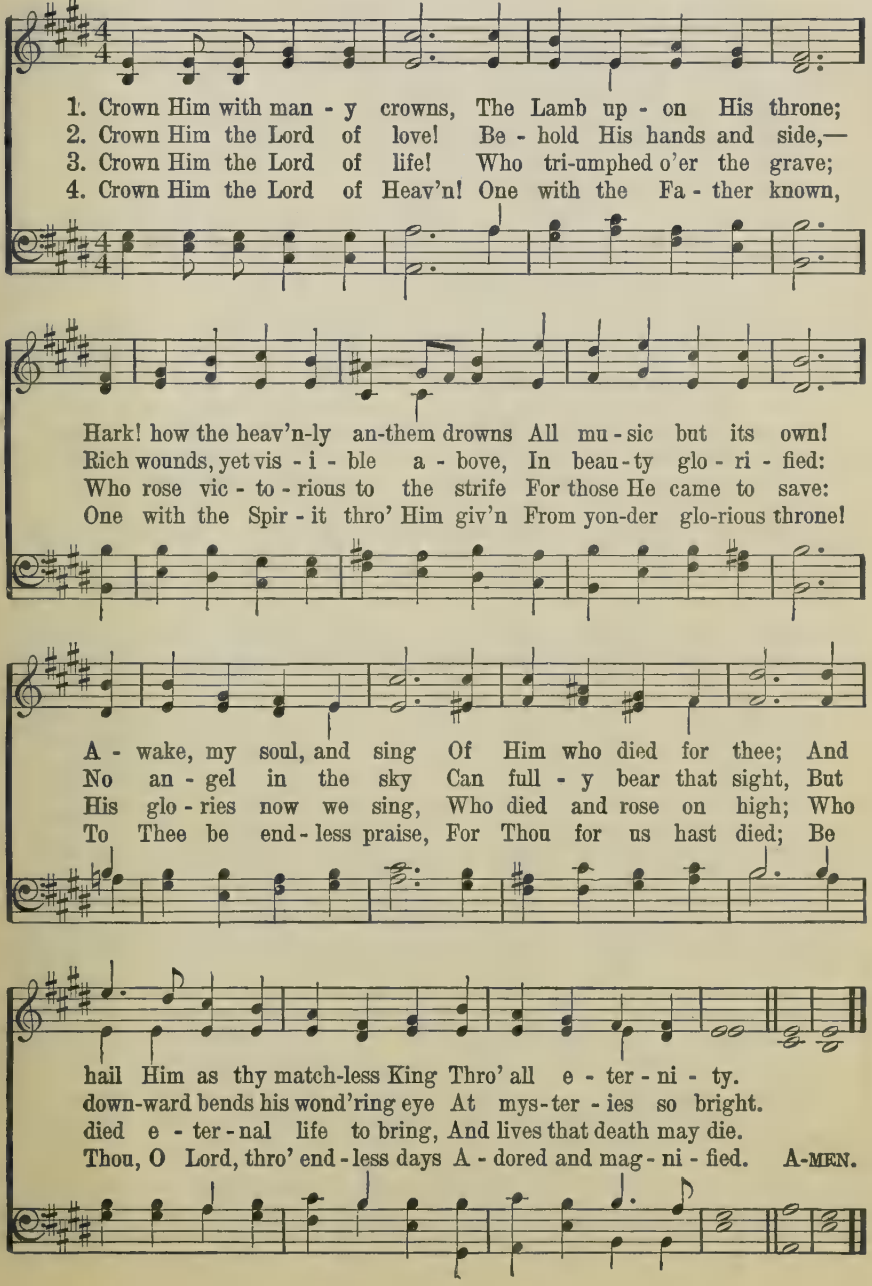
4 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

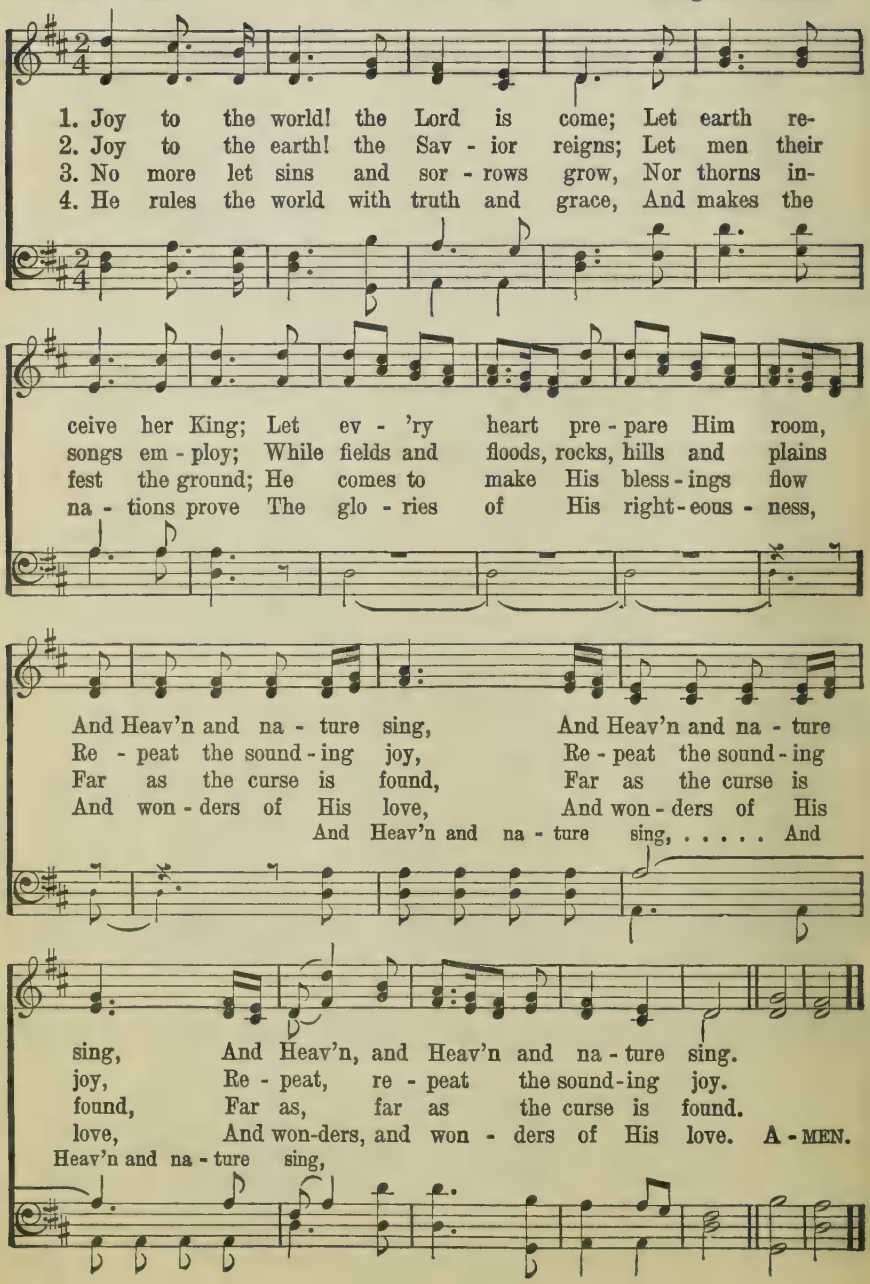
5 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

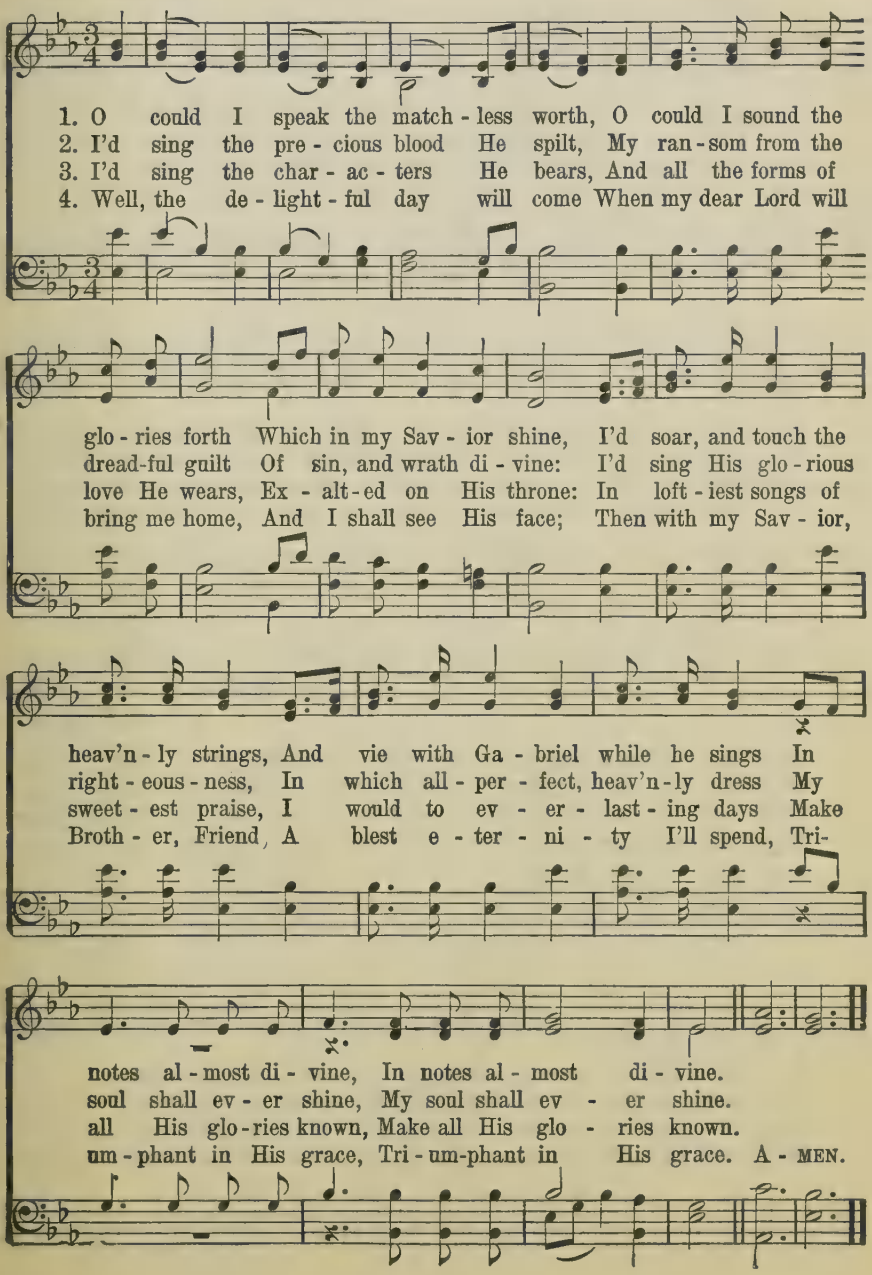
Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

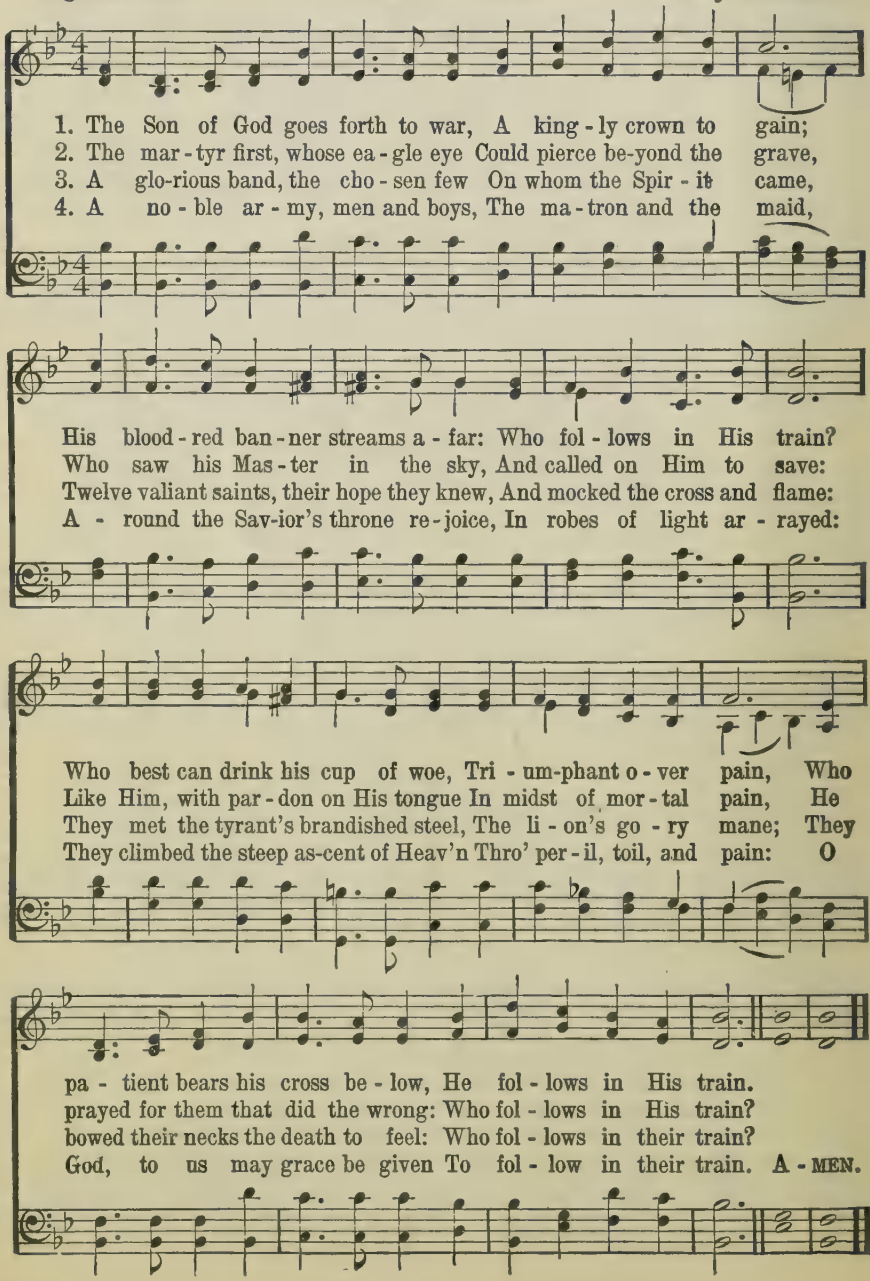
7 O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. *Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

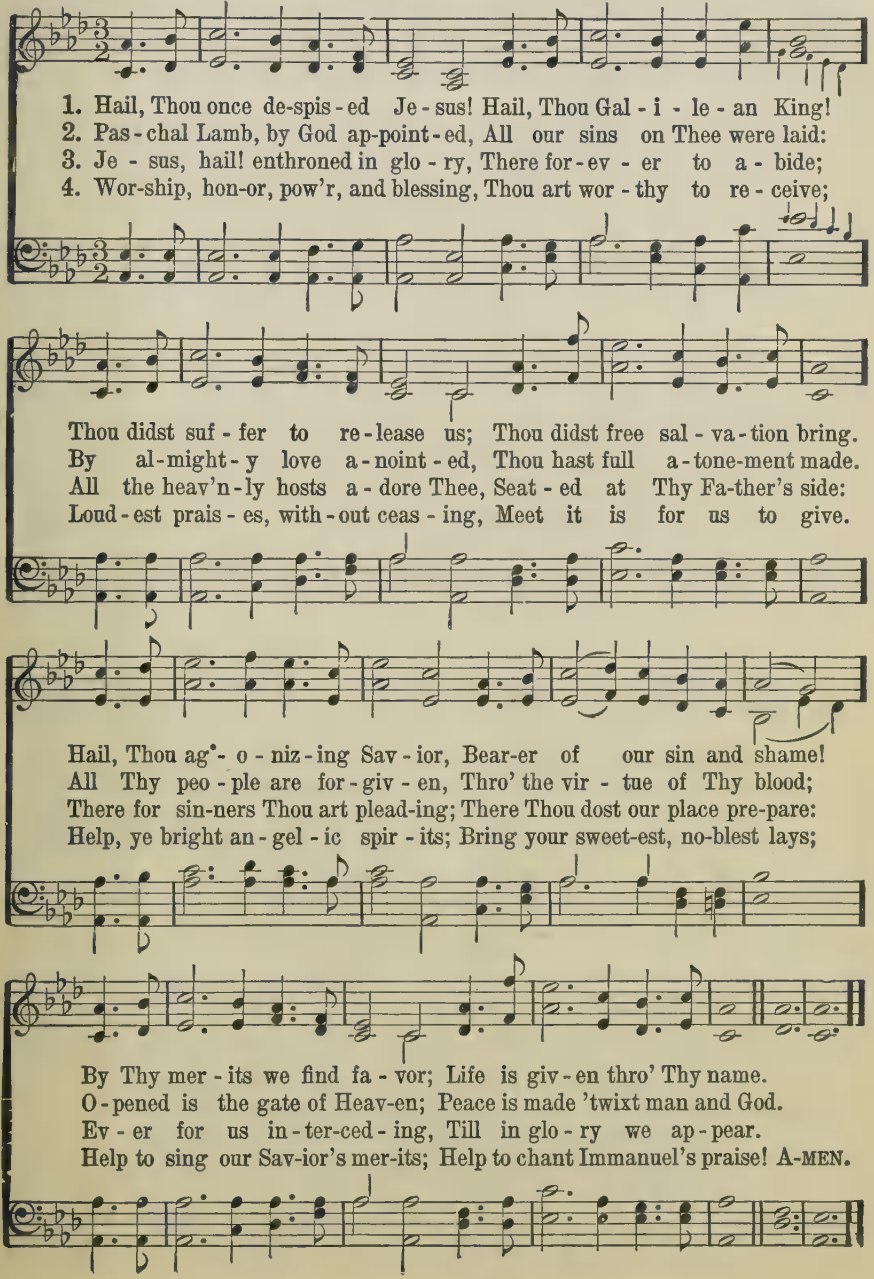

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.

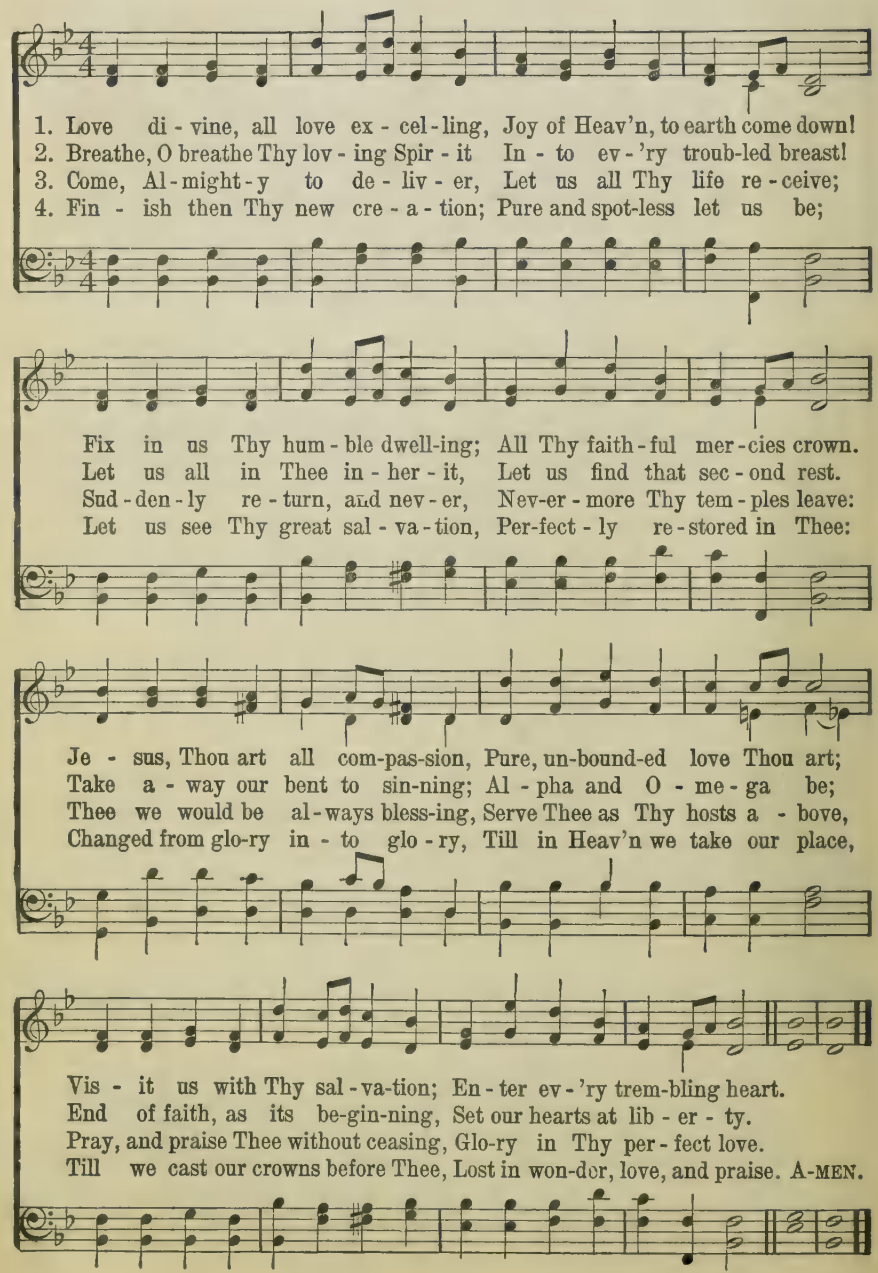

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, Who
pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain, He
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane; They
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,
A-round the Sav-ior's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain: O
God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.

Hail, Thou Once Despised.

John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Esch.

1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

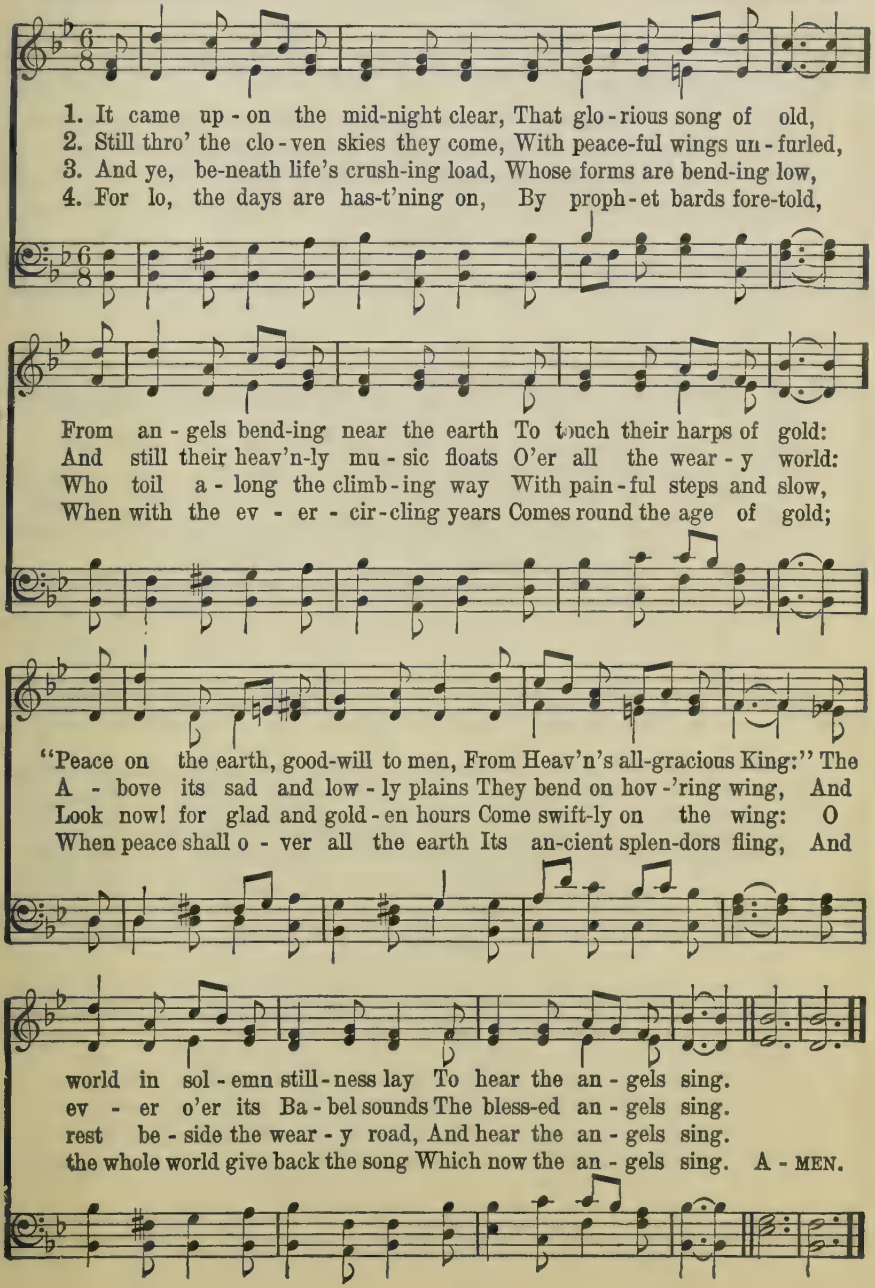
10 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

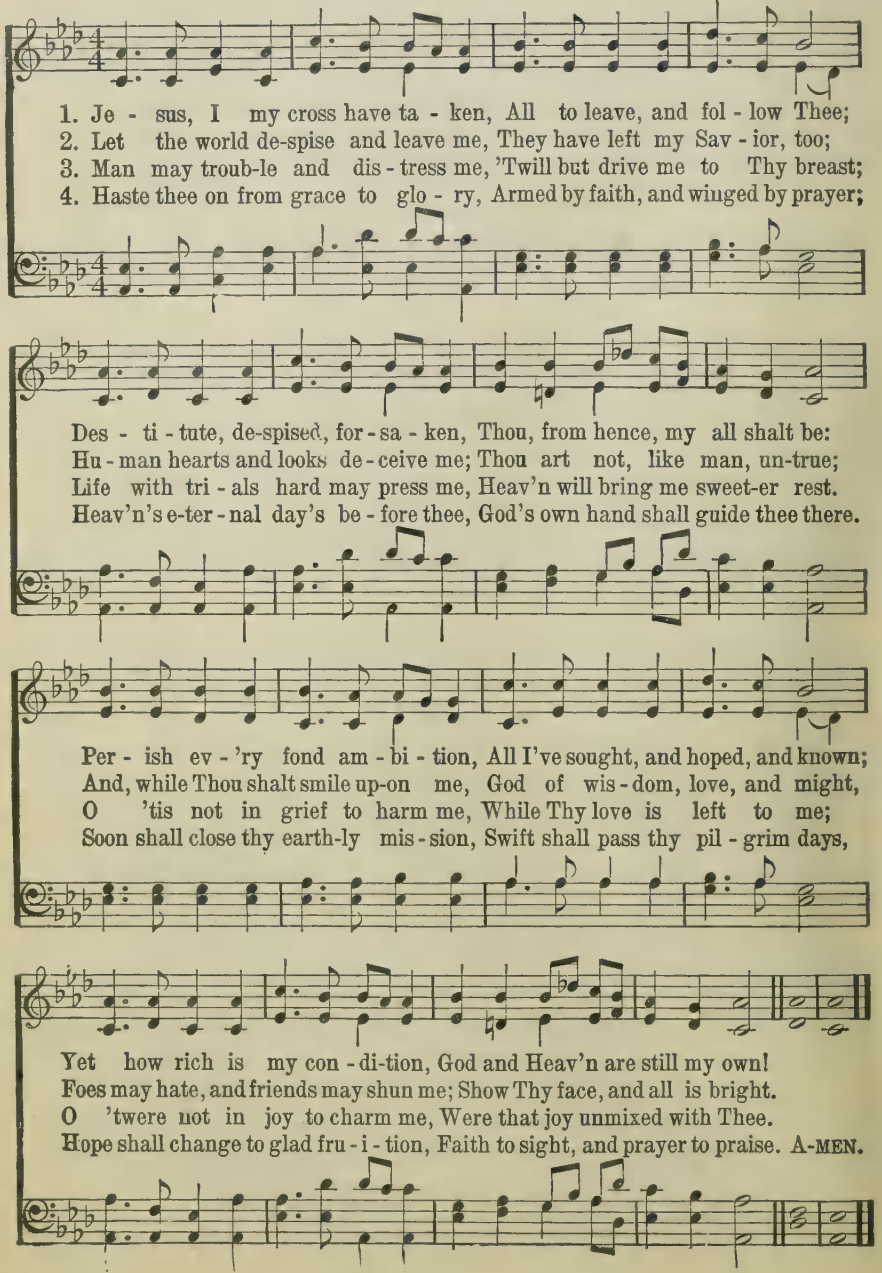
11 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. *Carol. C. M. D.* Richard S. Willis.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore-told,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

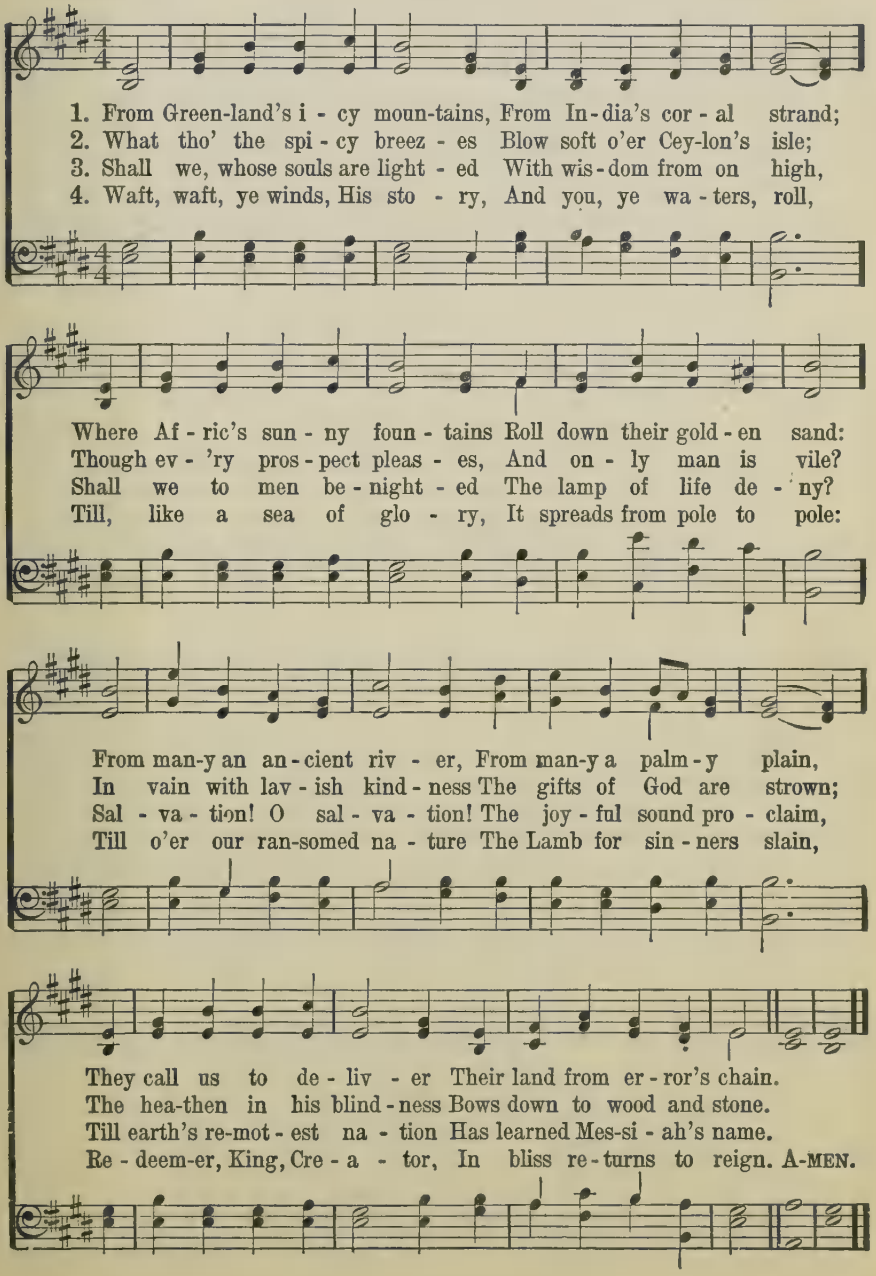
12 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

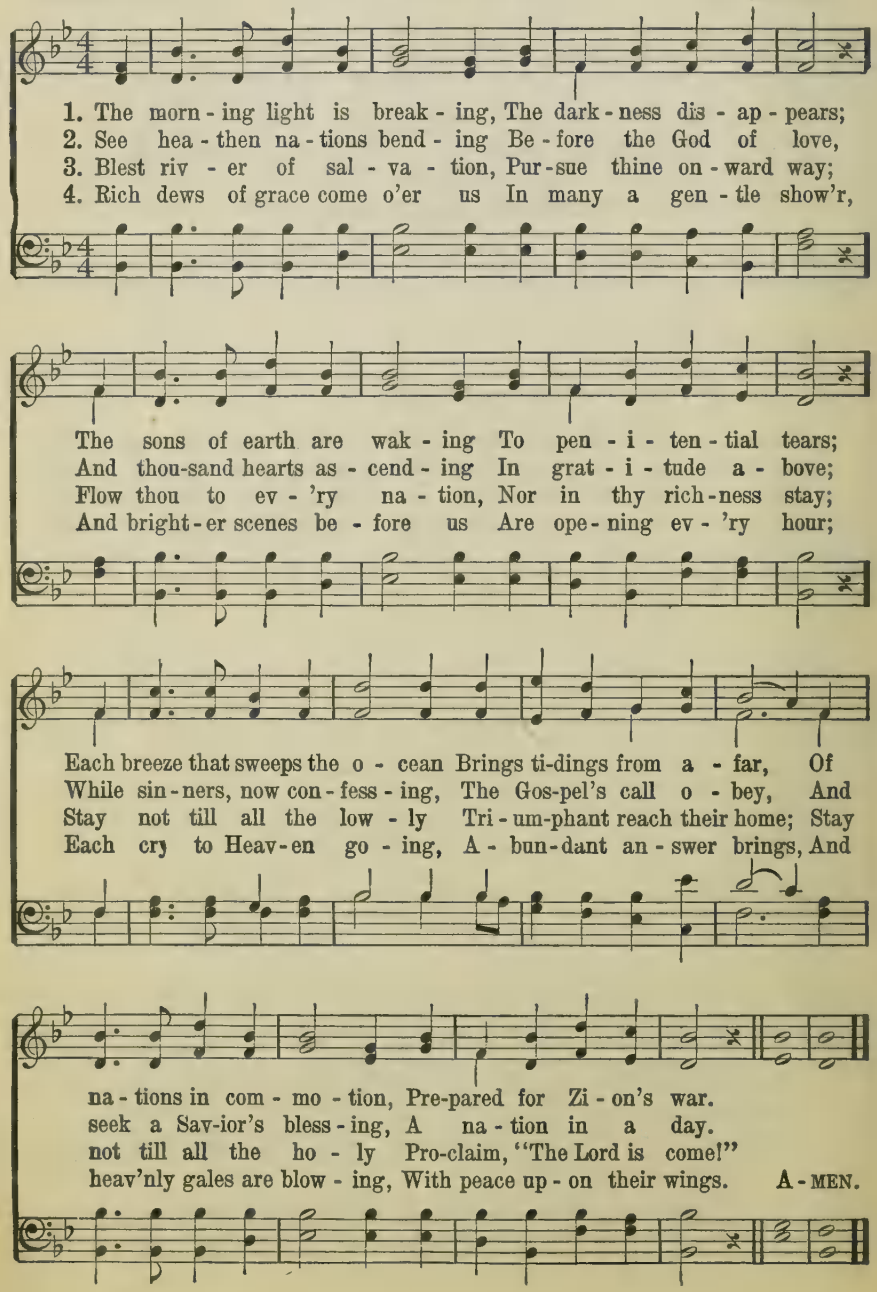
13 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

14 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And
na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

15 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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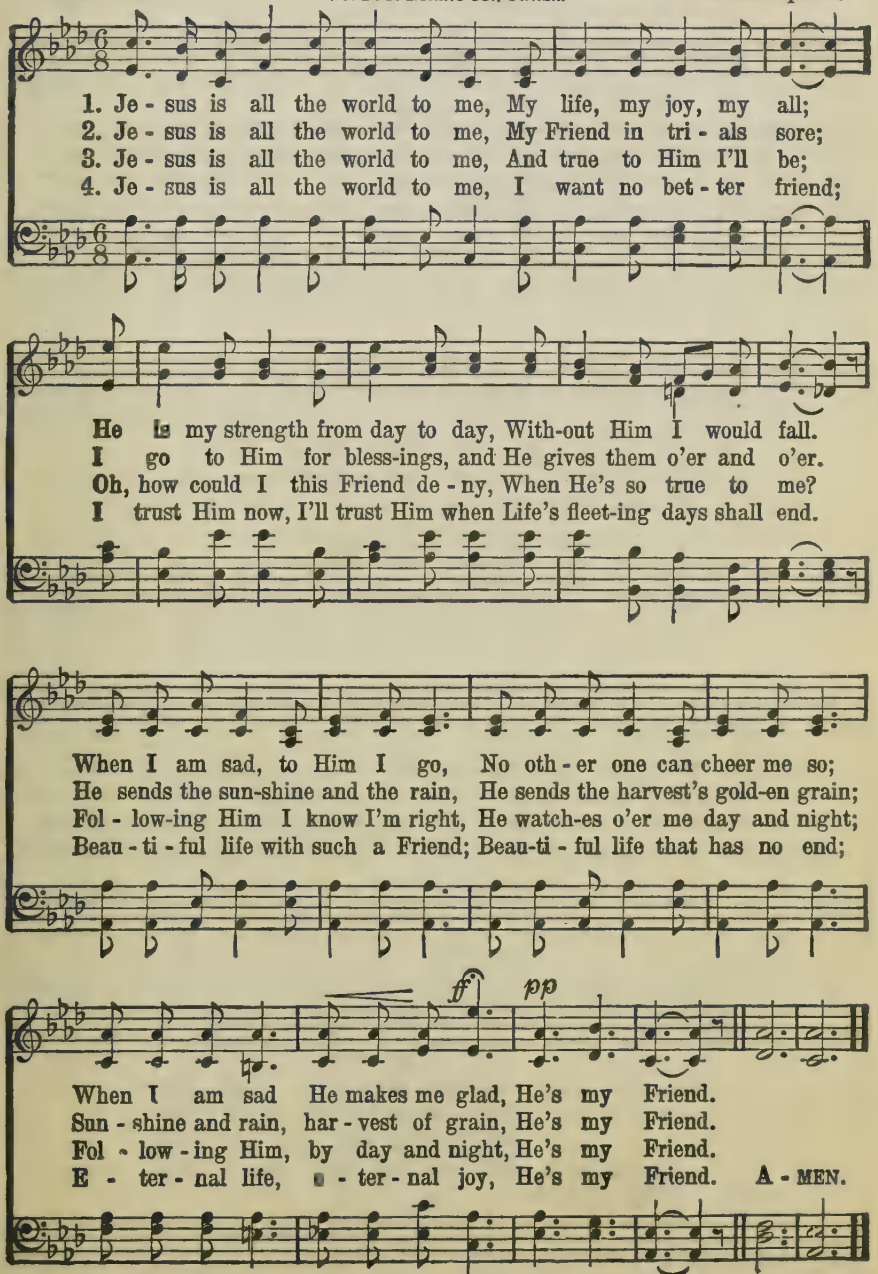
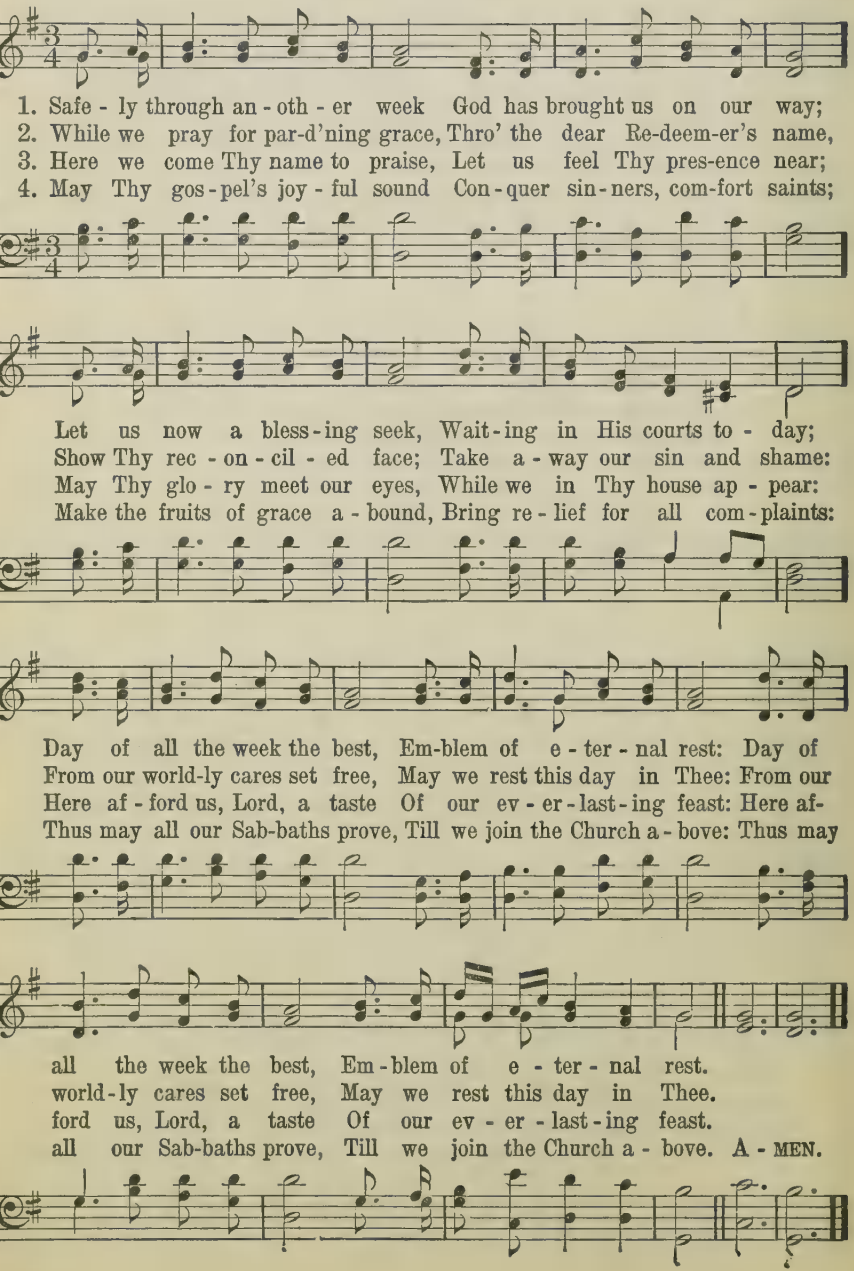

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
ff
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

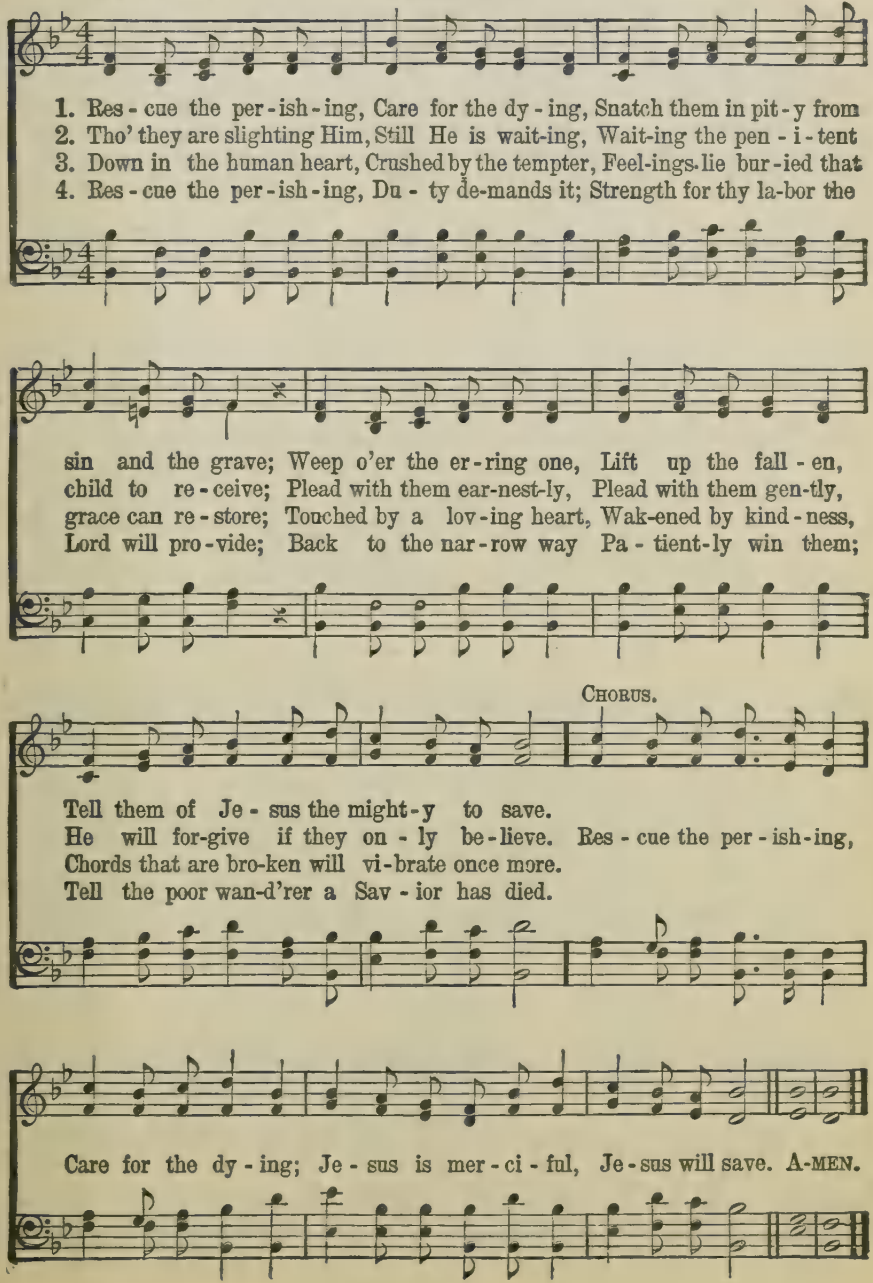
16 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

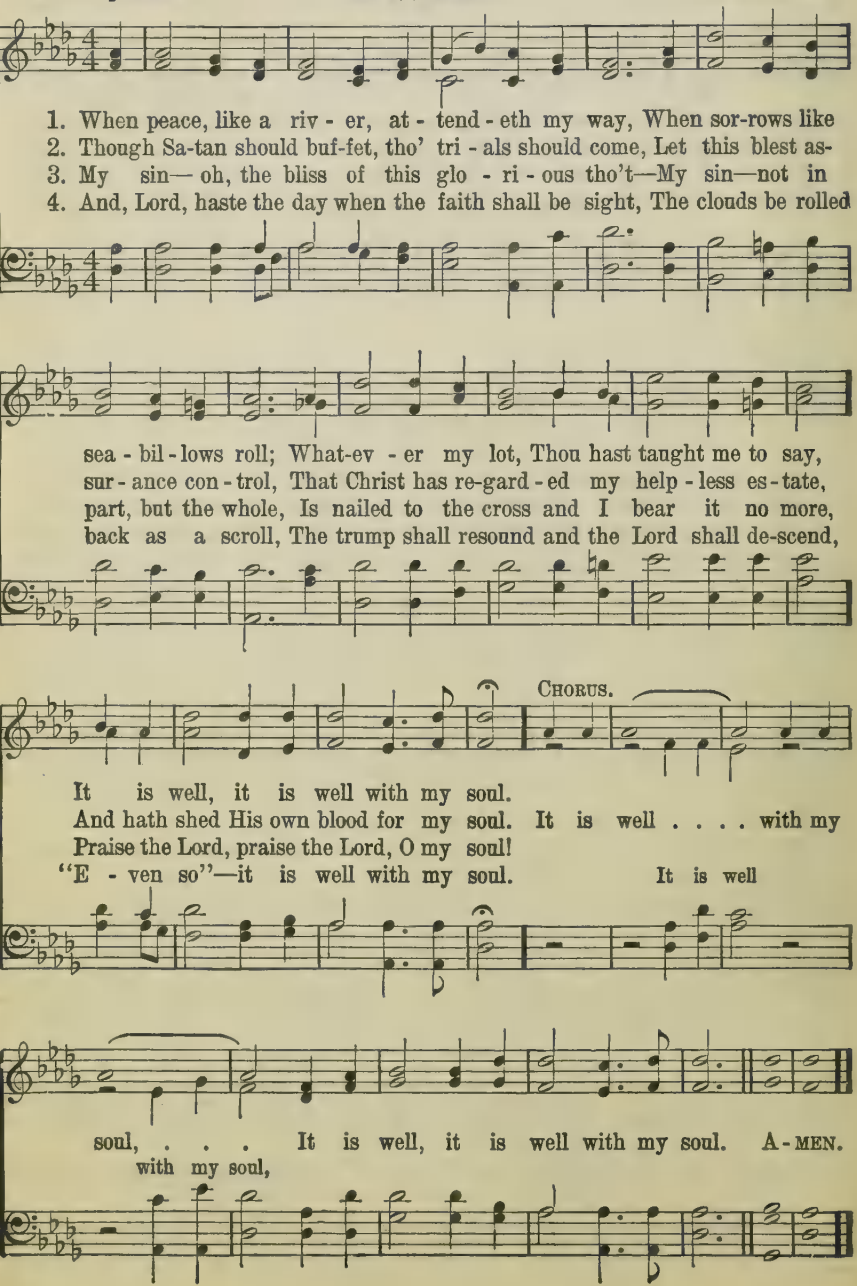
17 Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. William H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

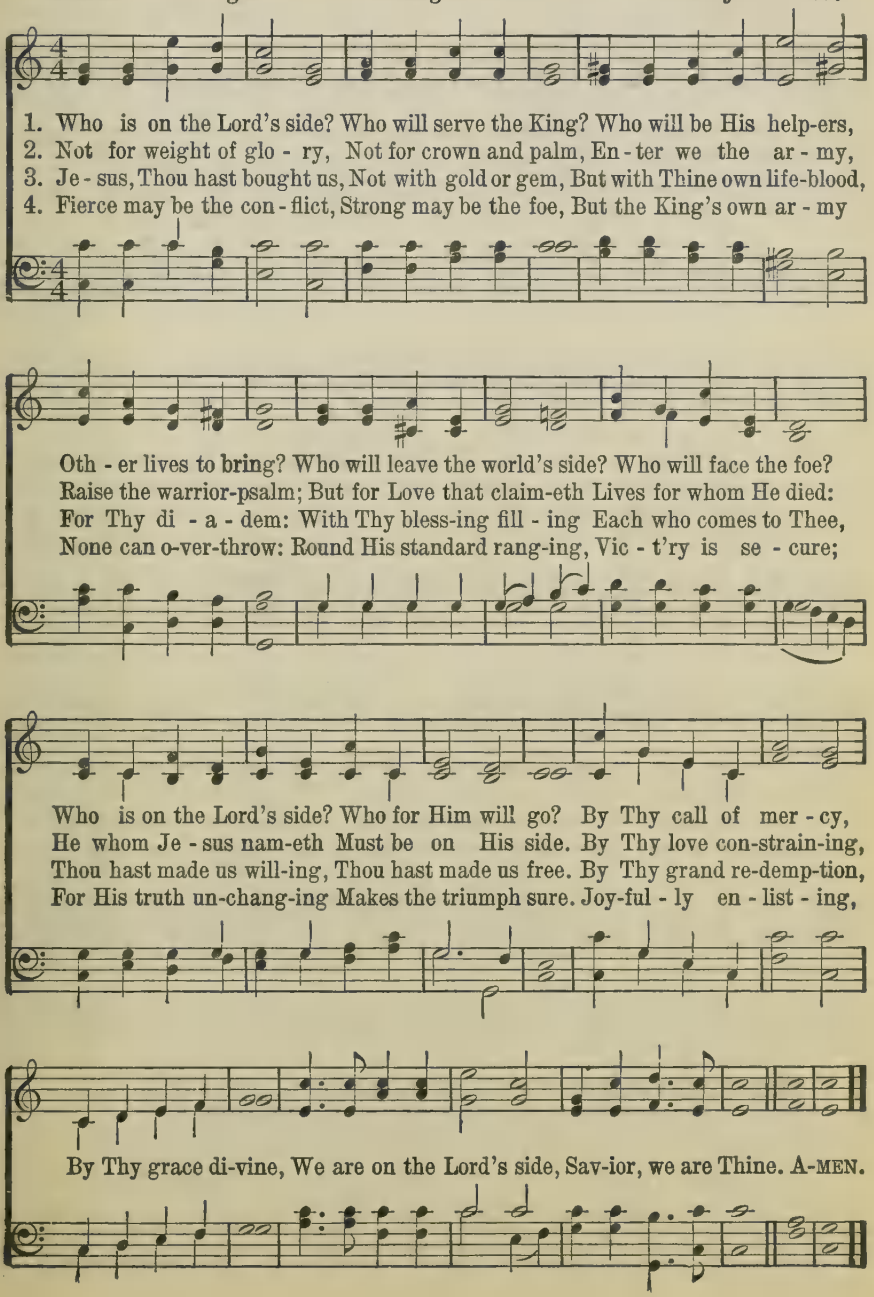
18 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

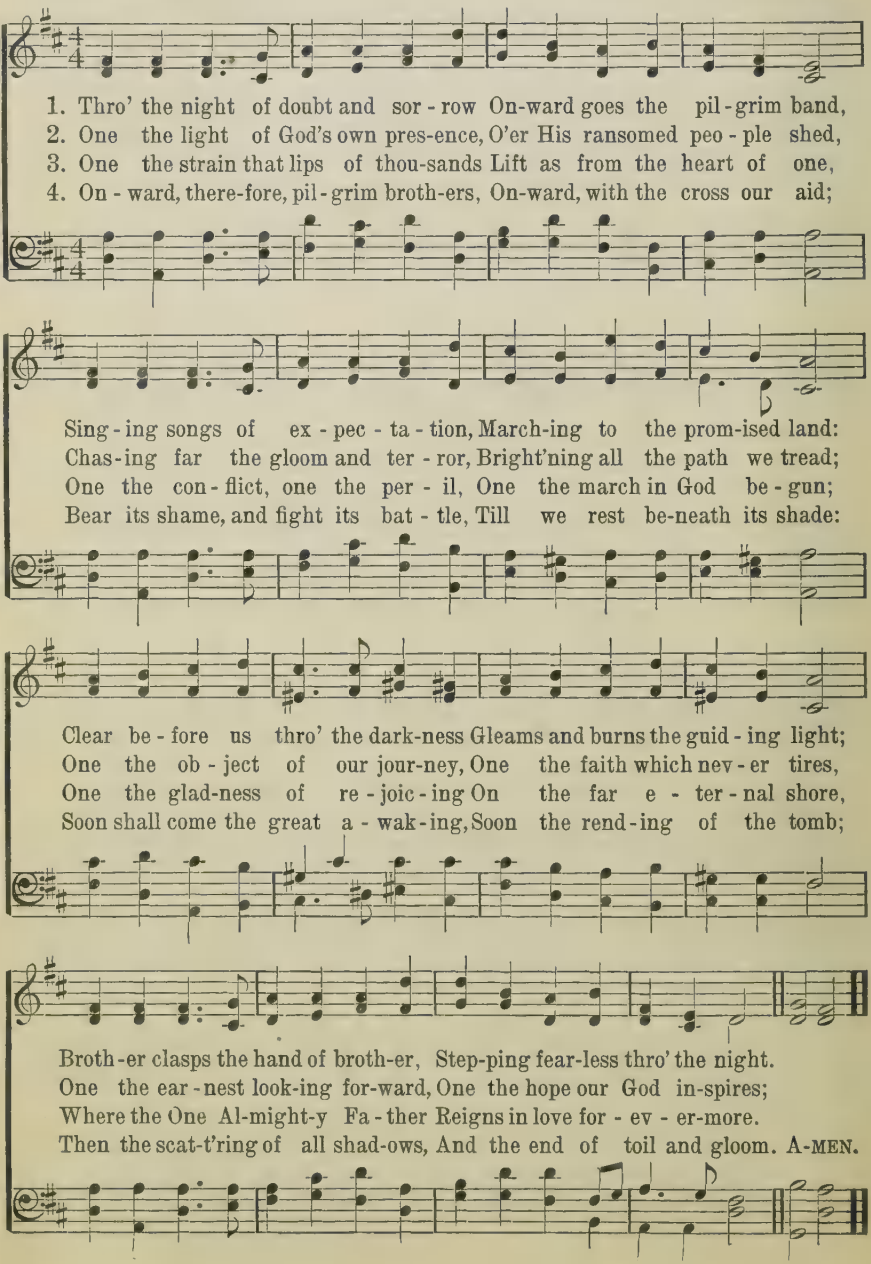

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as- sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

19 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. *Armageddon.* Sir John Goss.

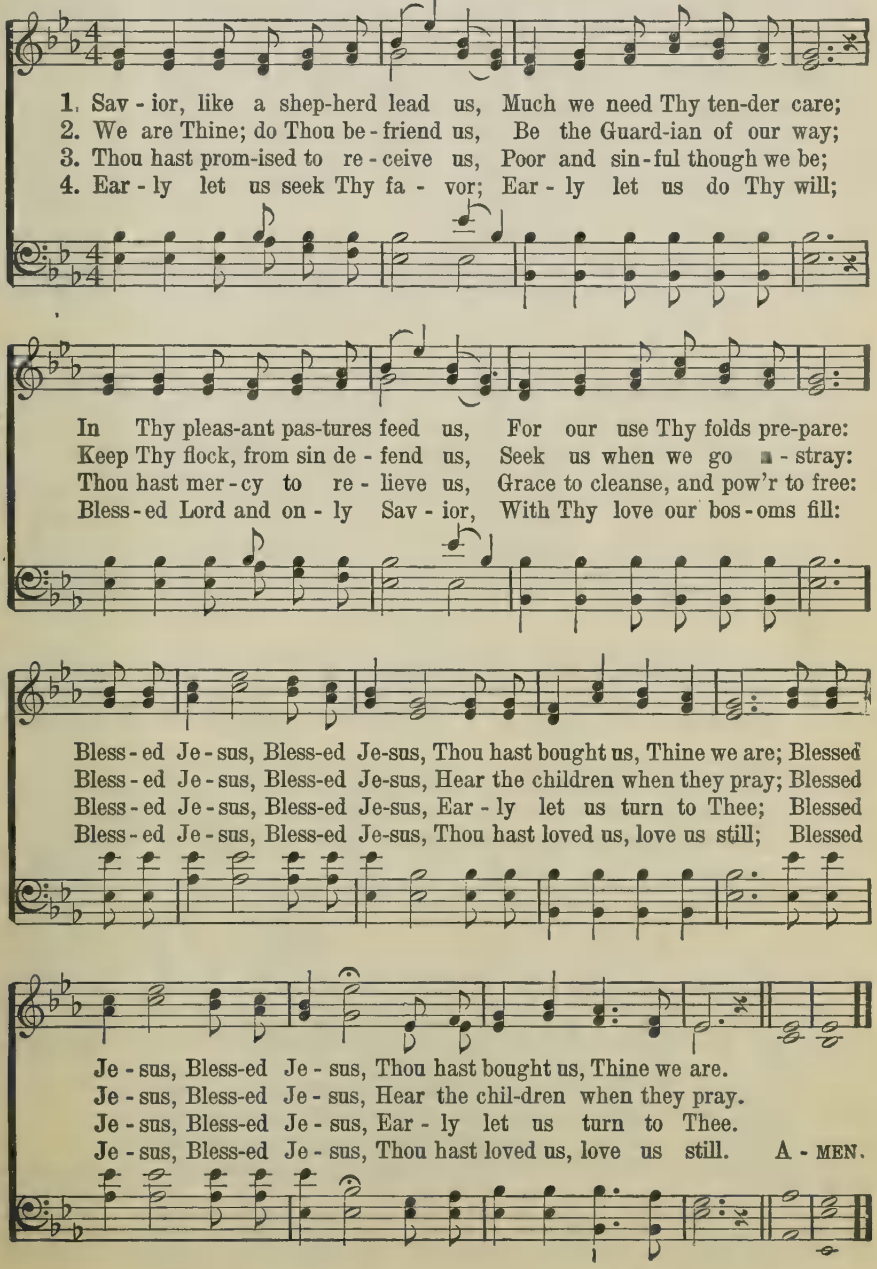

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure. Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.

20 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

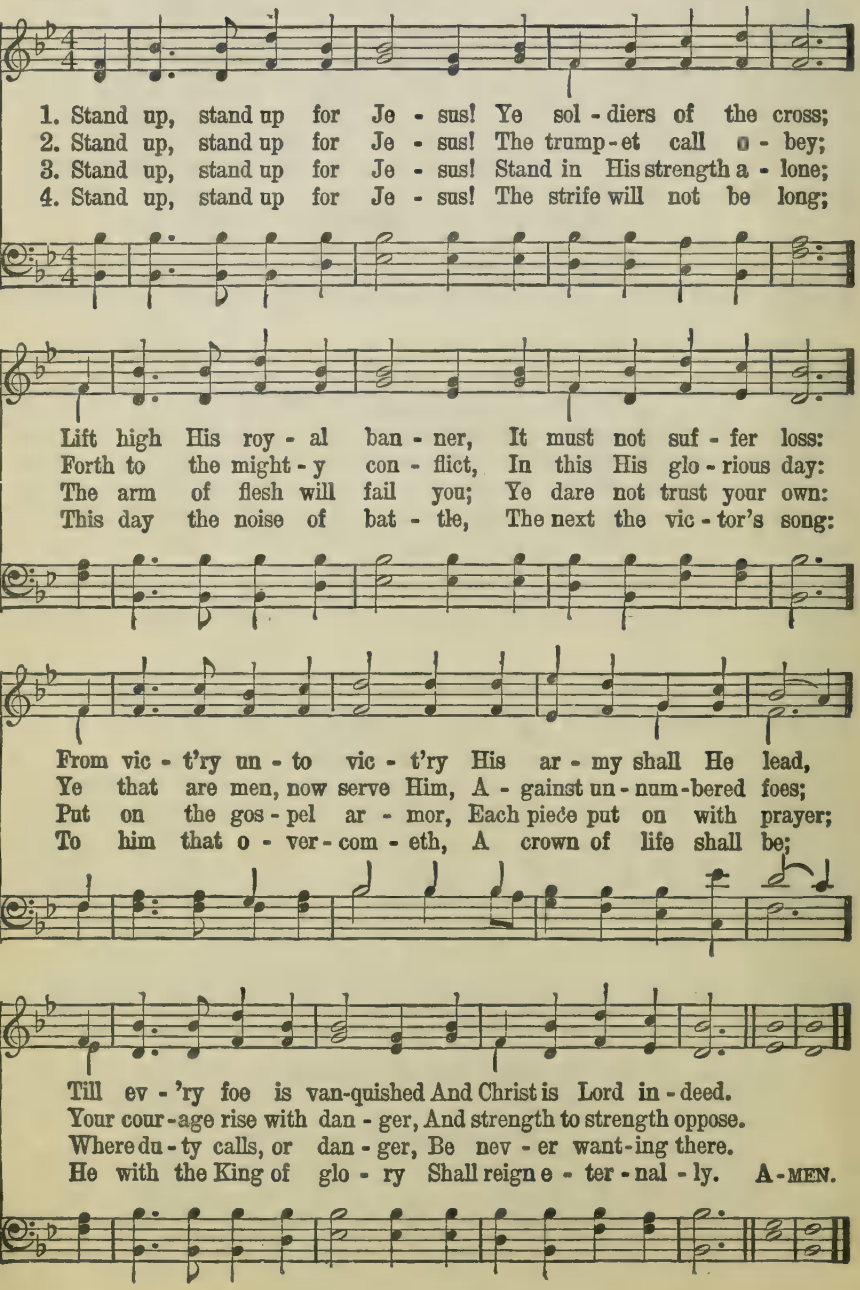
Bernhardt S. Ingemann. *St. Asaph.*
Tr. Rev. S. Baring-Gould. William S. Bambridge.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil - grim band,
2. One the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er His ransomed peo - ple shed,
3. One the strain that lips of thou-sands Lift as from the heart of one,
4. On - ward, there-fore, pil - grim broth-ers, On-ward, with the cross our aid;
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land:
Chas-ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread;
One the con - flict, one the per - il, One the march in God be - gun;
Bear its shame, and fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade:
Clear be - fore us thro' the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
One the ob - ject of our jour-ney, One the faith which nev - er tires,
One the glad-ness of re - joic - ing On the far e - ter - nal shore,
Soon shall come the great a - wak - ing, Soon the rend - ing of the tomb;
Broth - er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night.
One the ear - nest look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in-spires;
Where the One Al-might-y Fa - ther Reigns in love for - ev - er-more.
Then the scat-t'ring of all shad-ows, And the end of toil and gloom. A-MEN.

21 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous. *Shepherd.* 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. William B. Bradbury.

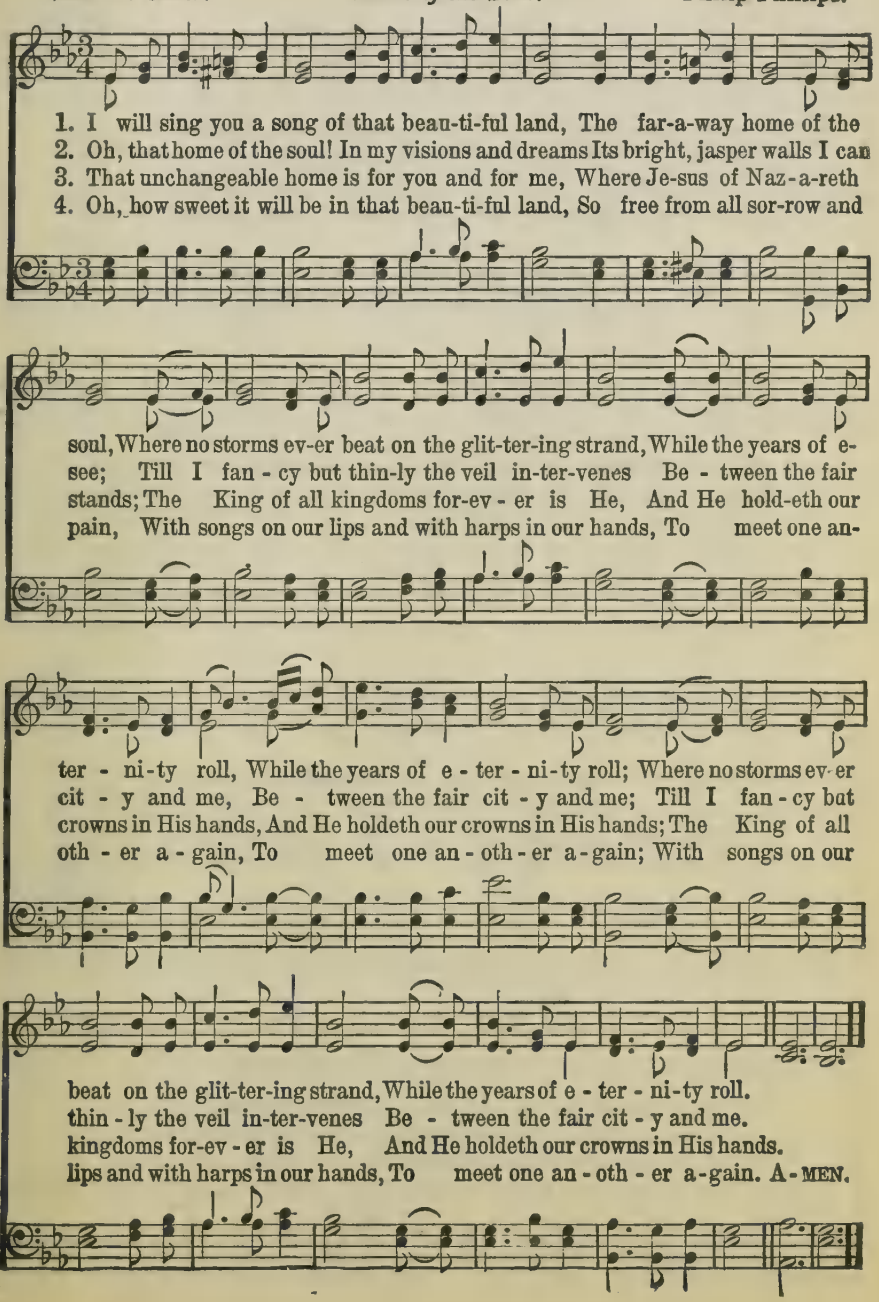

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

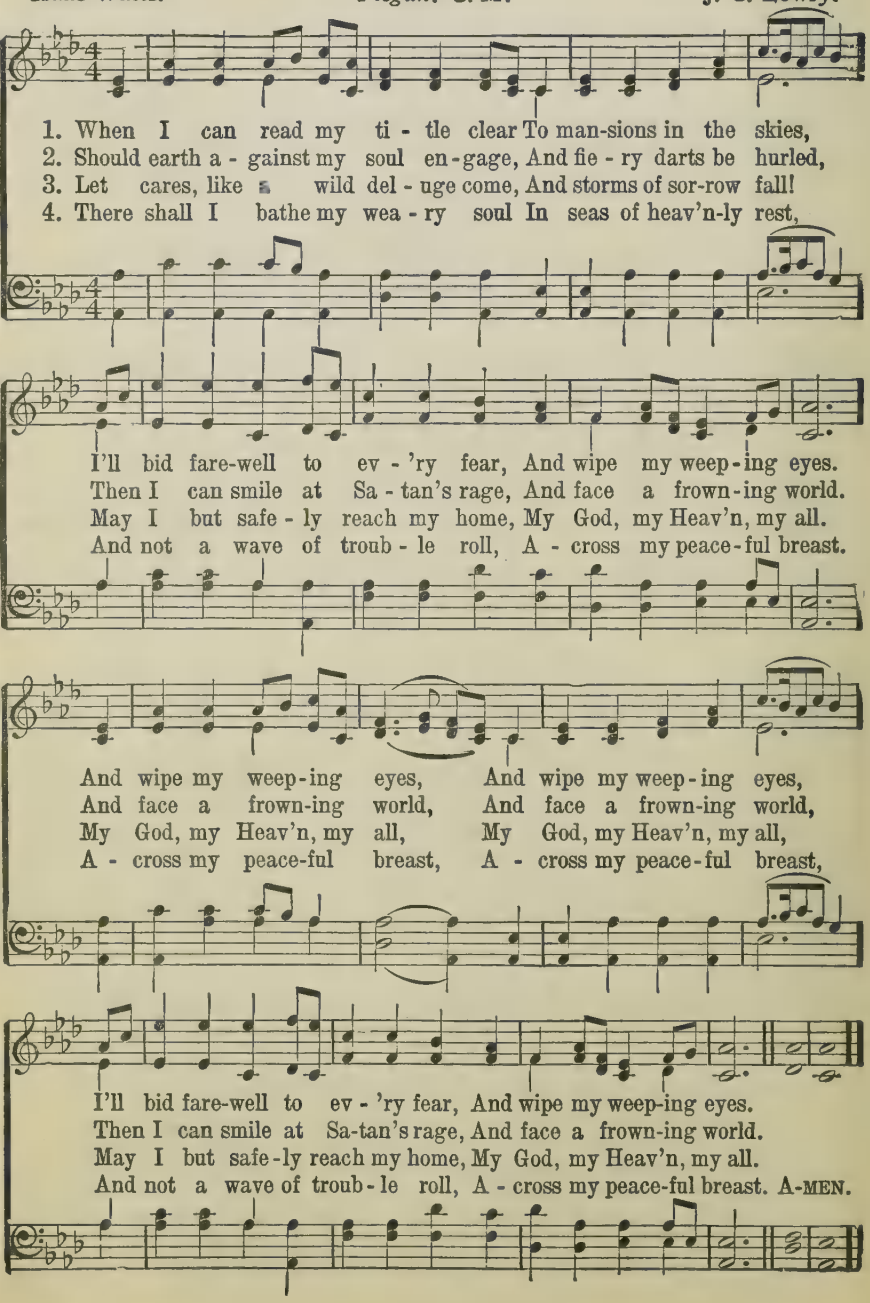
23 I Will Sing You a Song.

Ellen H. Gates. *Home of the Soul.* Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the
2. Oh, that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams Its bright, jasper walls I can
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and
soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair
stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our
pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-
ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ev-er
cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-cy but
crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all
oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs on our
beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain. A-MEN.

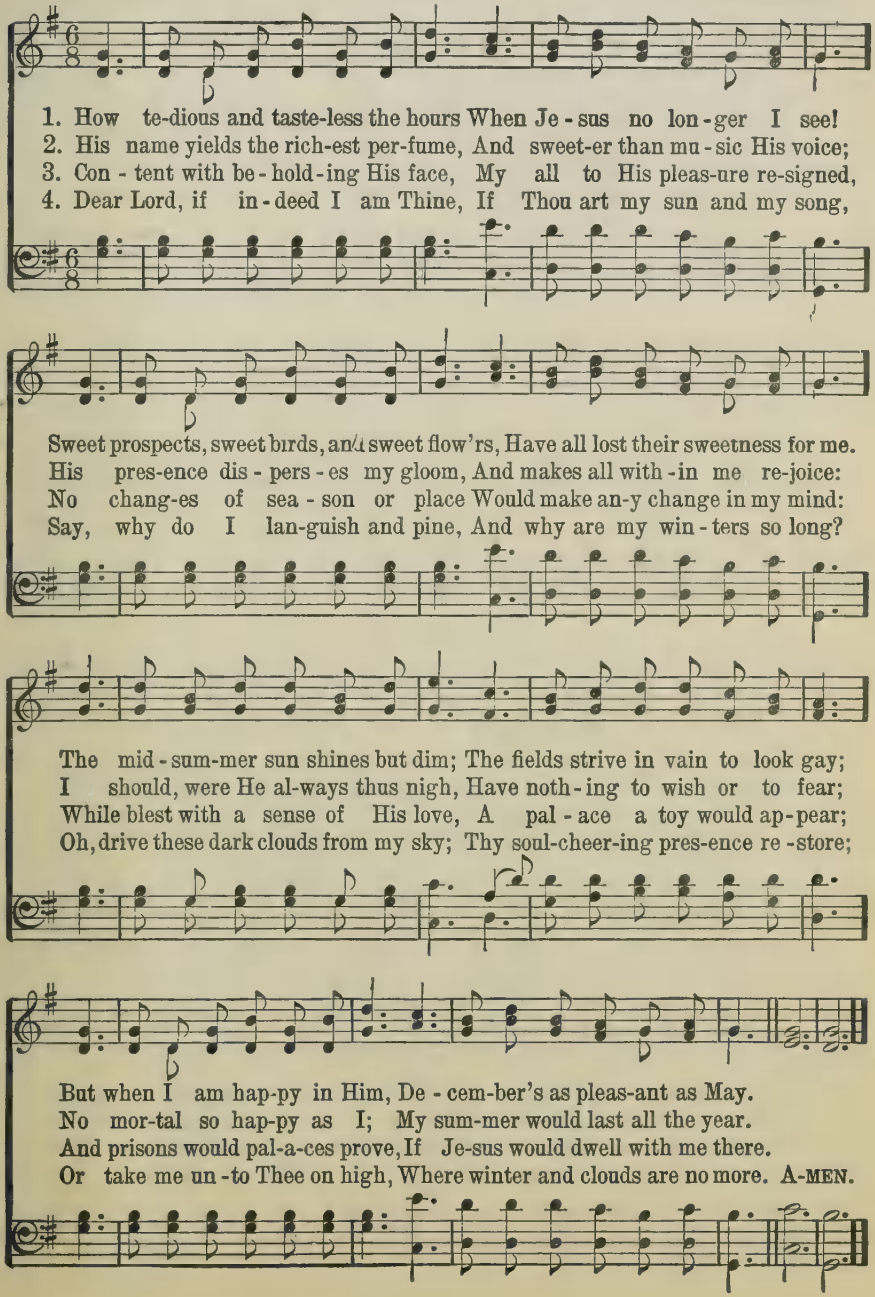
24 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. *Pisgah. C. M.* J. C. Lowry.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
And face a frown-ing world, And face a frown-ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all, My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace-ful breast, A - cross my peace-ful breast,
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast. A-MEN.

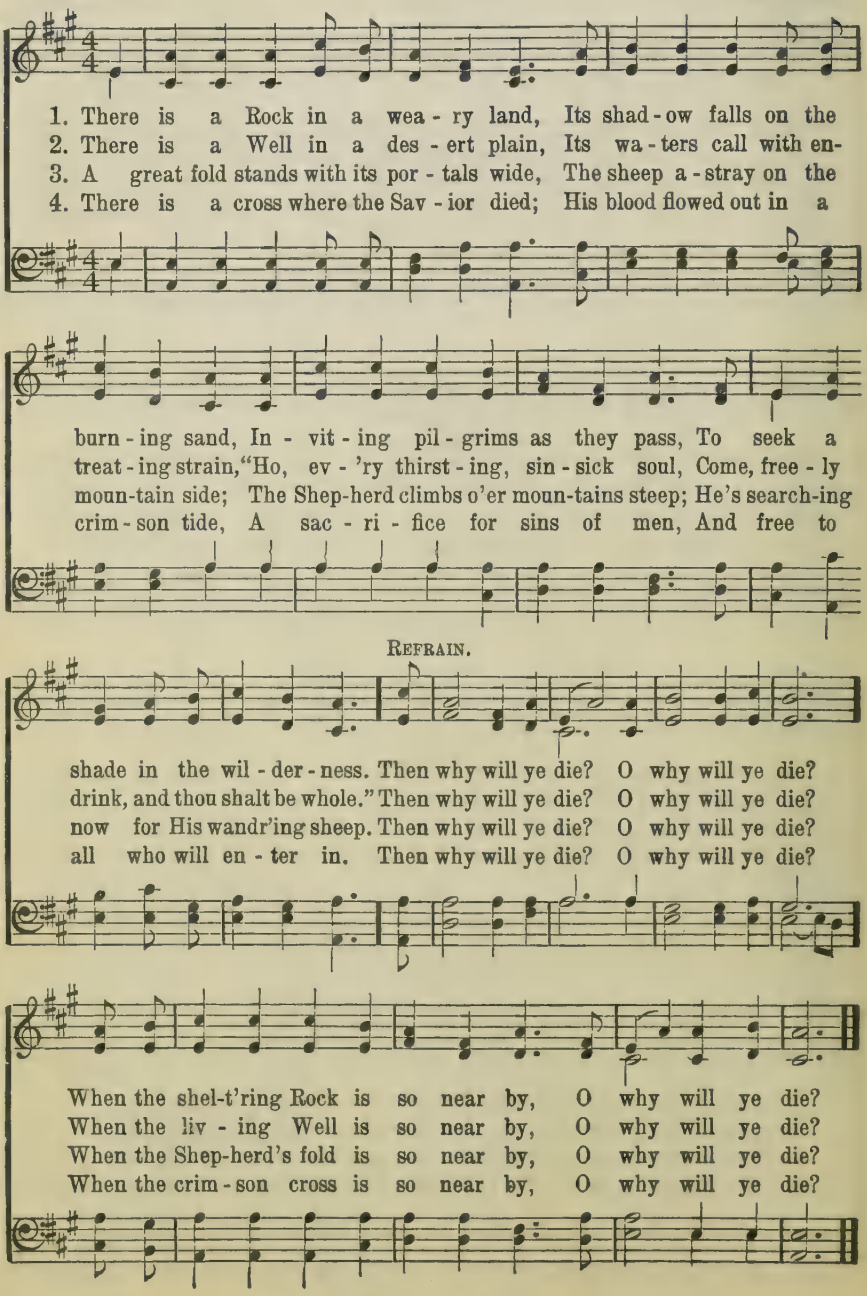
25 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. *De Fleury. 8s.* Lewis Edson.


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;
But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P. Rev. W. E. Penn.


1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died; His blood flowed out in a
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly
moun - tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er moun-tains steep; He's search-ing
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to
Refrain.
shade in the wil - der - ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
now for His wandr'ing sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
When the shel-t'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the Shep-herd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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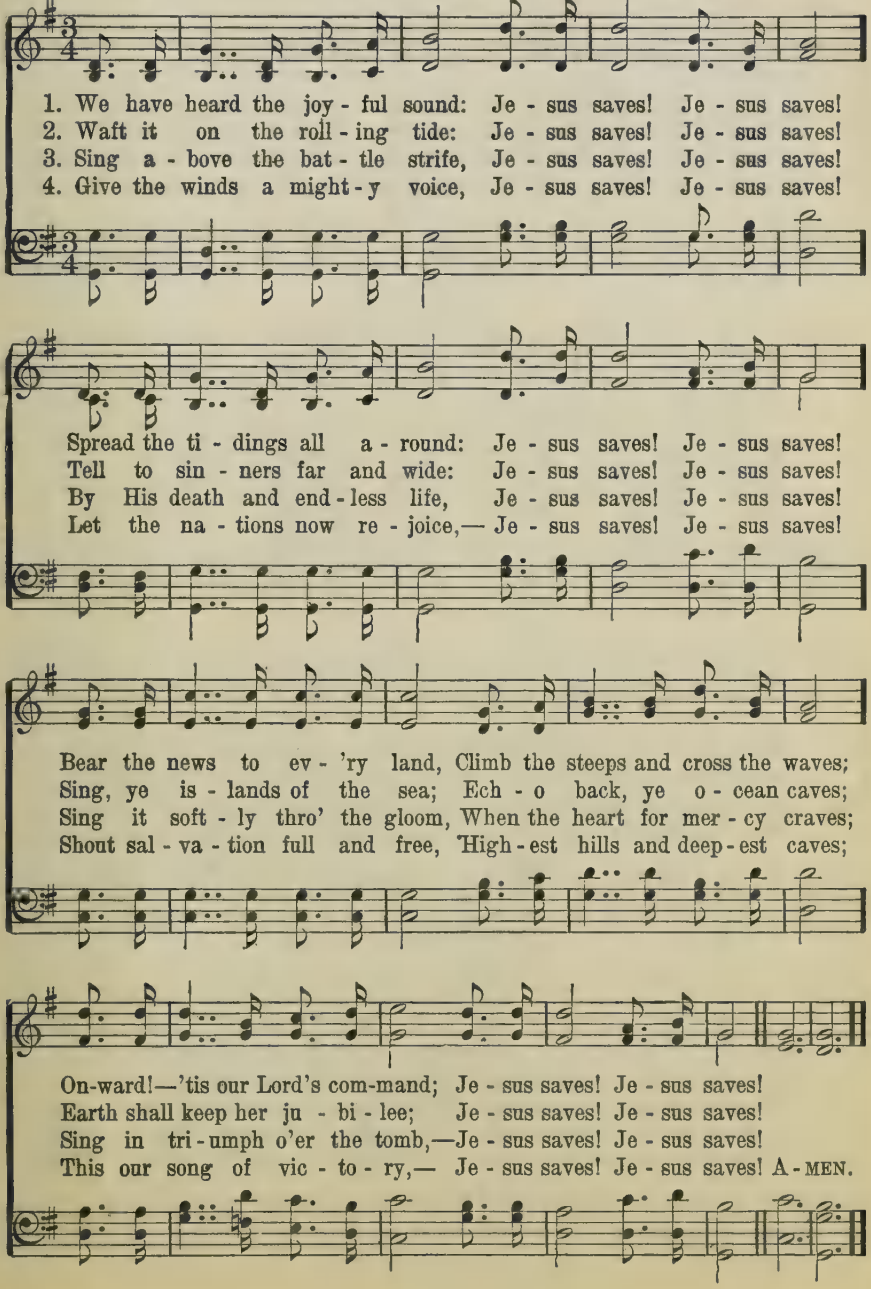
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper.

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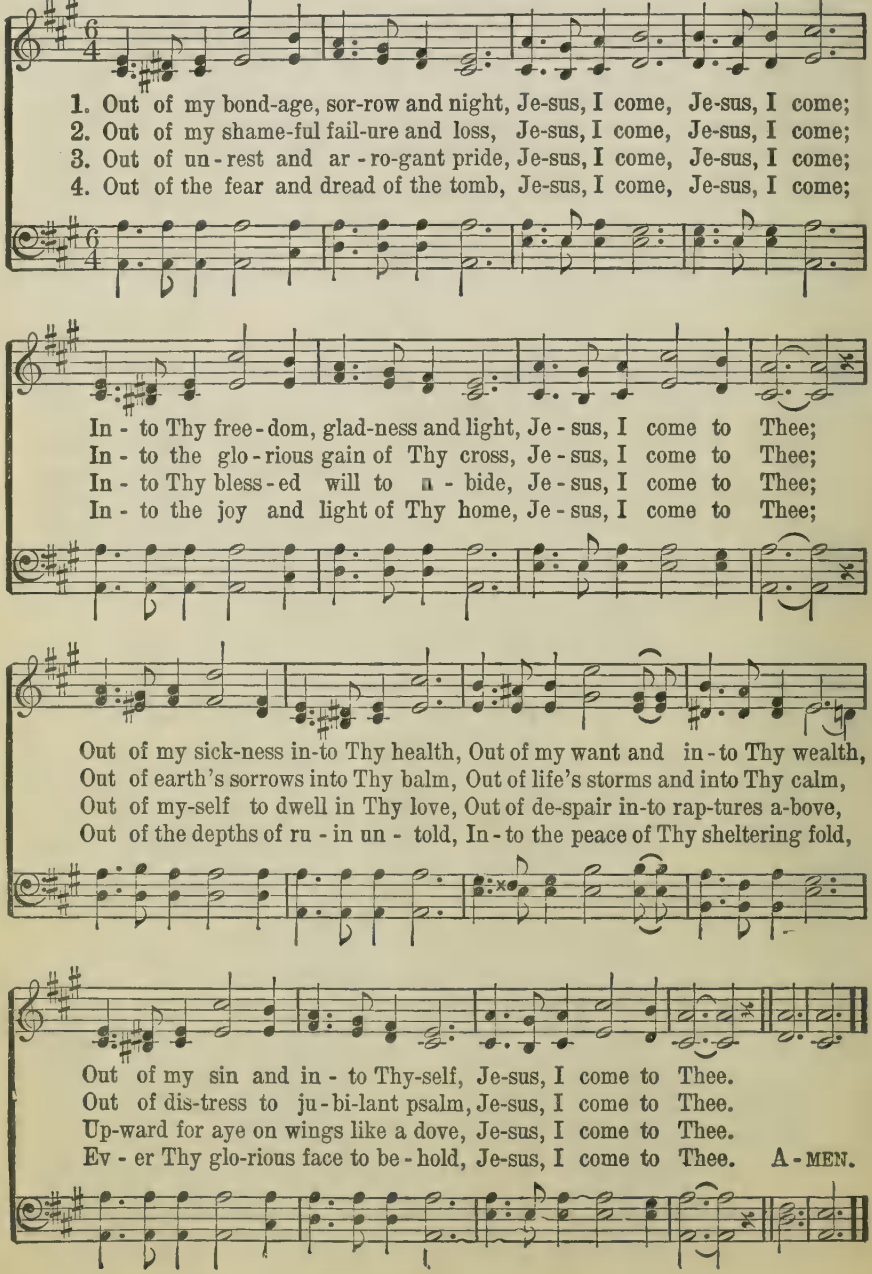
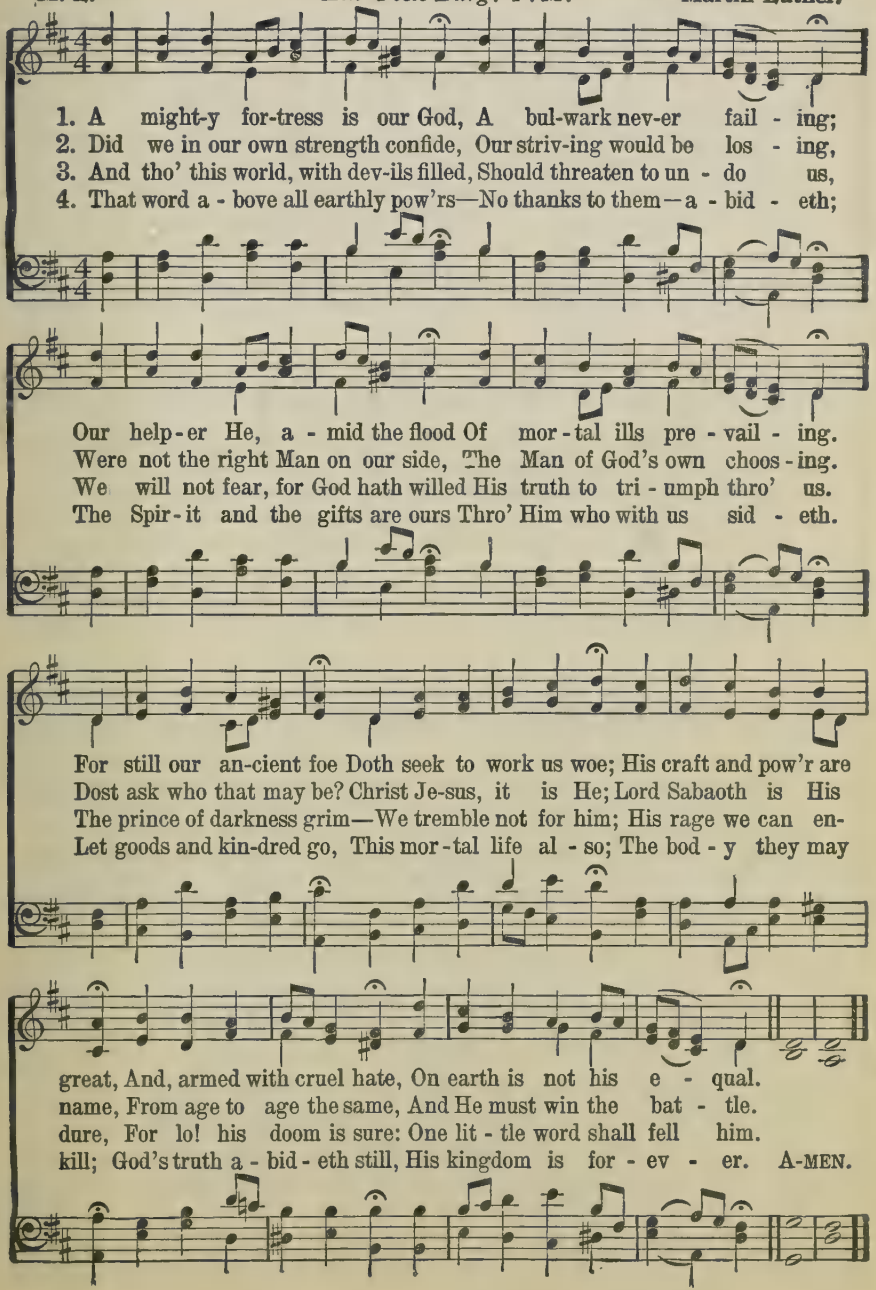
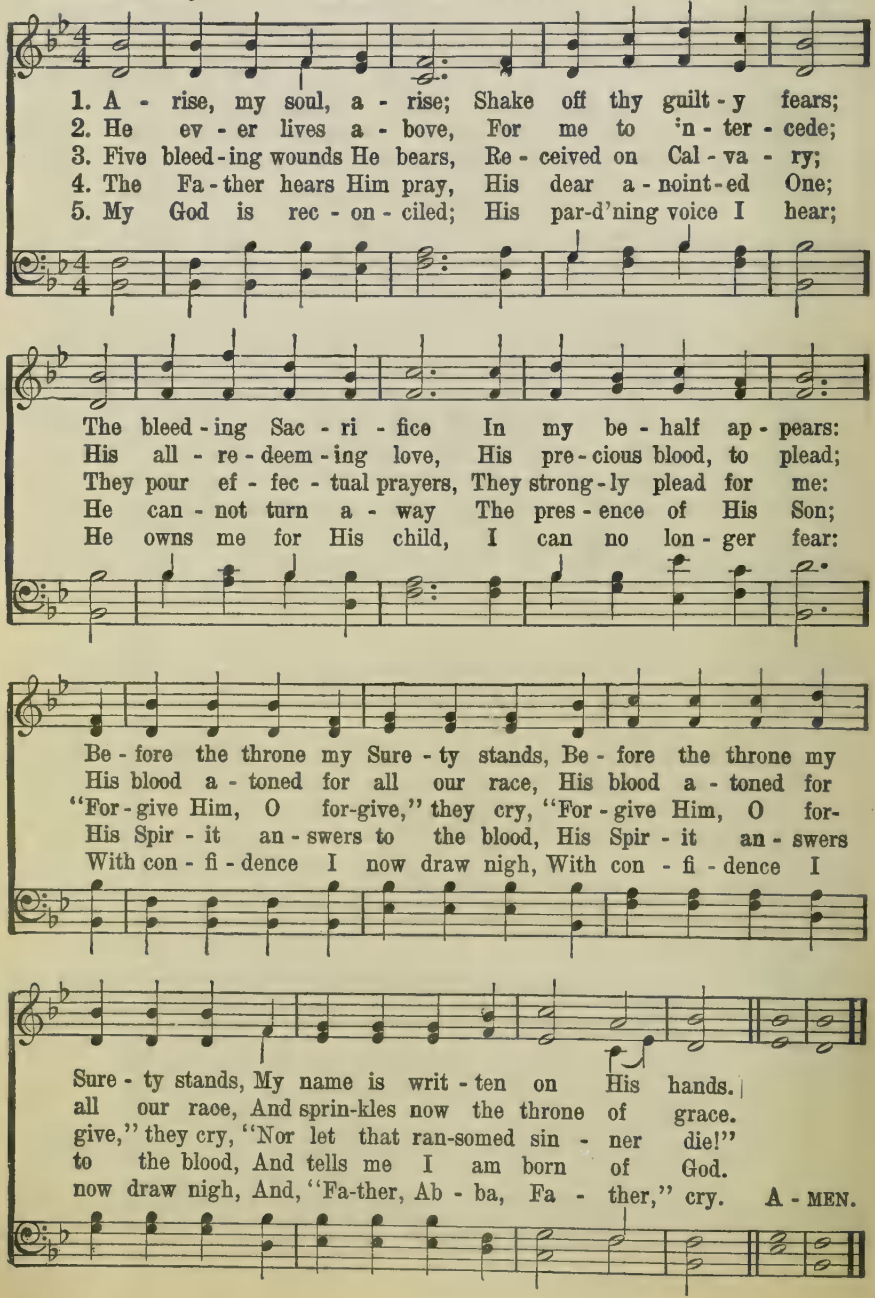
Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.

A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

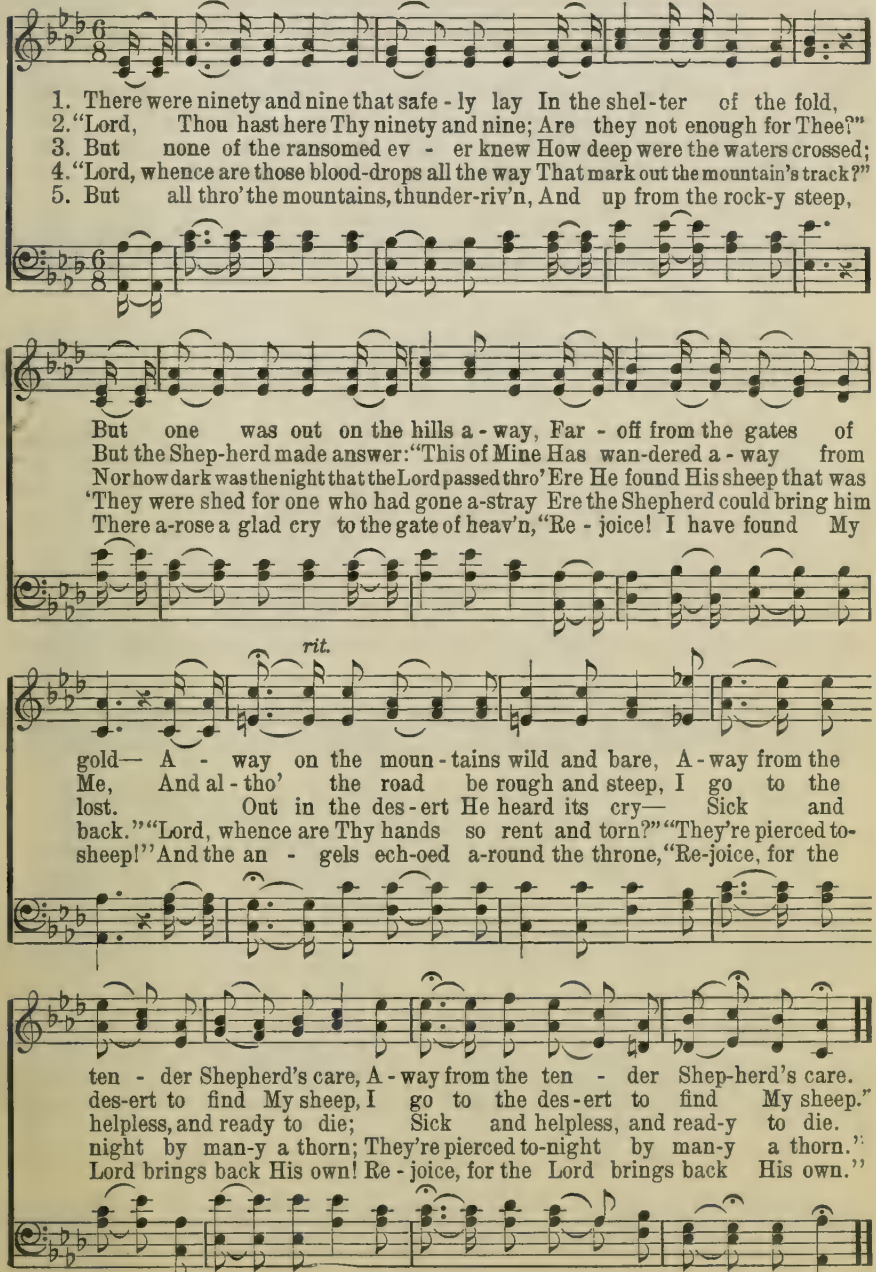

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;
Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may
great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to 'n - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par-d'ning voice I hear;
The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
"For - give Him, O for-give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for-
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
all our race, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And, "Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.

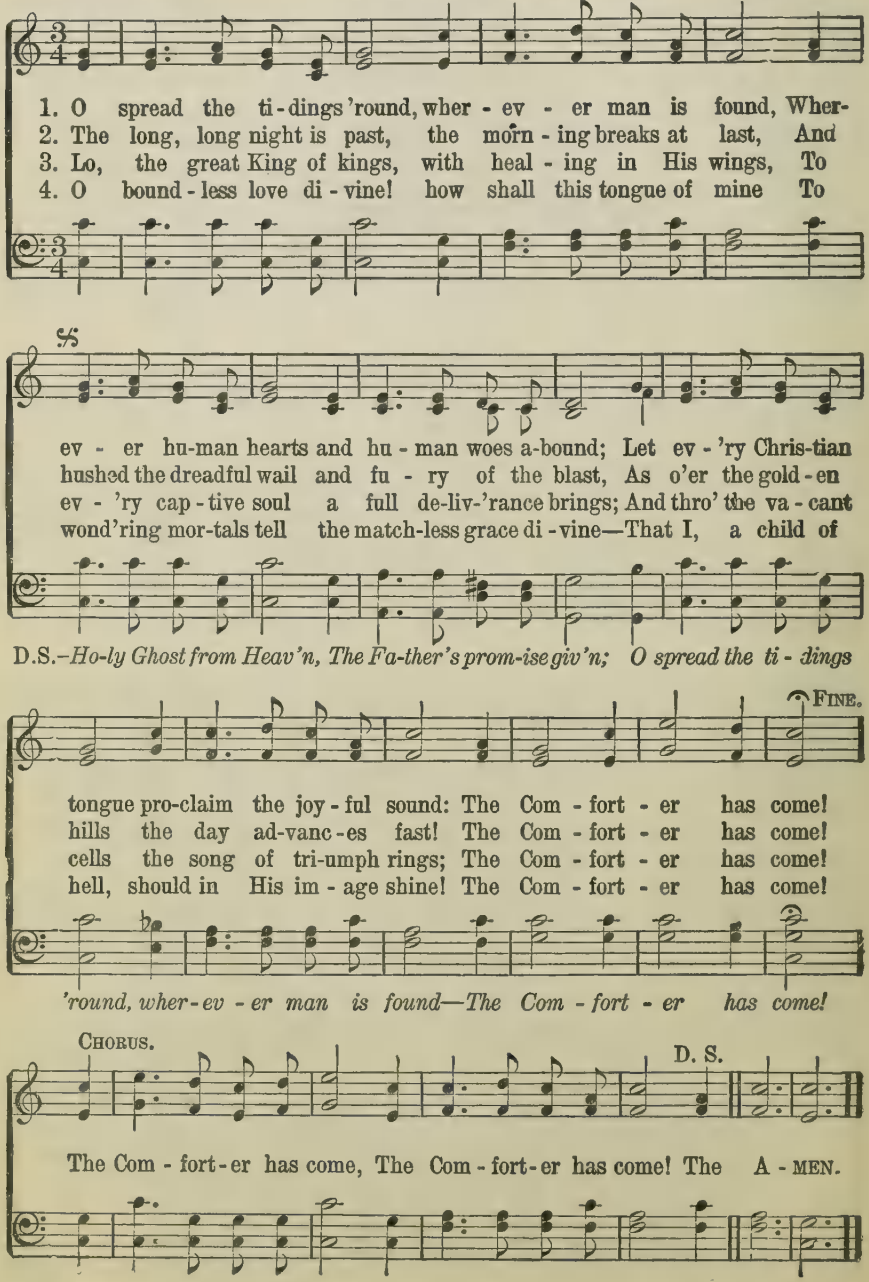
31 The Ninety and Nine.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. Ira D. Sankey.


1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
'They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My
rit.
gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the
Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and
back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to-
sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the
ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep."
helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.
night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

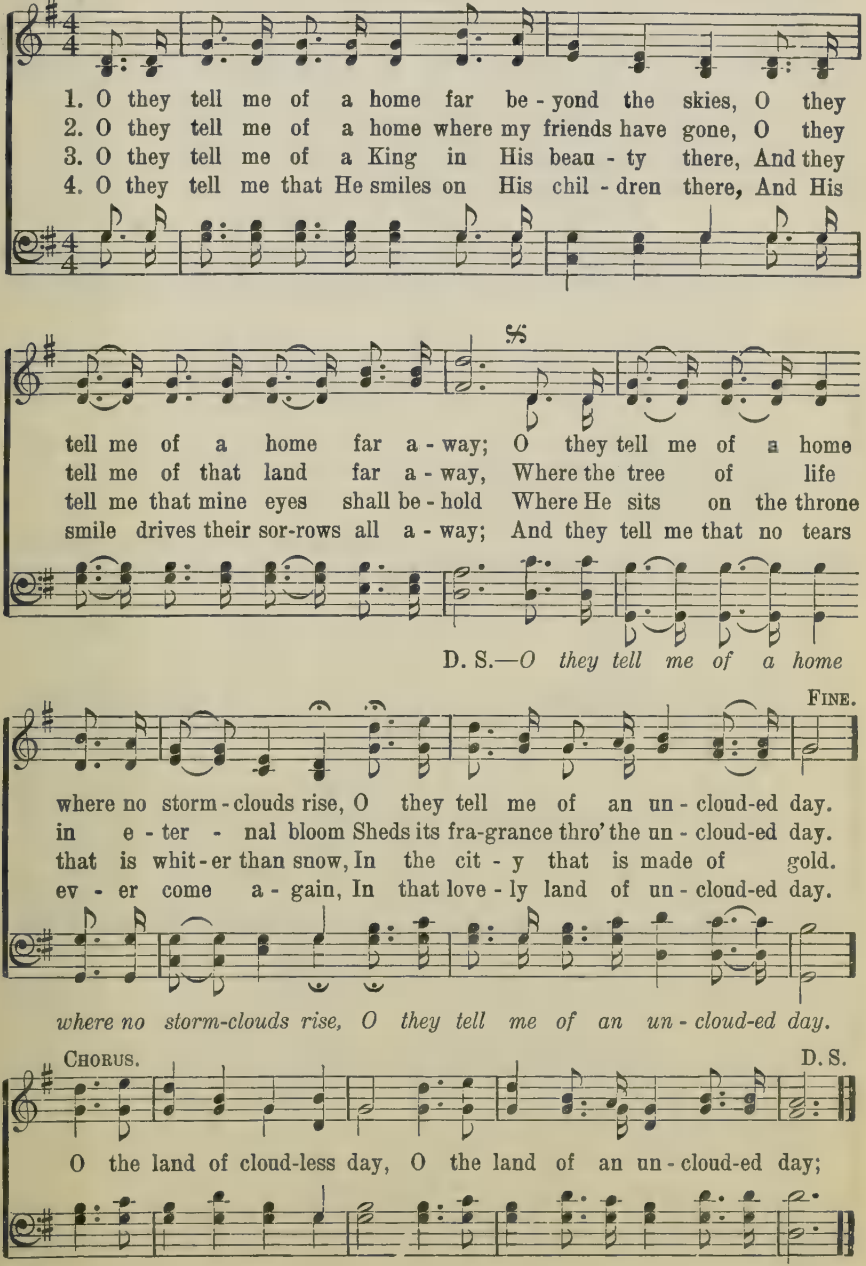
32 The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome. Copyright, 1918. Renewed. Hope Publishing Co., owner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

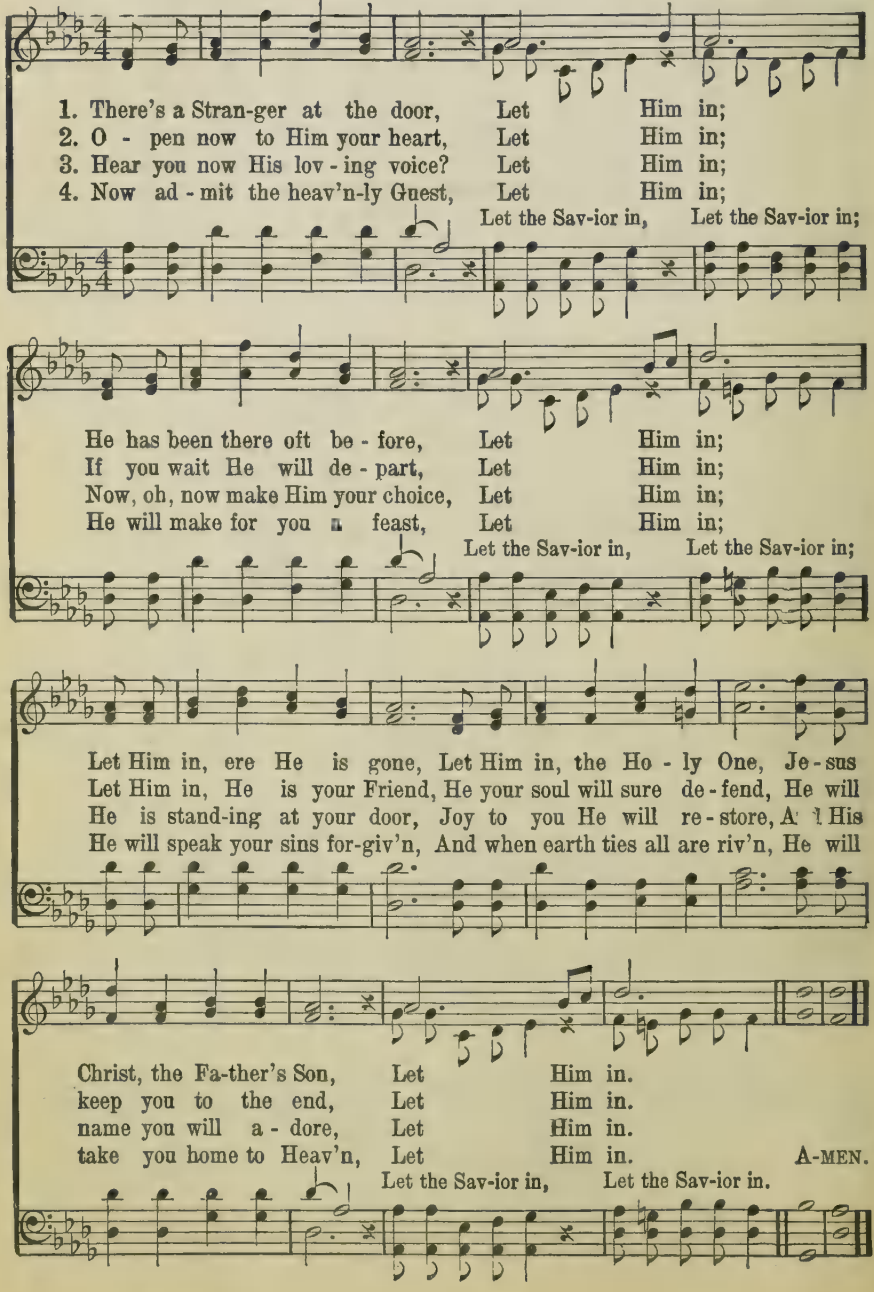

1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings
FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
'round, wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!
CHORUS.
D. S.
The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The A-MEN.

The Unclouded Day.

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. Alwood.

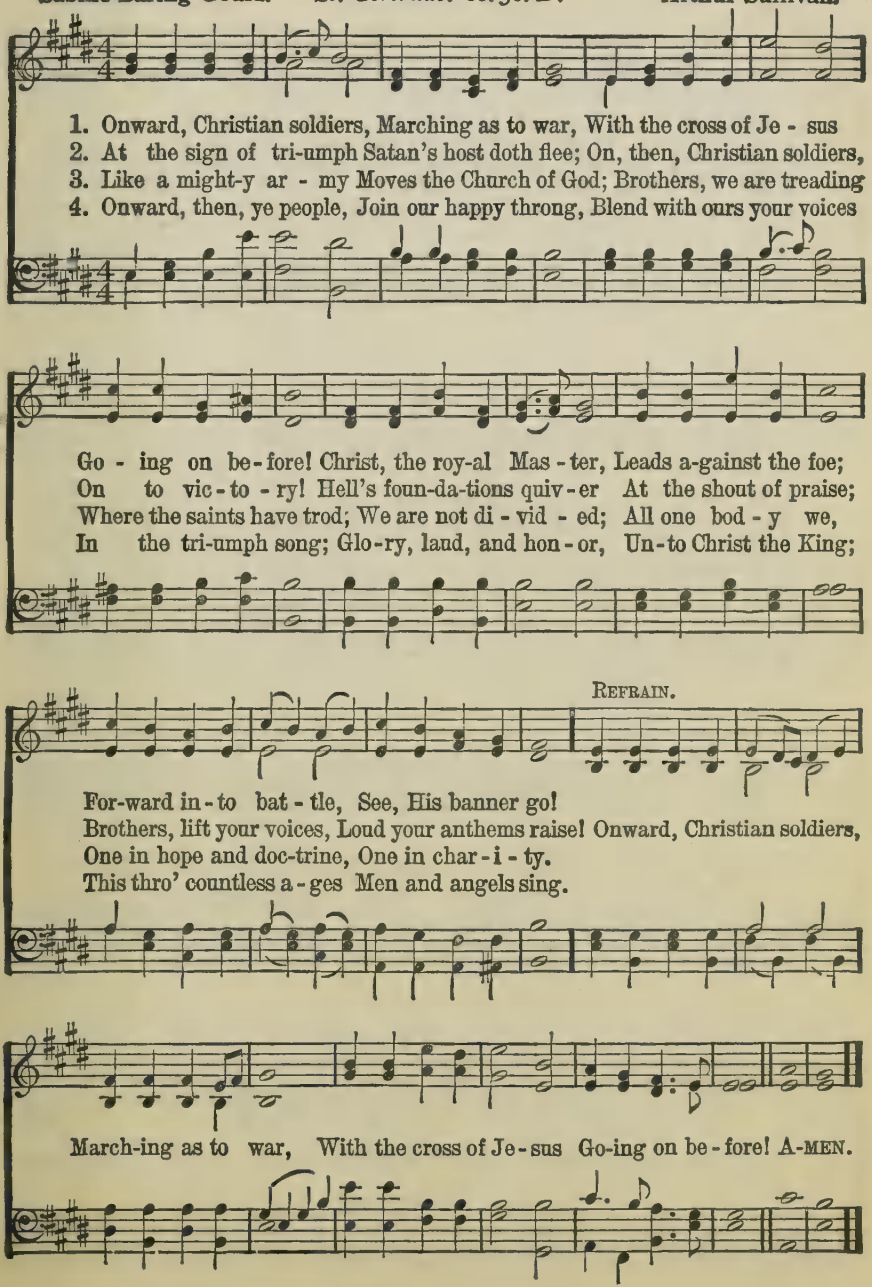

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud-ed day;

Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

35 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;
Refrain.
For-ward in-to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-men.

36 There is a Green Hill far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander.

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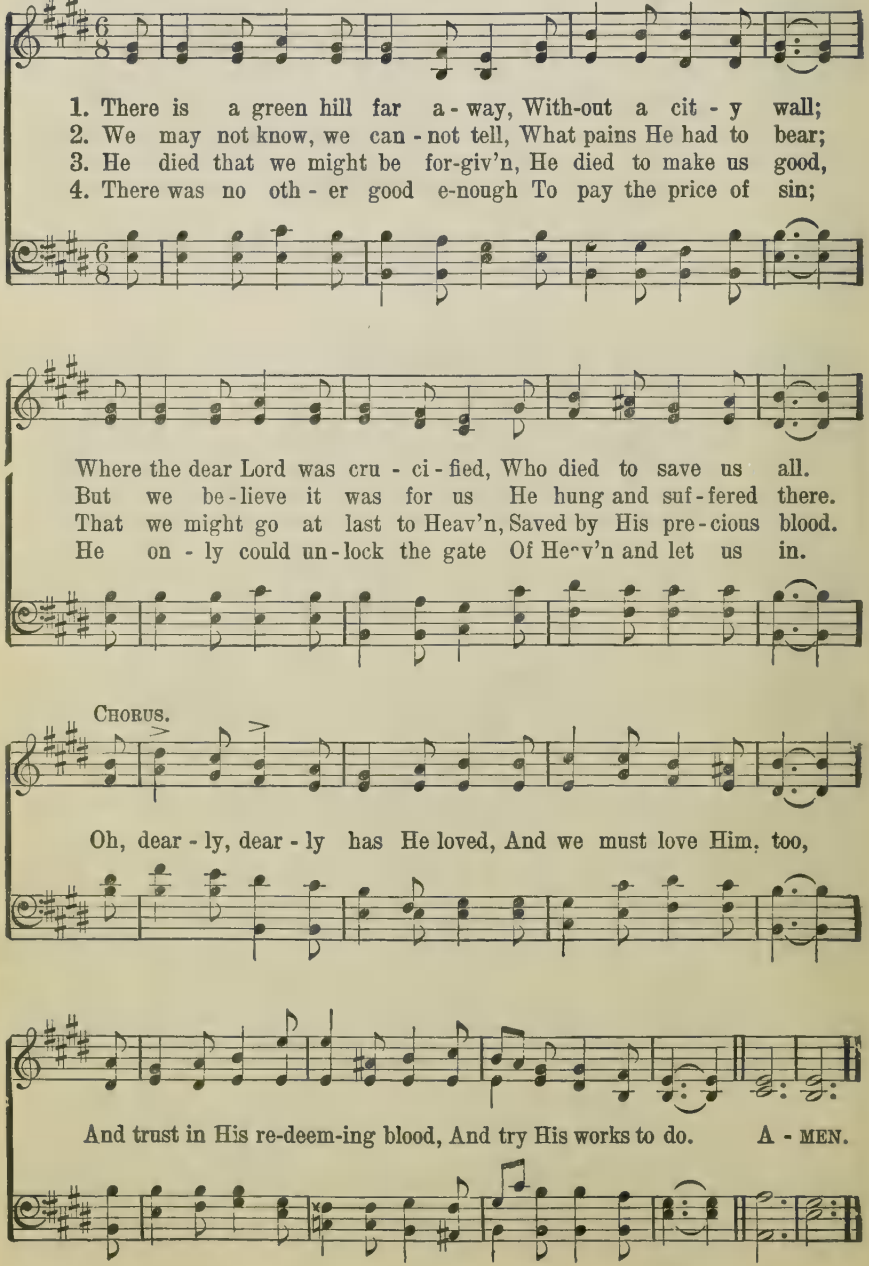
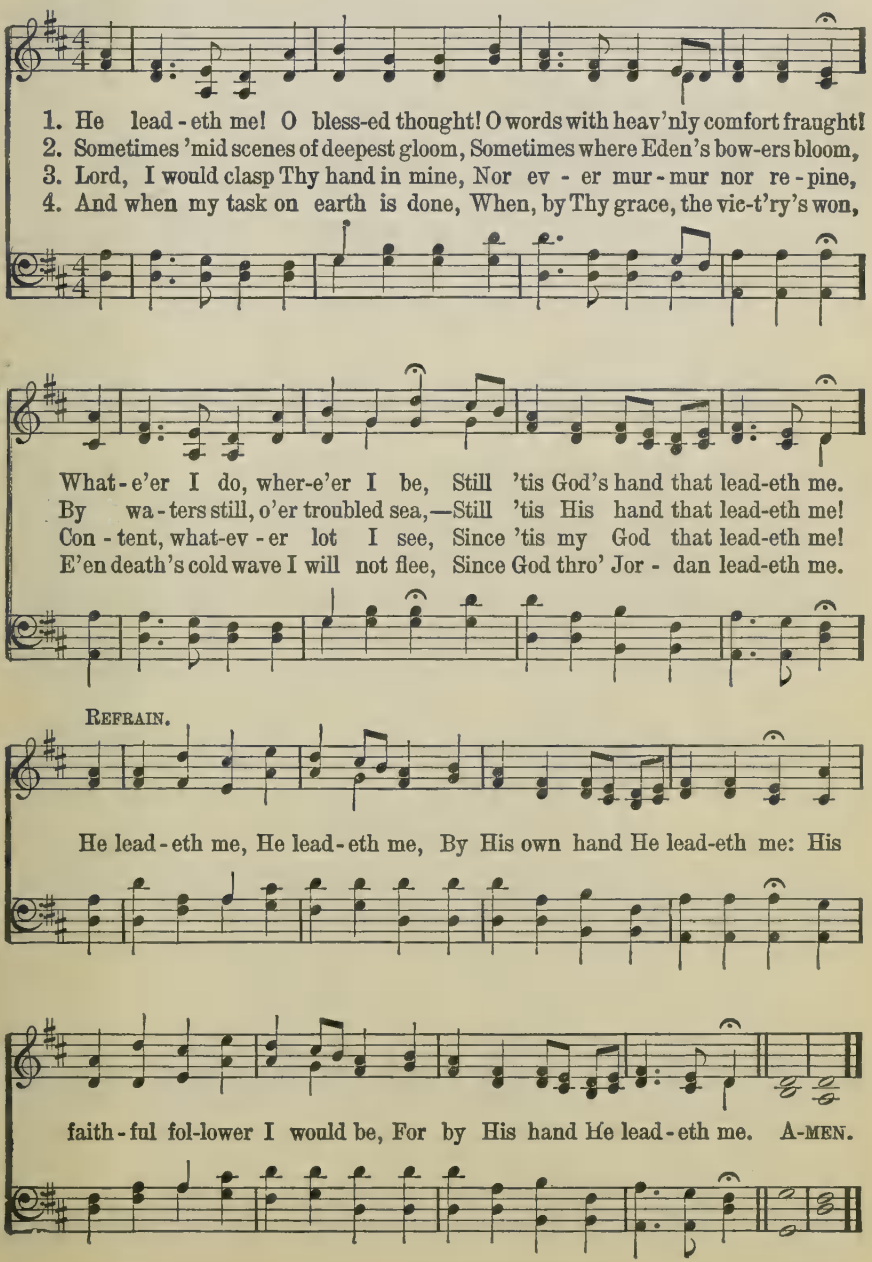
Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

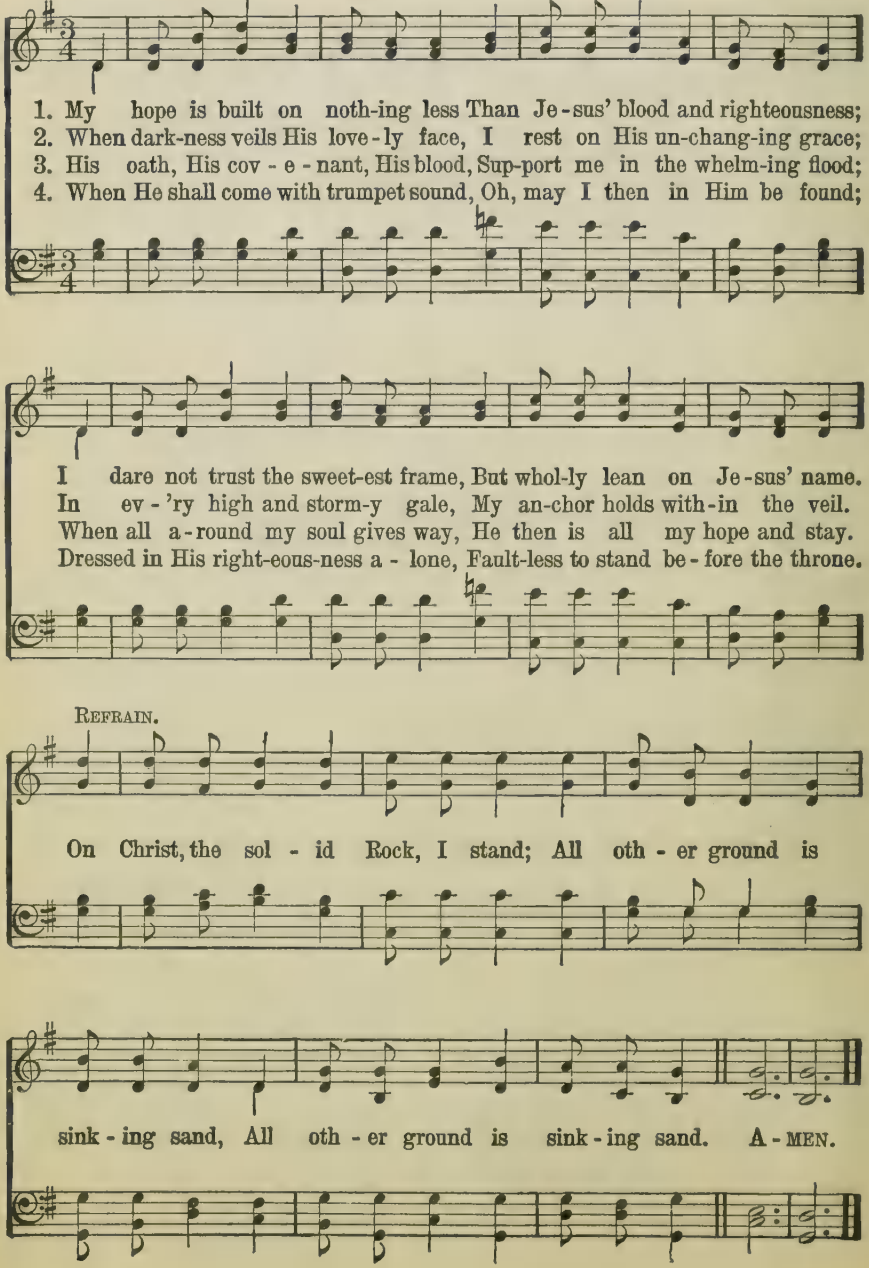
He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His
faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

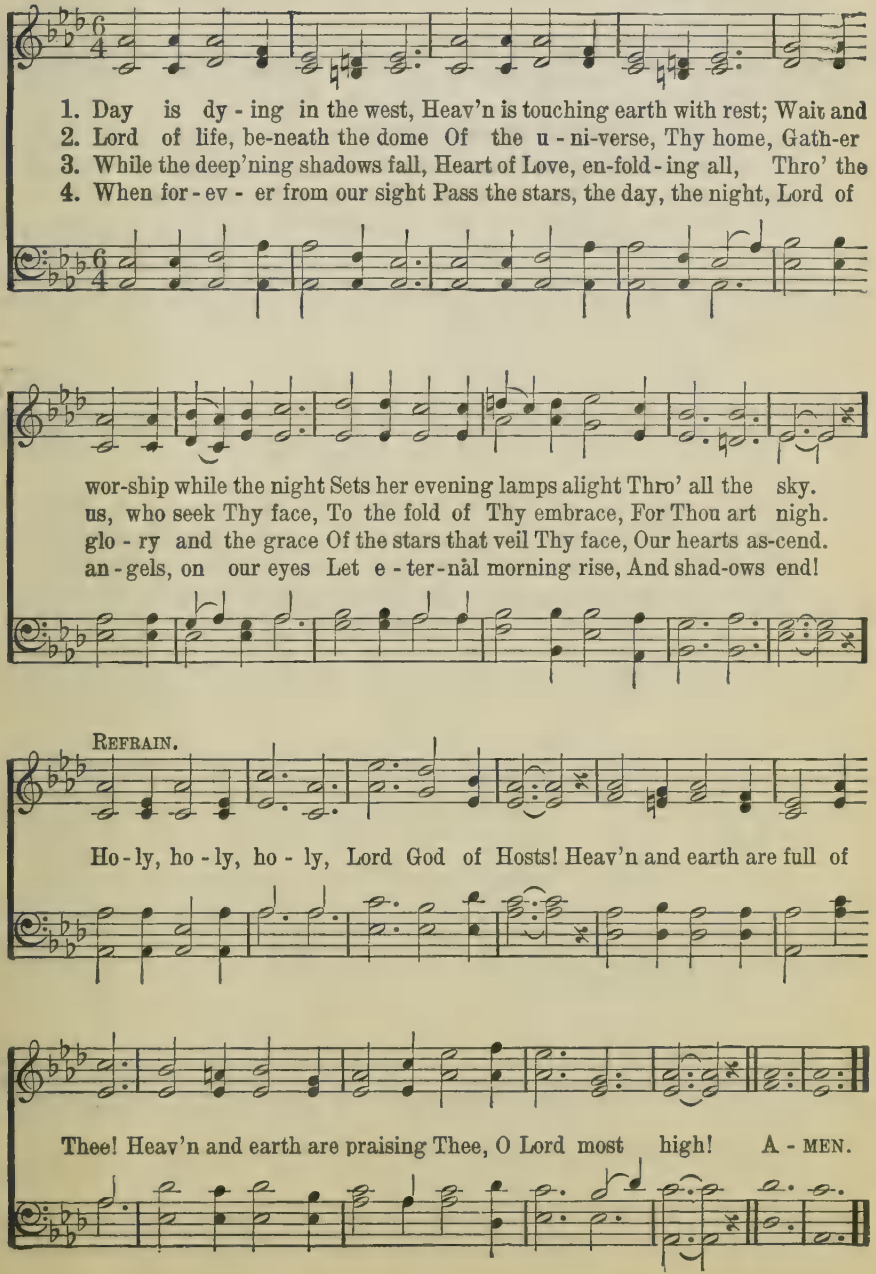
38 My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

39 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of
Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

Blessed be the Name.

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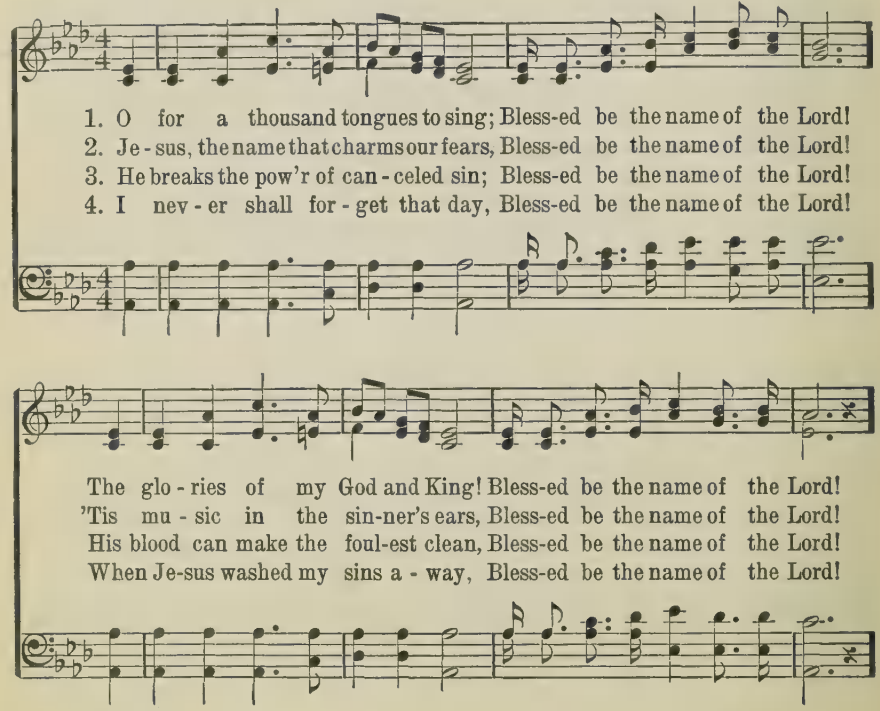
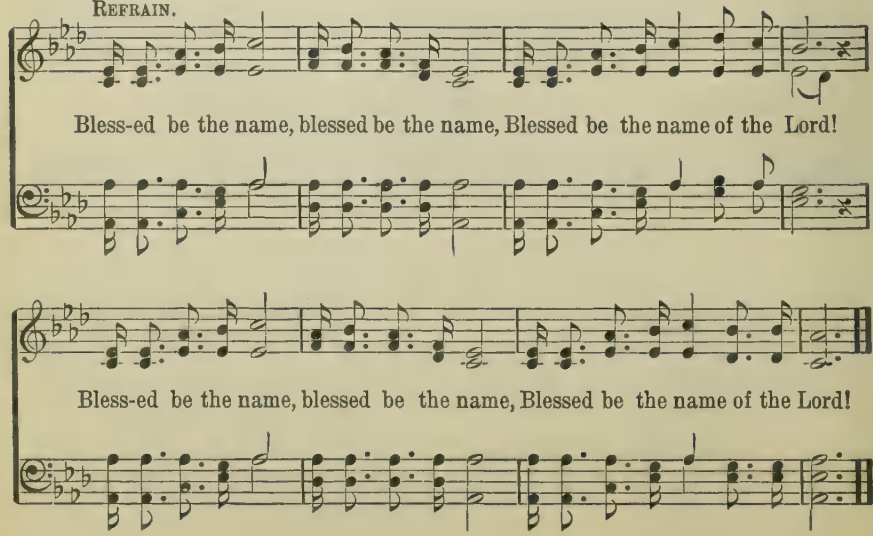
Charles Wesley. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo - ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je-sus washed my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

REFRAIN.


Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Face to Face.

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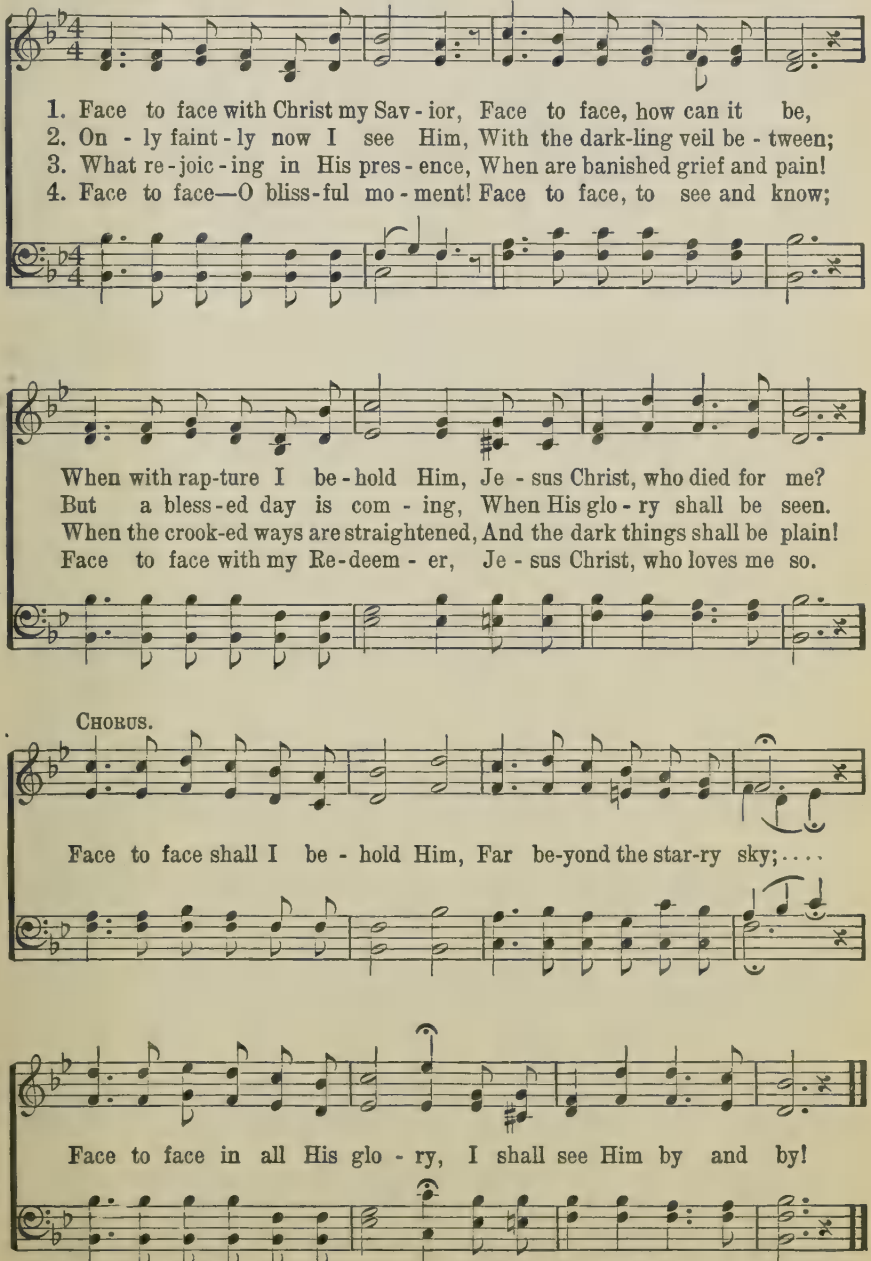
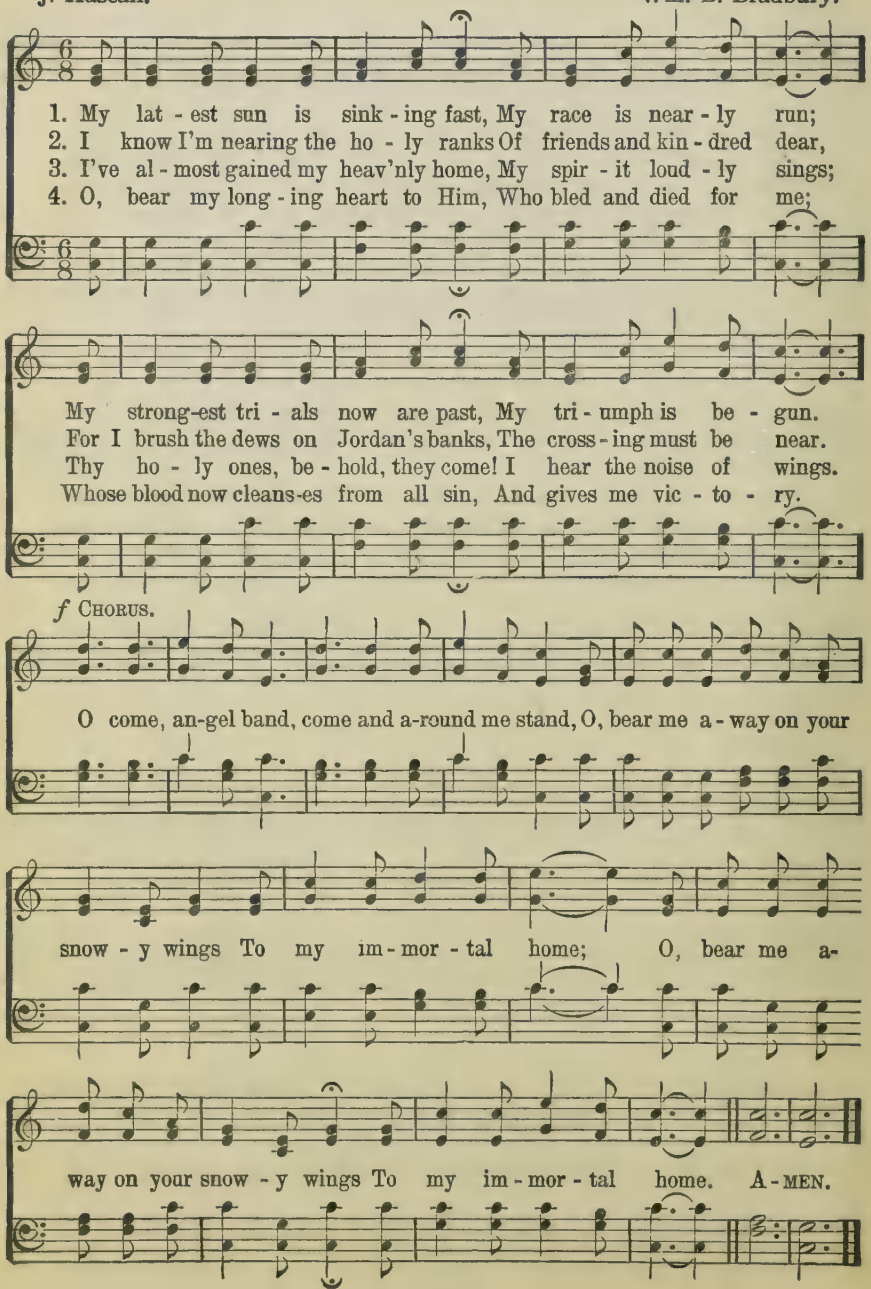
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.


1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;
When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook-ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Re-deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.
Chorus.
Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky; . . . .
Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

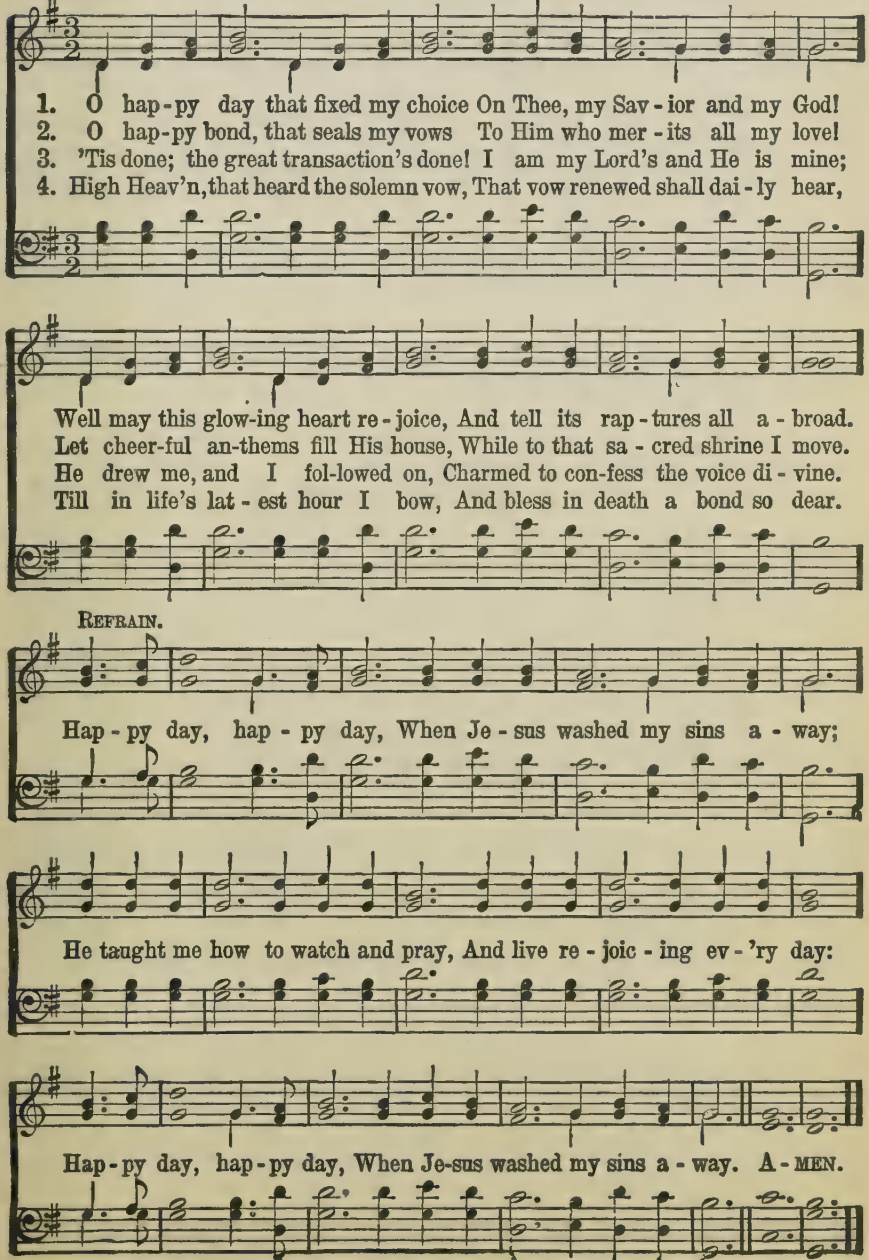
My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

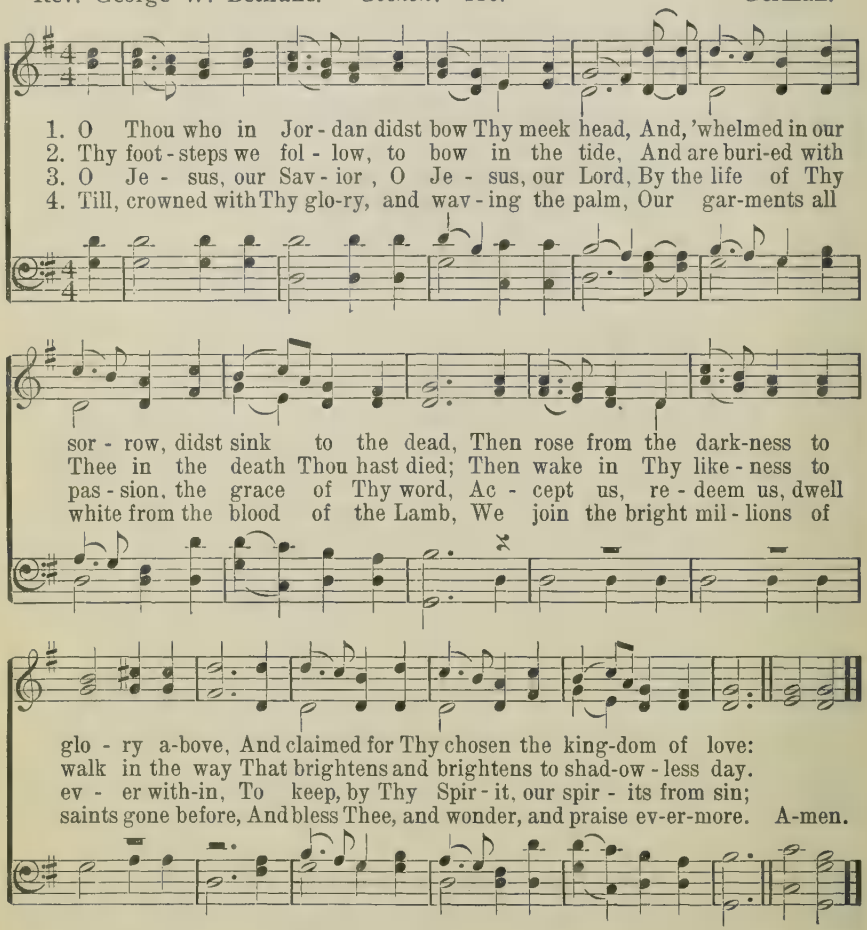

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;
My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans-es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.
f CHORUS.
O come, an-gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your
snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a-
way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.

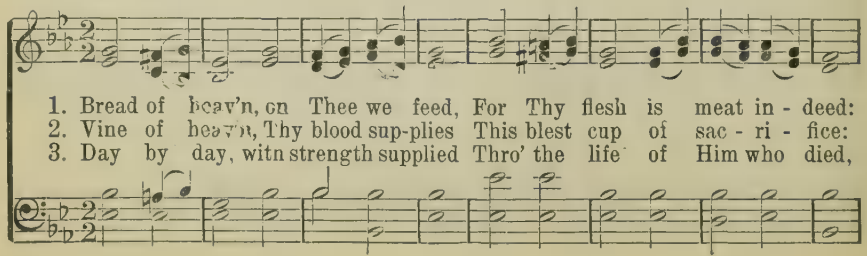

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
REFRAIN.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

44 O Thou Who In Jordan.

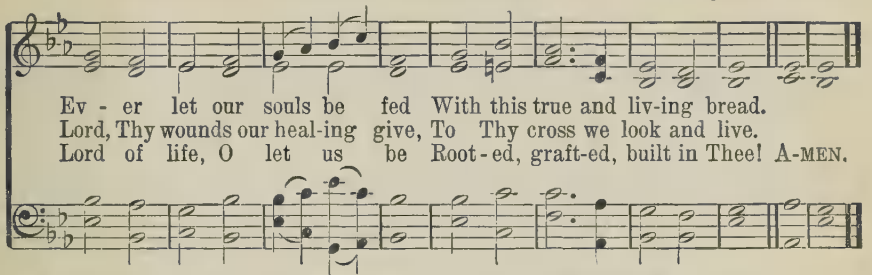
Rev. George W. Bethune. *Goshen.* 11s. German.

1. O Thou who in Jor - dan didst bow Thy meek head, And, 'whelmed in our sor - row, didst sink to the dead, Then rose from the dark-ness to glo - ry a-bove, And claimed for Thy chosen the king-dom of love:
2. Thy foot - steps we fol - low, to bow in the tide, And are buri-ed with Thee in the death Thou hast died; Then wake in Thy like - ness to walk in the way That brightens and brightens to shad-ow - less day.
3. O Je - sus, our Sav - ior, O Je - sus, our Lord, By the life of Thy pas - sion, the grace of Thy word, Ac - cept us, re - deem us, dwell ev - er with-in, To keep, by Thy Spir - it, our spir - its from sin;
4. Till, crowned with Thy glo-ry, and wav - ing the palm, Our gar-ments all white from the blood of the Lamb, We join the bright mil - lions of saints gone before, And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise ev-er-more. A-men.

45 Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.

Josiah Conder. *Holley.* 7s. G. Hews.


1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup-plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:
3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,

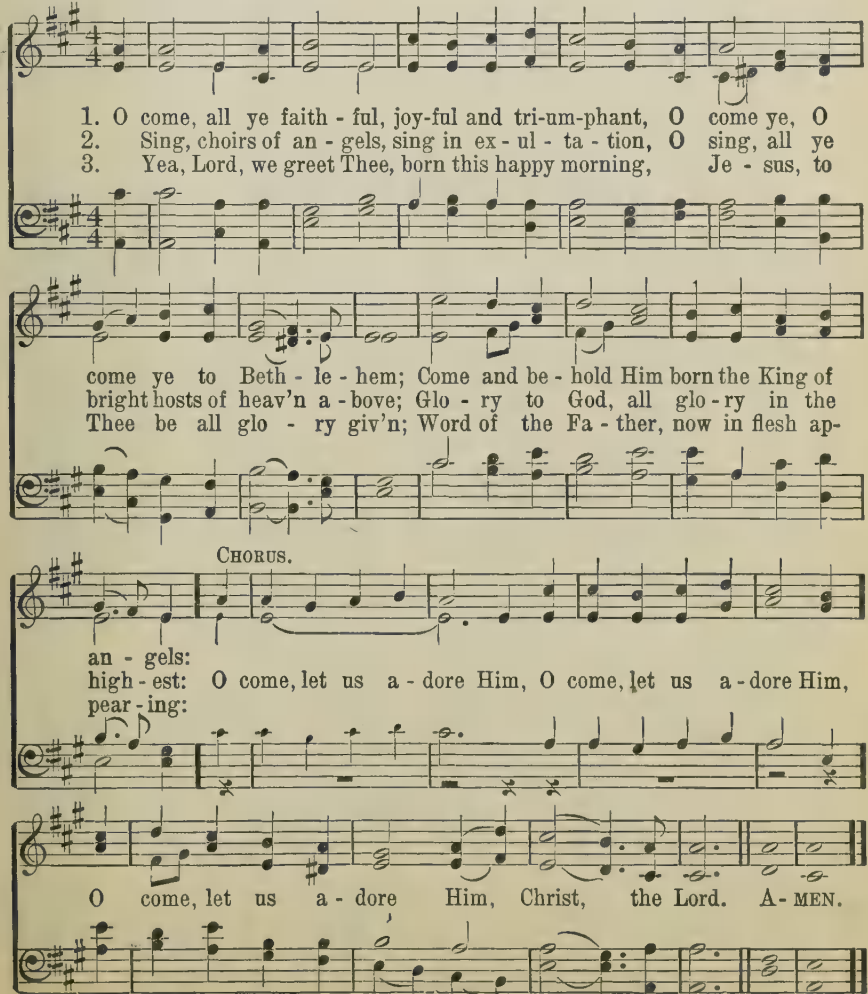
Bread of Heav'n, On Thee We Feed.


Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv-ing bread.
Lord, Thy wounds our heal-ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, O let us be Root-ed, graft-ed, built in Thee! A-MEN.

46 O Come, All Ye Faithful.

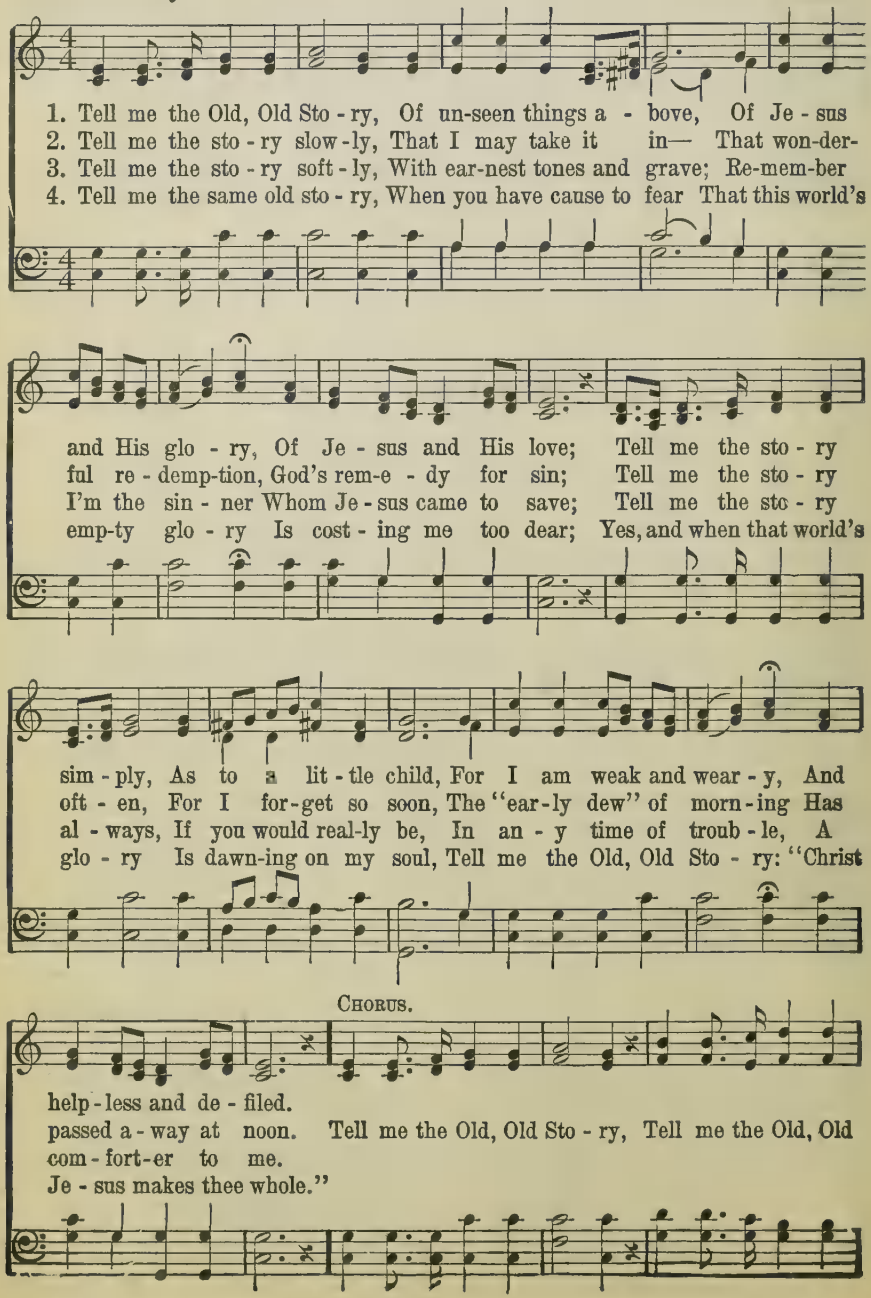
Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular.

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley. Anon.

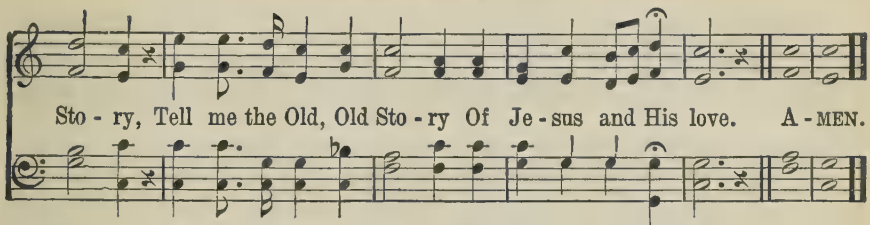

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning, Je - sus, to
come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of
bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap-
CHORUS.
an - gels:
high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,
pear - ing:
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-MEN.

47 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

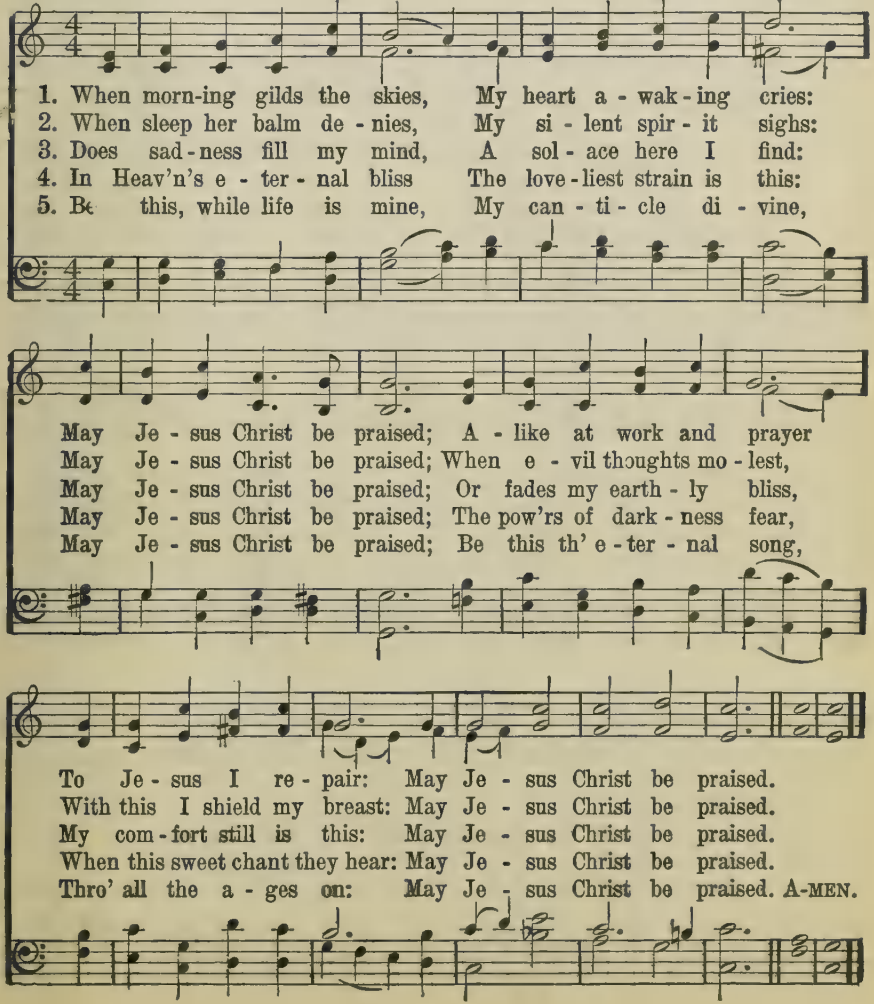

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort-er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



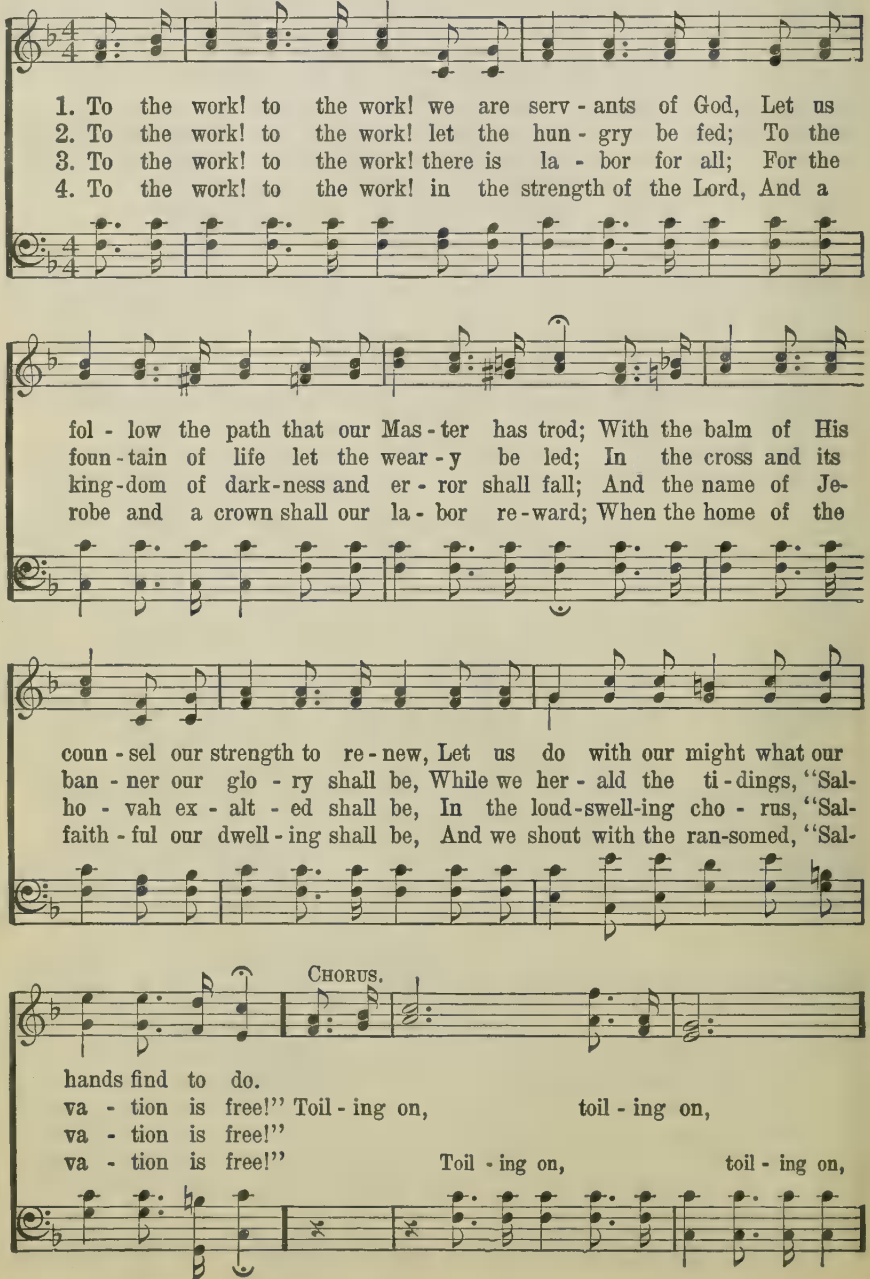
48 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.

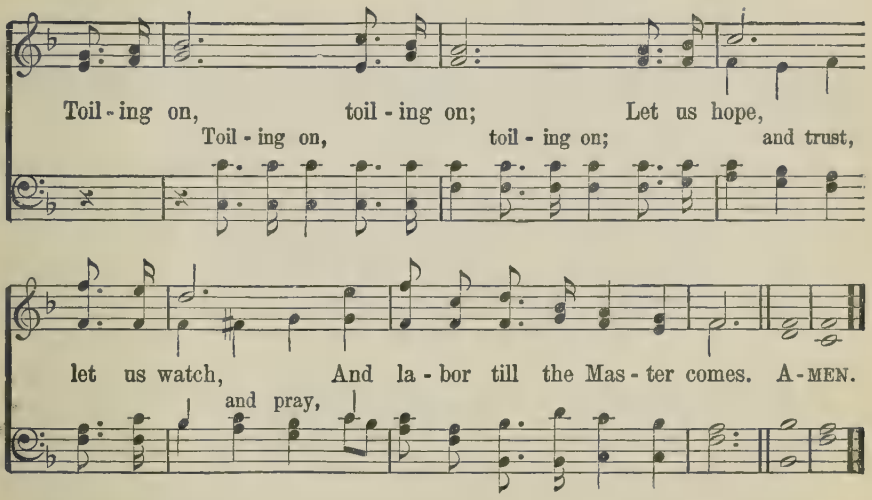

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

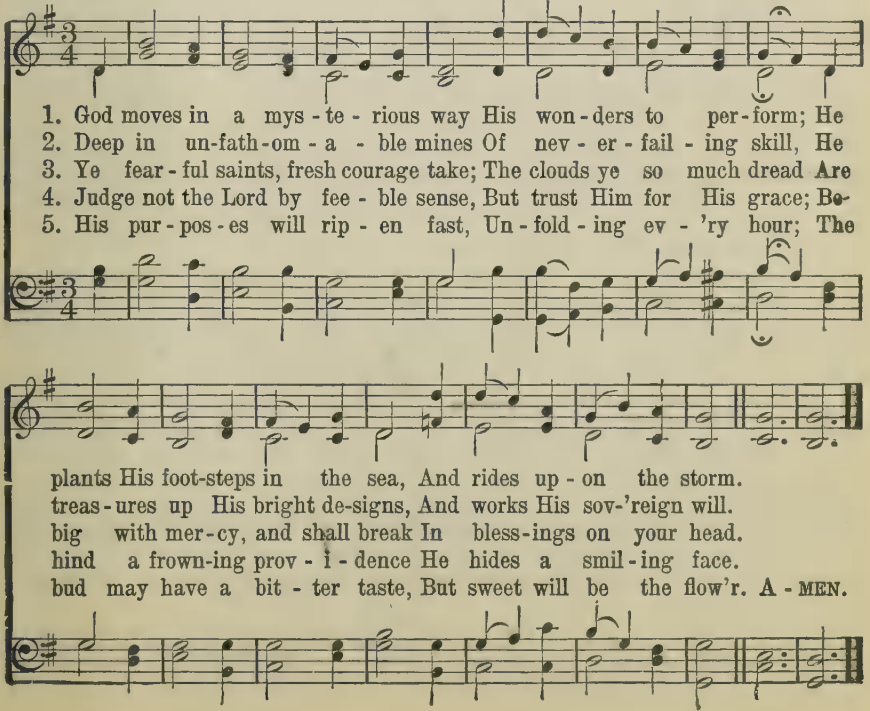

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the
coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal-
CHORUS.
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.


Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes. A - MEN.
and pray,

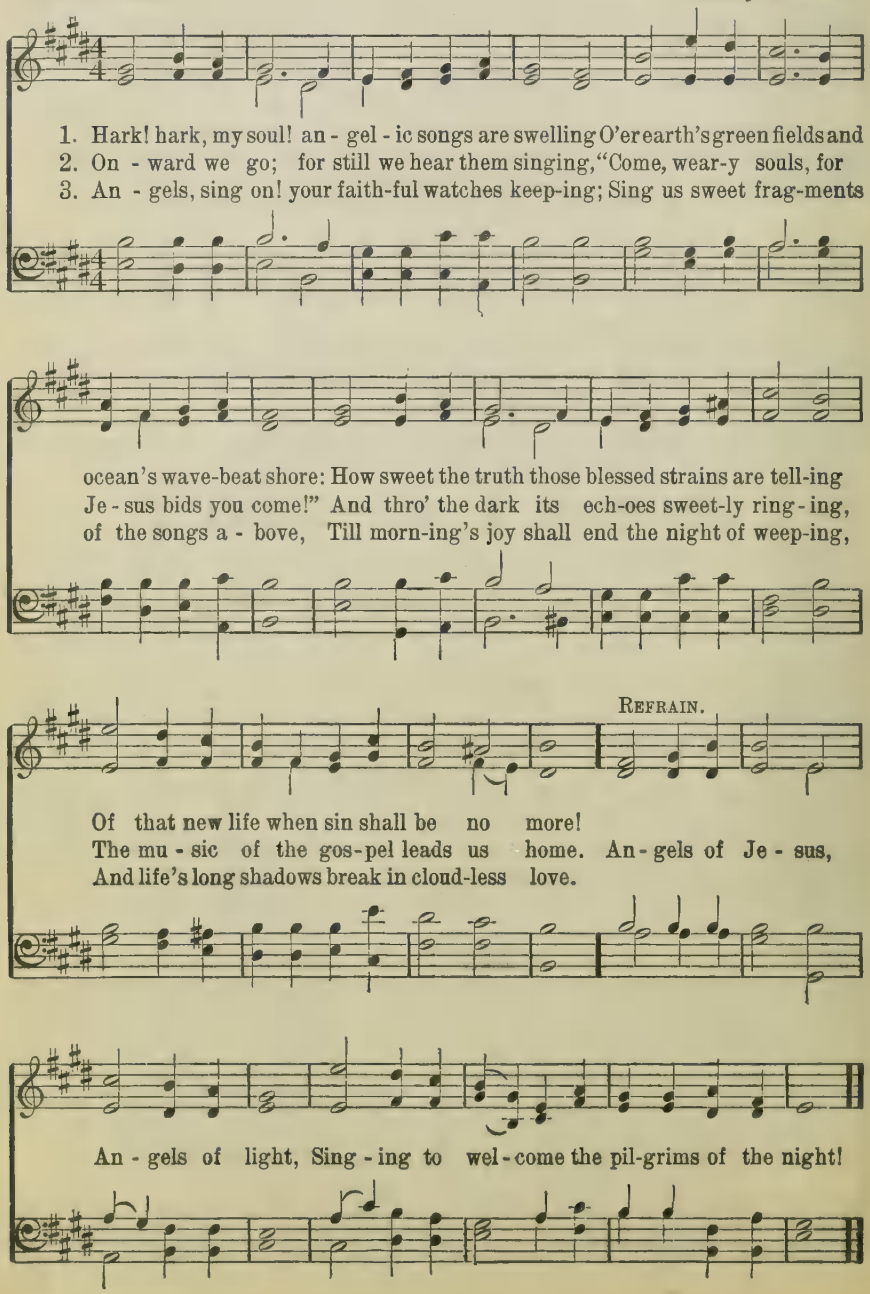
50 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A - MEN.

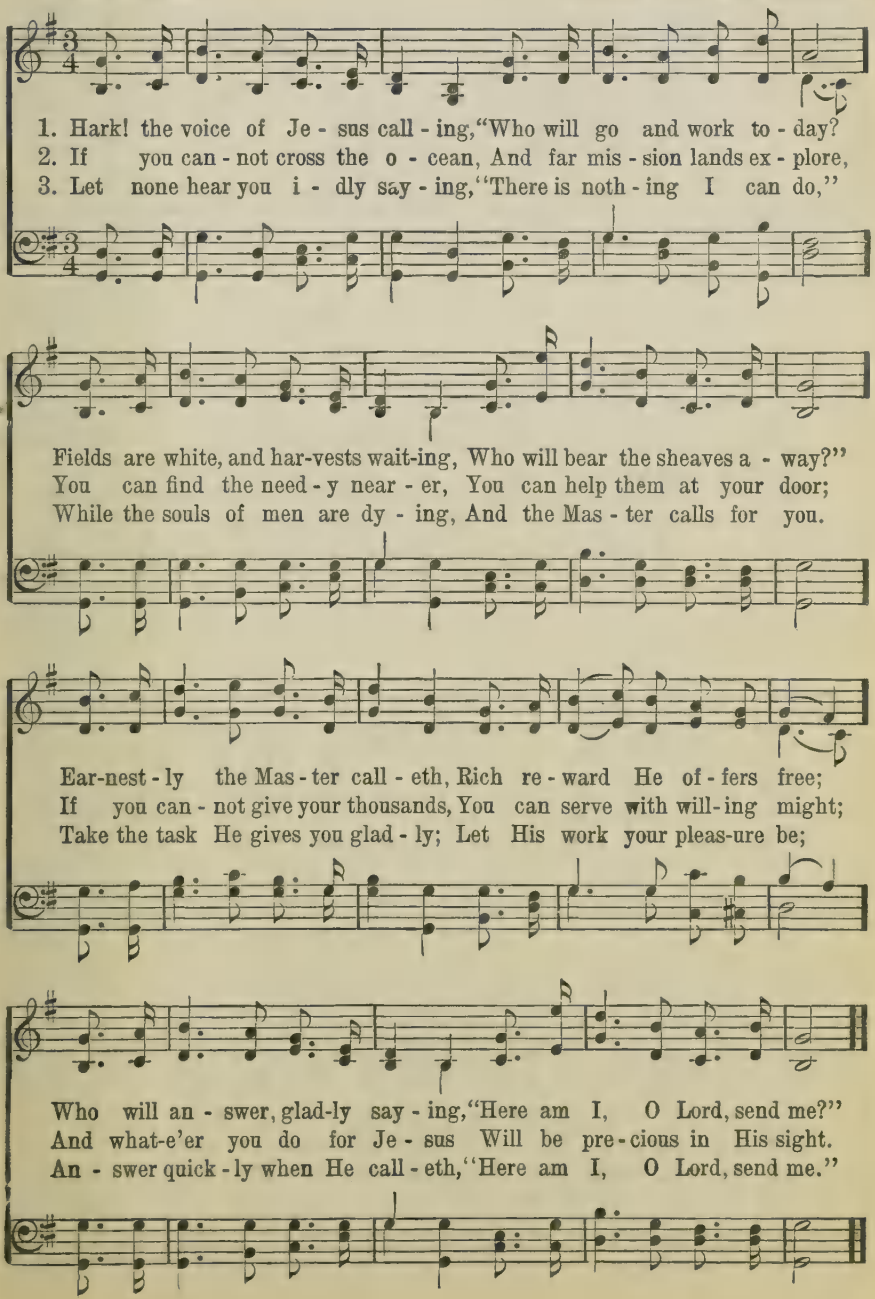
51 Hark! Hark! My Soul!

F. W. Faber. Henry Smart.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
Refrain.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

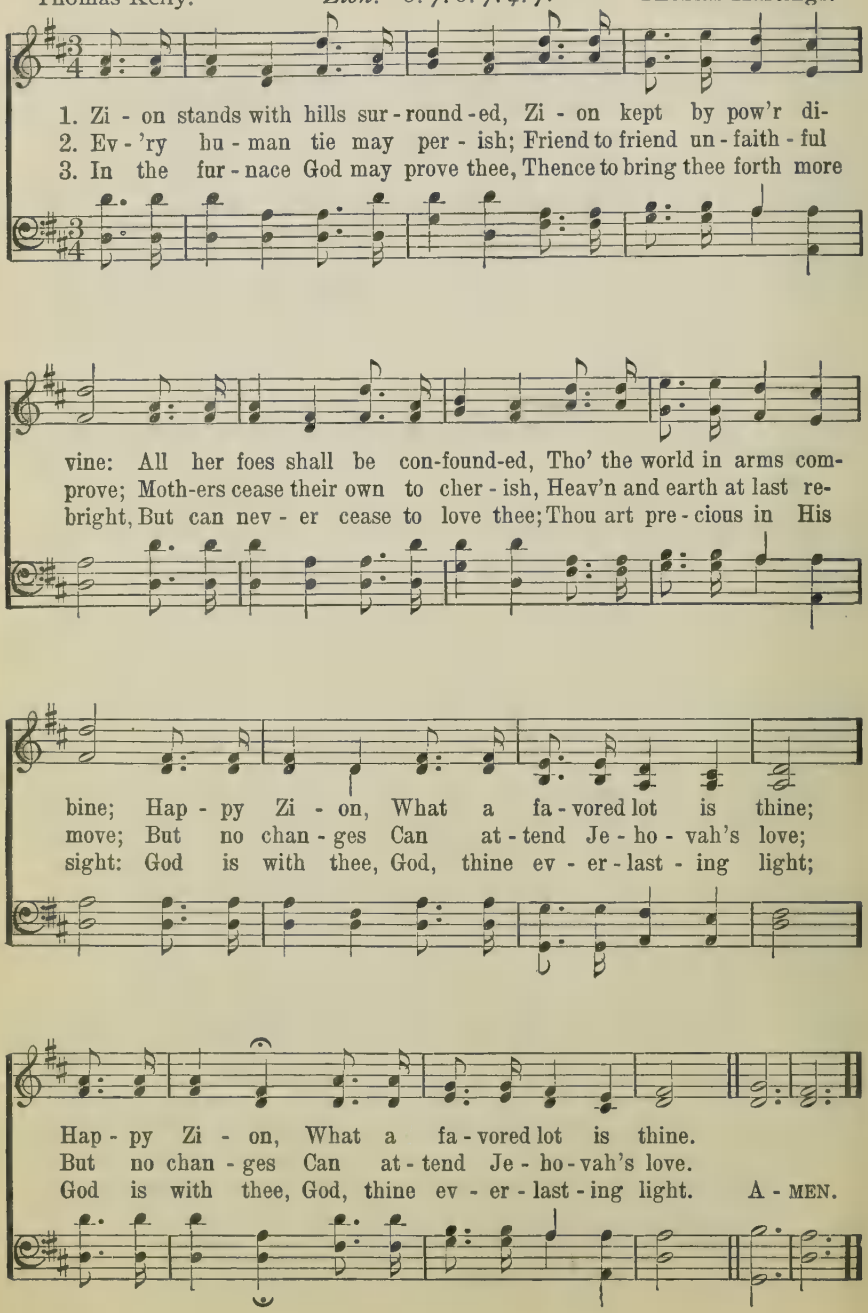
52 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Daniel March. Francois H. Barthelemon.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"
Fields are white, and har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.
Ear-nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thousands, You can serve with will - ing might;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas-ure be;
Who will an - swer, glad-ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
And what-e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

53 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelly. *Zion.* 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Thomas Hastings.


1. Zi - on stands with hills sur - round - ed, Zi - on kept by pow'r di-
2. Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more
vine: All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-
prove; Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-
bright, But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre - cious in His
bine; Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine;
move; But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
sight: God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine.
But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light. A - MEN.

54 This is My Father's World.

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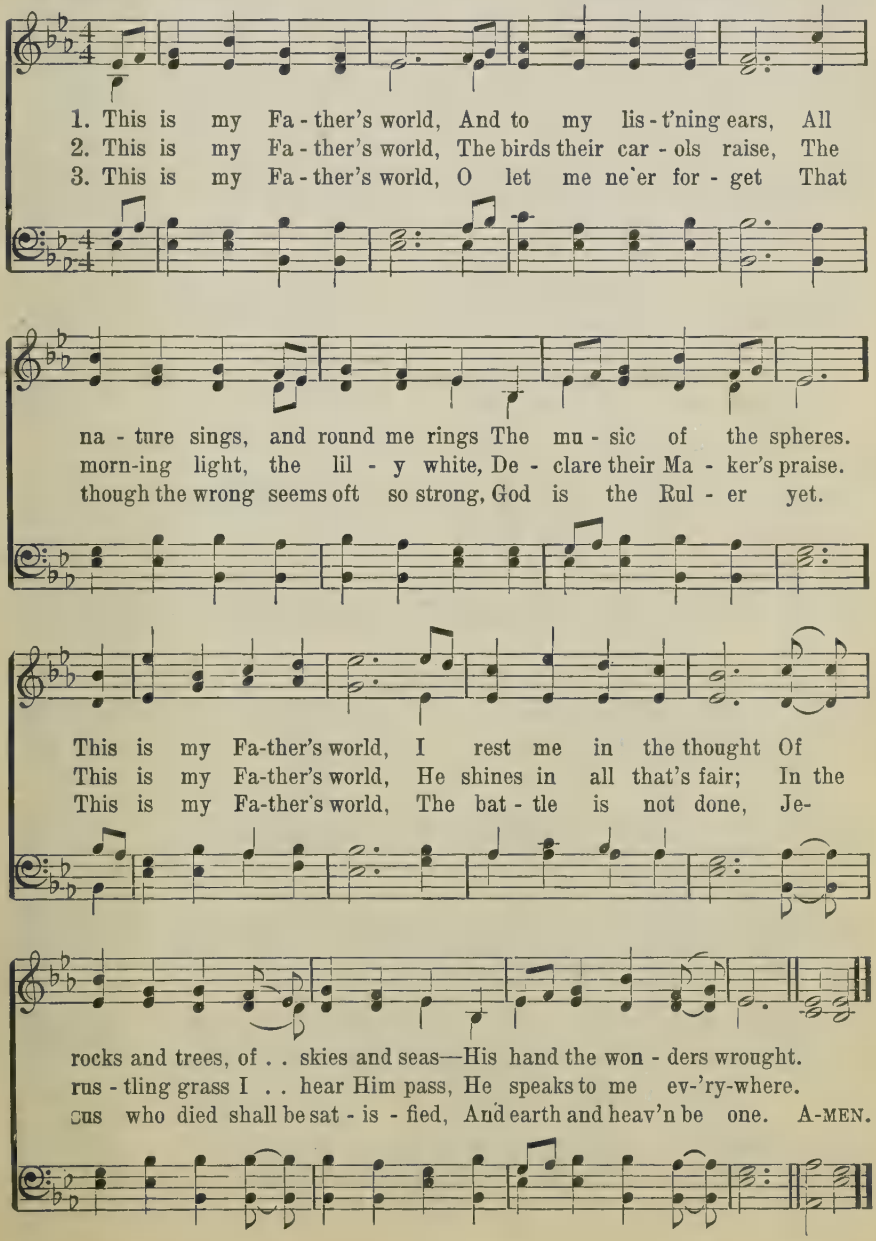
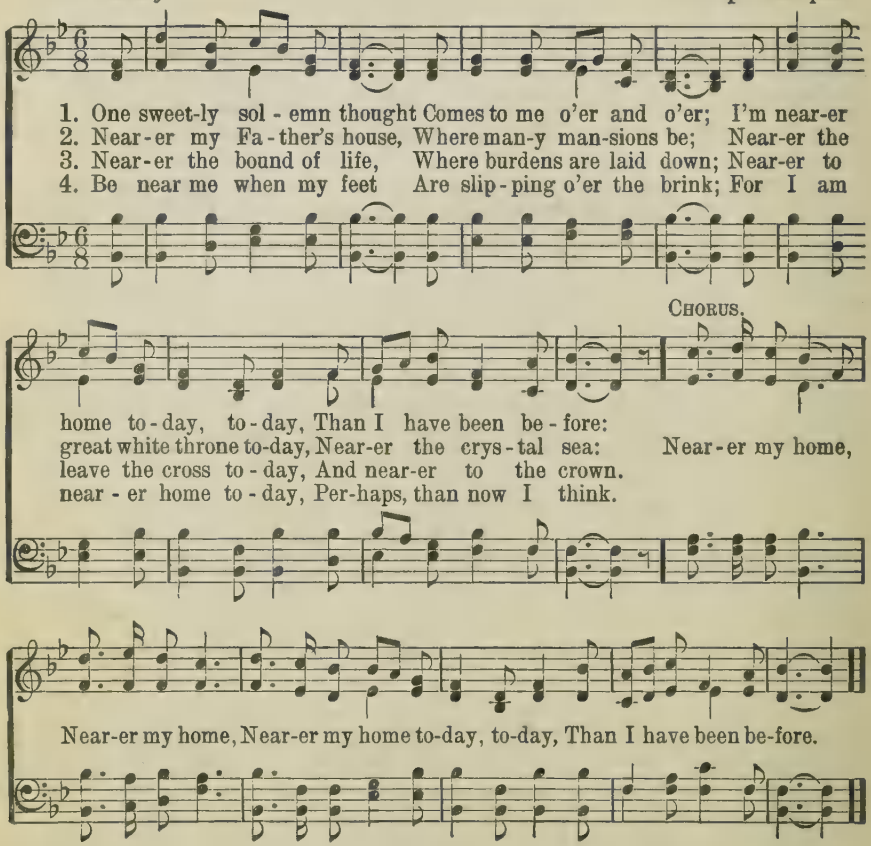
Terra Beata. S. M. D. Traditional English Melody.

Maltbie D. Babcock. Arranged by S. F. L., 1915.

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears, All
2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That
na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.
This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je-
rocks and trees, of . . skies and seas—His hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - tling grass I . . hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A-MEN.

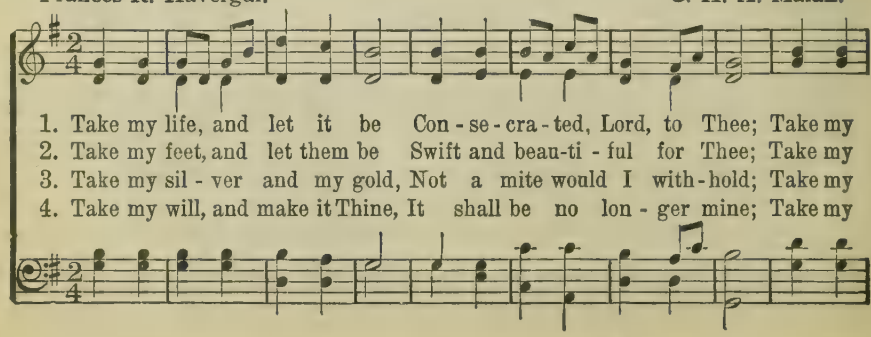
55 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Phœbe Cary. Philip Phillips.

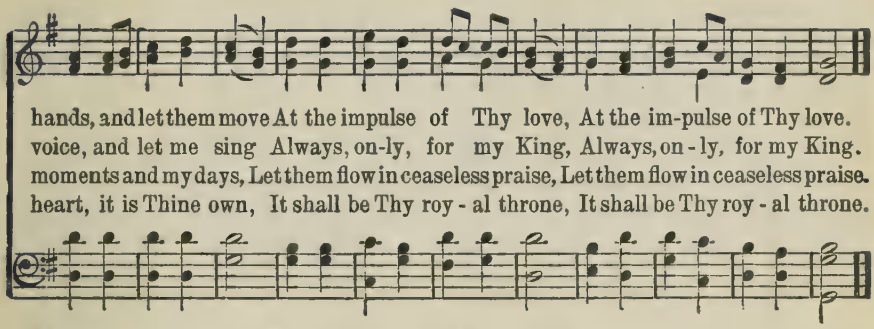

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm near-er
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y man-sions be; Near-er the
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink; For I am
Chorus.
home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore:
great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea:
leave the cross to-day, And near-er to the crown.
near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think.
Near-er my home,
Near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore.

56 Take My Life and Let It Be.

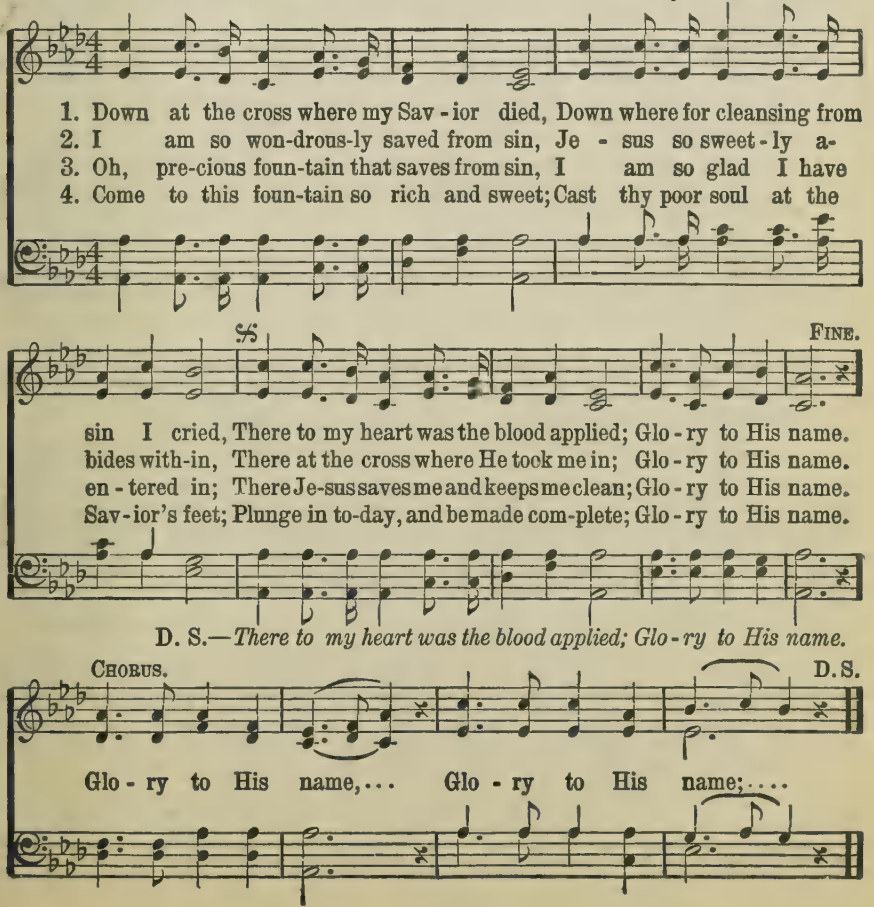
Frances R. Havergal. C. H. A. Malan.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my

Take My Life and Let It Be.

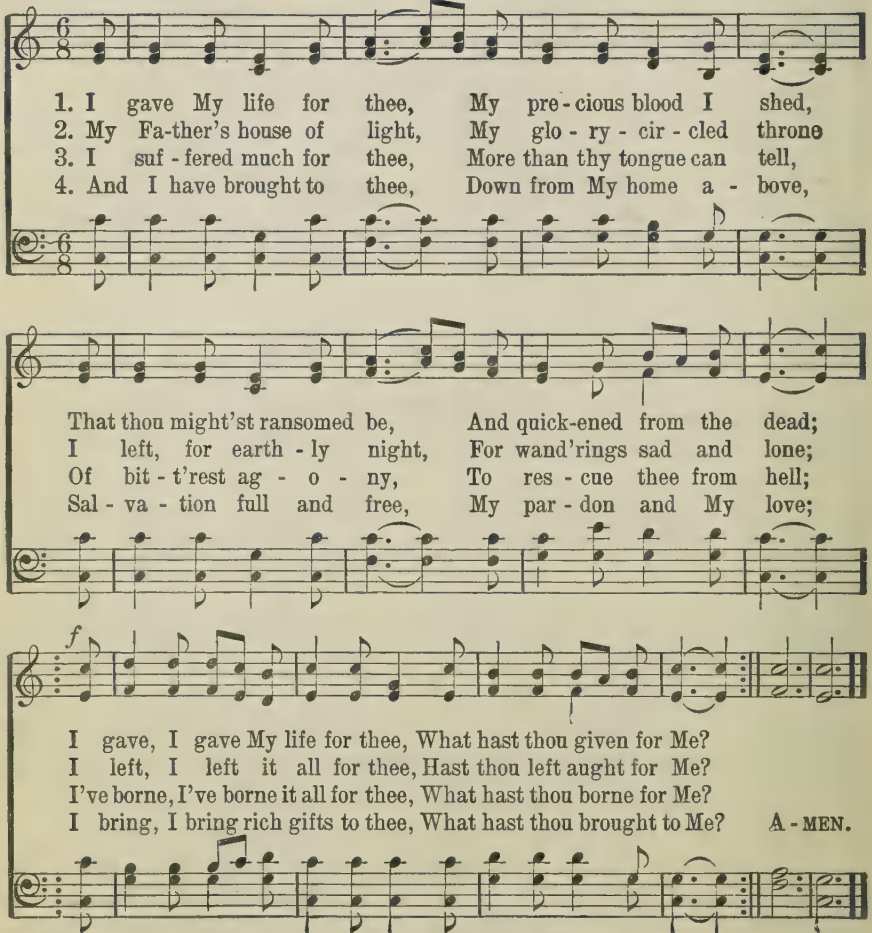

hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
voice, and let me sing Always, on-ly, for my King, Always, on-ly, for my King.
moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

57 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
FINE.
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Glo-ry to His name,... Glo-ry to His name;....

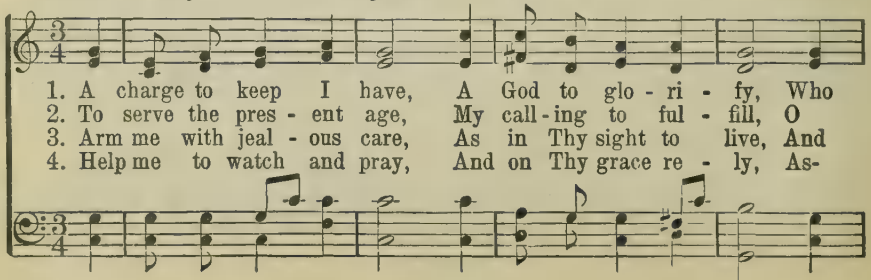
58 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

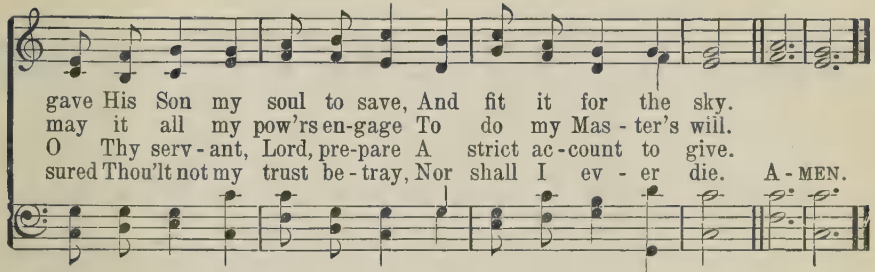

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A - MEN.

59 A Charge to Keep I Have.

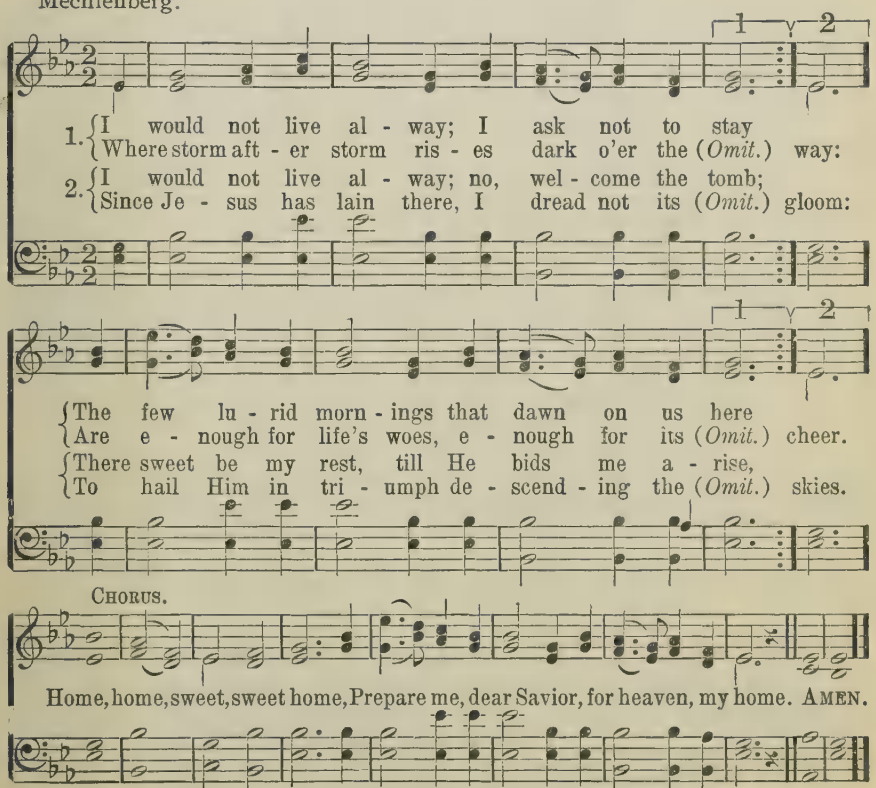
Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, Who
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill, O
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy grace re - ly, As-

A Charge to Keep I Have.


gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
sured Thou'lt not my trust be-tray, Nor shall I ev - er die. A - MEN.

60 I Would Not Live Alway.

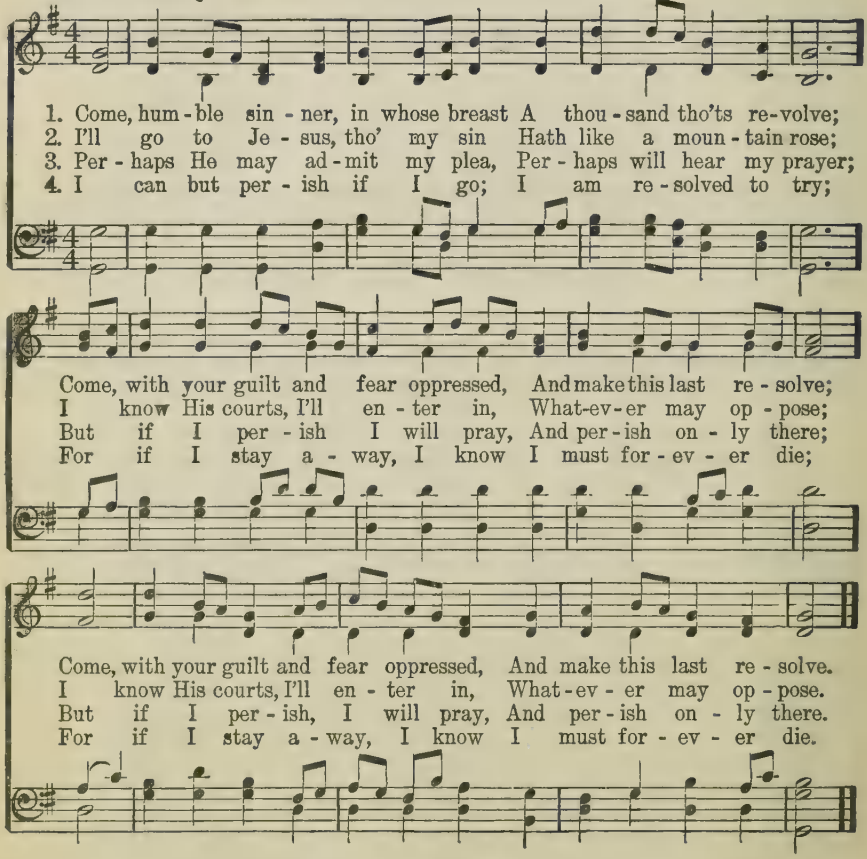
Mechlenberg.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (Omit.) way:
2. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom:
1 2
The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here
Are e - nough for life's woes, e - nough for its (Omit.) cheer.
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise,
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (Omit.) skies.
CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home. AMEN.

3 Oh, who would live alway, away from His God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
The noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

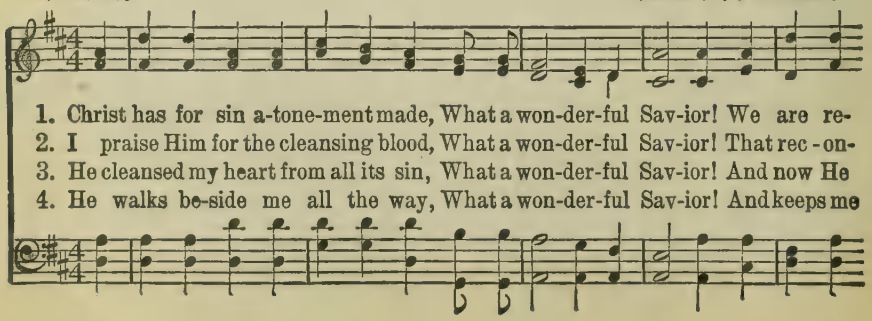
61 Come, Humble Sinner.

Rev. Edmund Jones.


1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve;
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve;
I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose;
But if I per-ish I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there;
For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.
I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die.

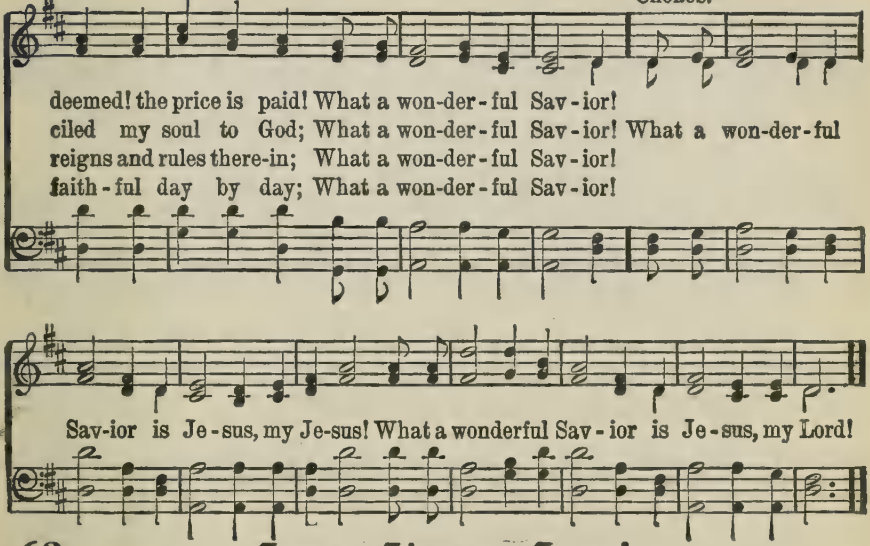
62 What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! We are re-
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! That rec-on-
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And now He
4. He walks be-side me all the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! And keeps me

What a Wonderful Savior!

CHORUS.


deemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior! What a won-der-ful
reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

63 Come, Sinner, Come!

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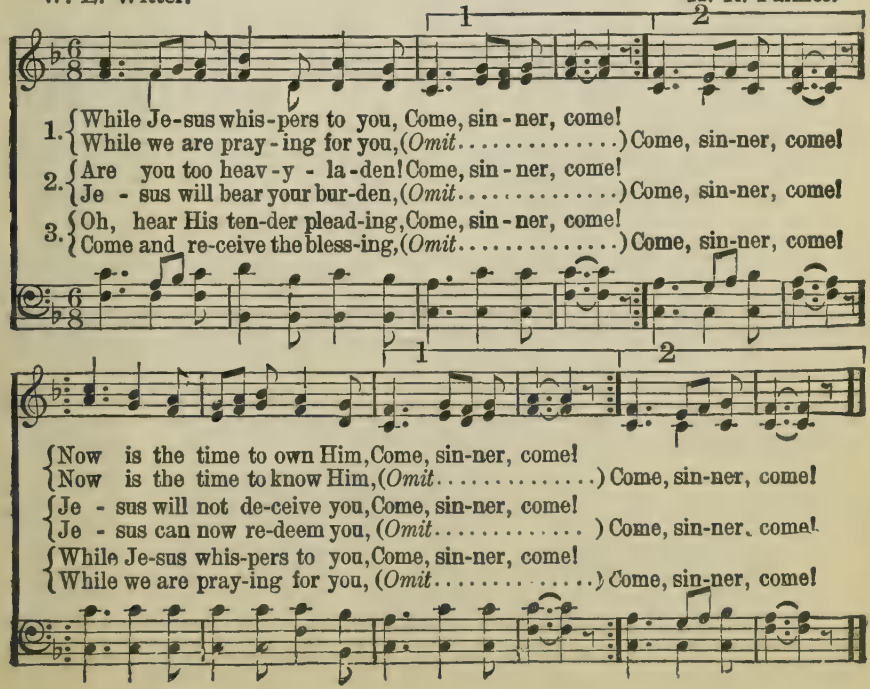
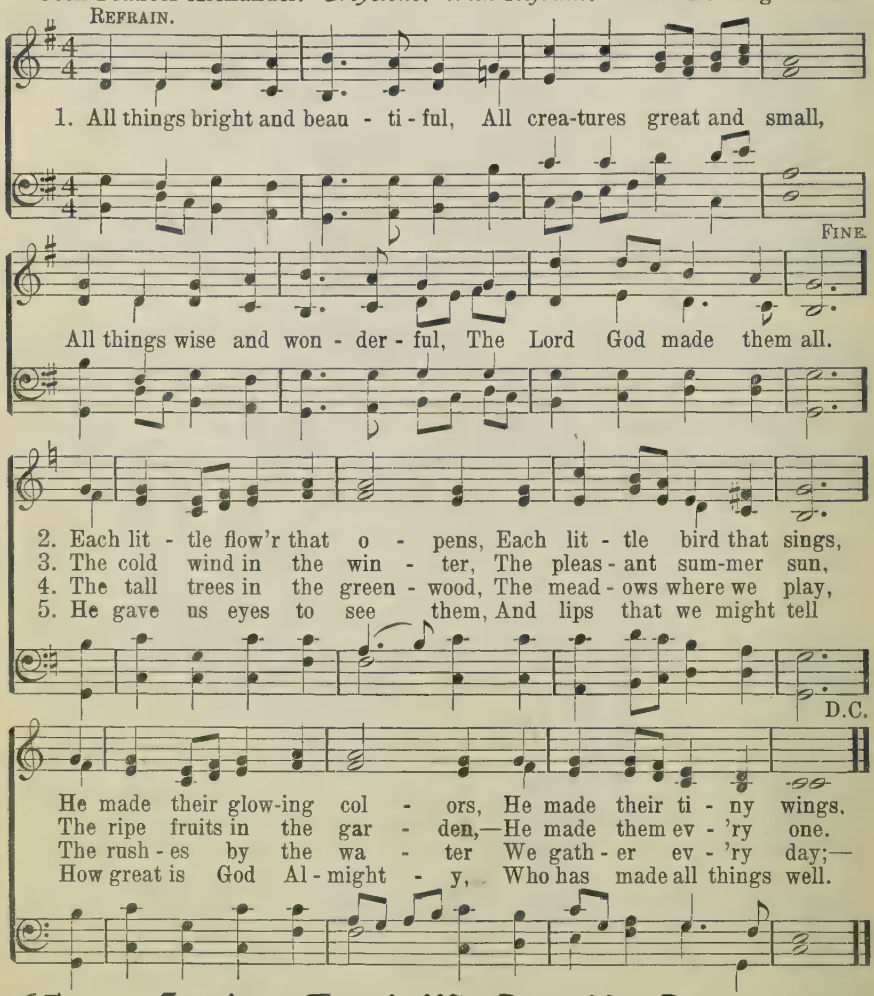
W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

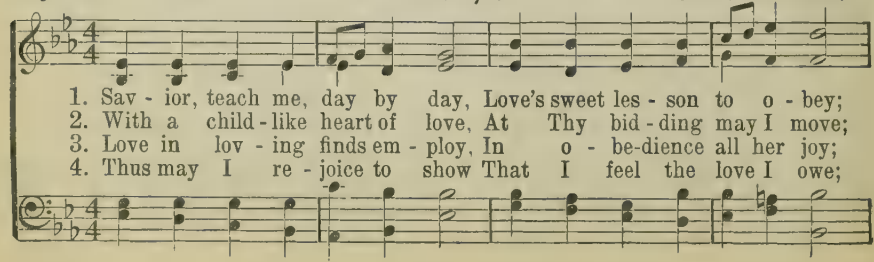

1
2
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den! Come, sin-ner, come!
Je-sus will bear your bur-den, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
1
2
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
Je-sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Je-sus can now re-deem you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (*Omit*.....) Come, sin-ner, come!

64 All Things Bright and Beautiful.

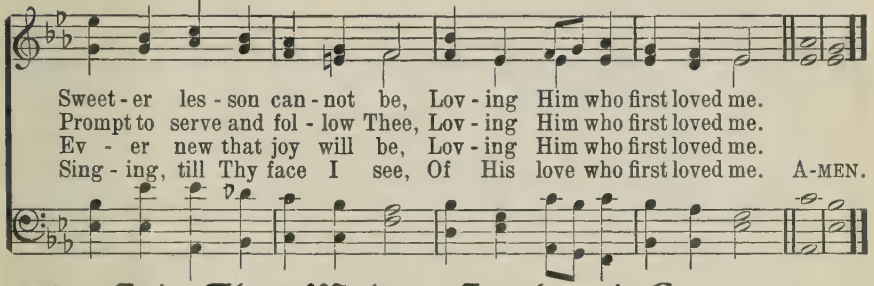
Cecil Frances Alexander. *Greystone. With Refrain.* W. R. Waghorne.

REFRAIN.
1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.
FINE.
2. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
3. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas - ant sum-mer sun,
4. The tall trees in the green - wood, The mead - ows where we play,
5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell
D.C.
He made their glow-ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
The ripe fruits in the gar - den,—He made them ev - 'ry one.
The rush - es by the wa - ter We gath - er ev - 'ry day;—
How great is God Al - might - y, Who has made all things well.

65 Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

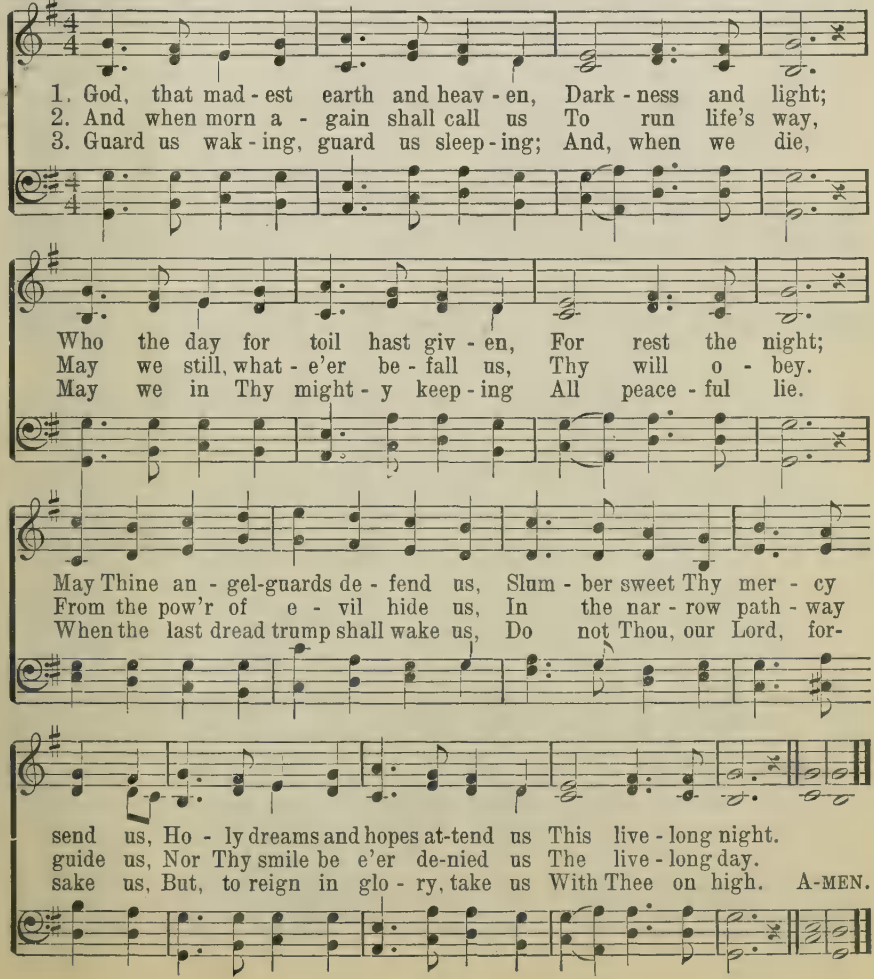
Jane E. Leeson. *Posen. 7s.* G. G. Strattner.


1. Sav - ior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be-dience all her joy;
4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Savior, Teach Me Day By Day.

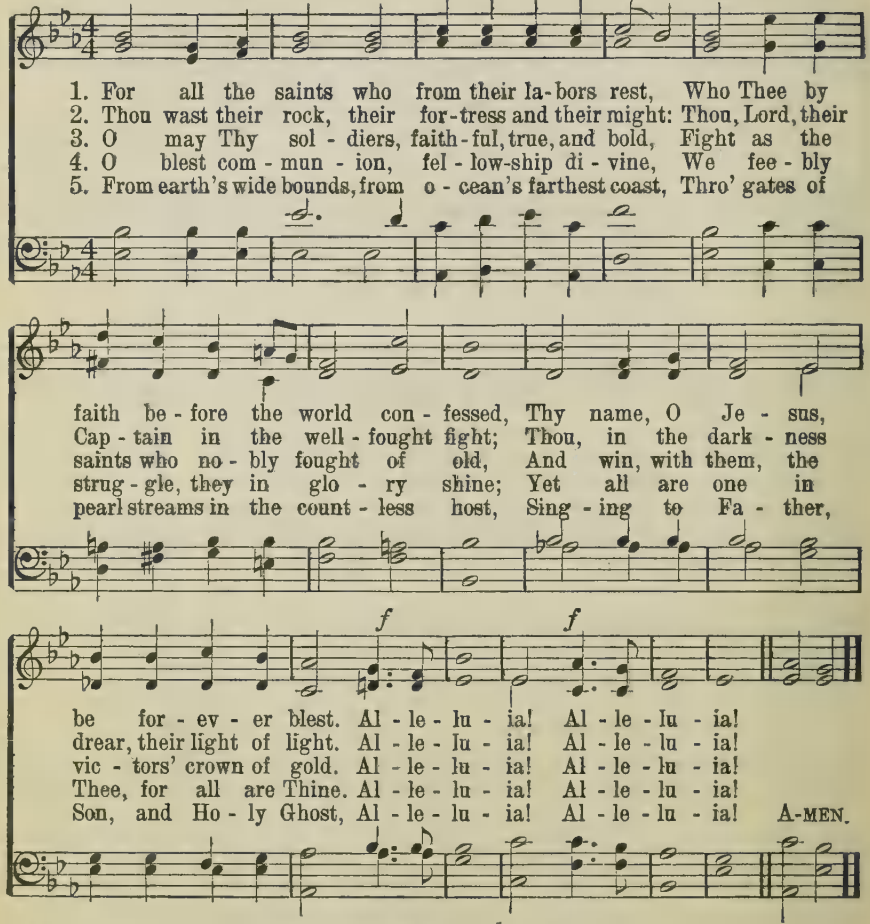

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Ev-er new that joy will be, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Sing-ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me. A-MEN.

66 God, That Madest Earth and Heaven.

Reginald Heber. Welsh Traditional Melody.

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light;
2. And when morn a-gain shall call us To run life's way,
3. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleep-ing; And, when we die,
Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night;
May we still, what-e'er be-fall us, Thy will o-bey.
May we in Thy might-y keep-ing All peace-ful lie.
May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer-cy
From the pow'r of e-vil hide us, In the nar-row path-way
When the last dread trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for-
send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us This live-long night.
guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er de-nied us The live-long day.
sake us, But, to reign in glo-ry, take us With Thee on high. A-MEN.

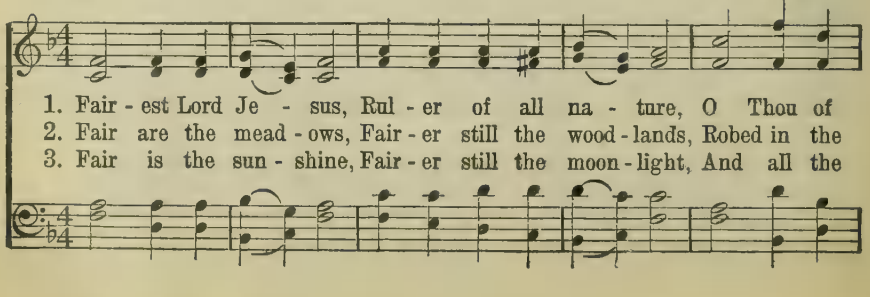
67 For All the Saints.

Bp. William W. How. Sir Joseph Barnby.

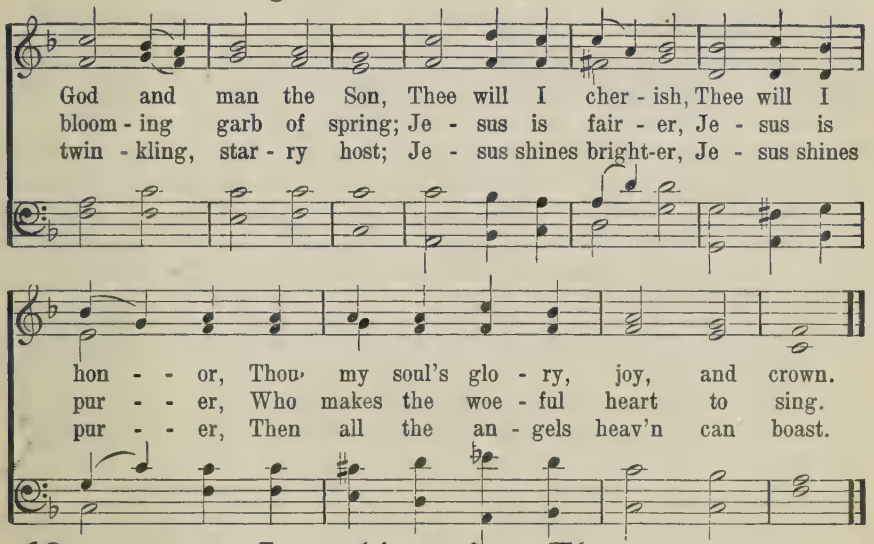

1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their rock, their for-tress and their might: Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. O blest com-mun-ion, fel-low-ship di-vine, We fee-bly
5. From earth's wide bounds, from o-cean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-sus,
Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the dark-ness
saints who no-bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
strug-gle, they in glo-ry shine; Yet all are one in
pearl streams in the count-less host, Sing-ing to Fa-ther,
f
f
be for-ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
drear, their light of light. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
vic-tors' crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Thee, for all are Thine. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

68 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Anon. Arr. by R. S. Willis.


1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the

Fairest Lord Jesus.


God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
twin - kling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines
hon - - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
pur - - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
pur - - er, Then all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

69 Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

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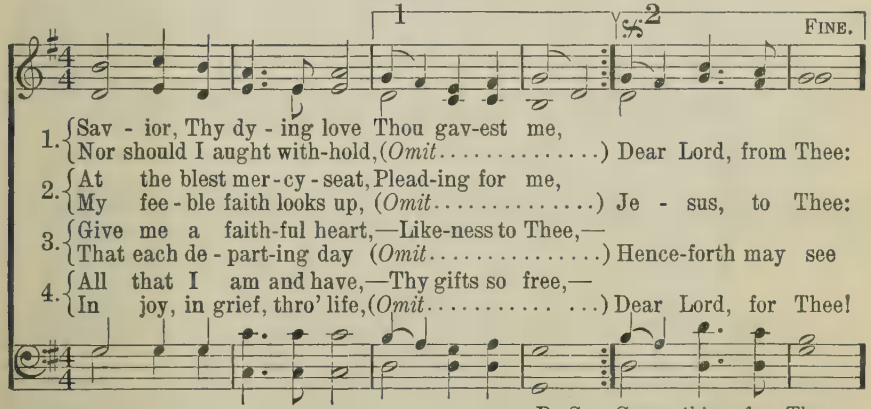
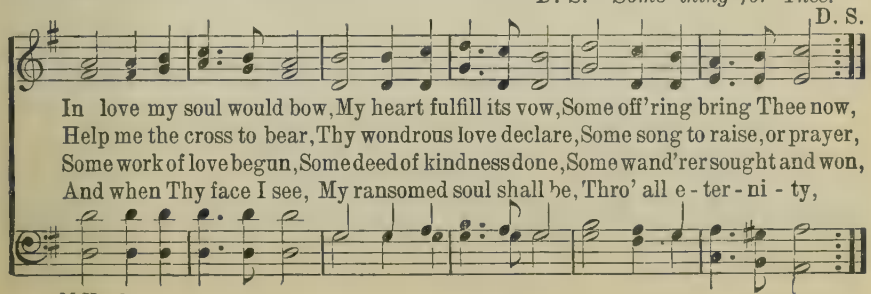
Robert Lowry.



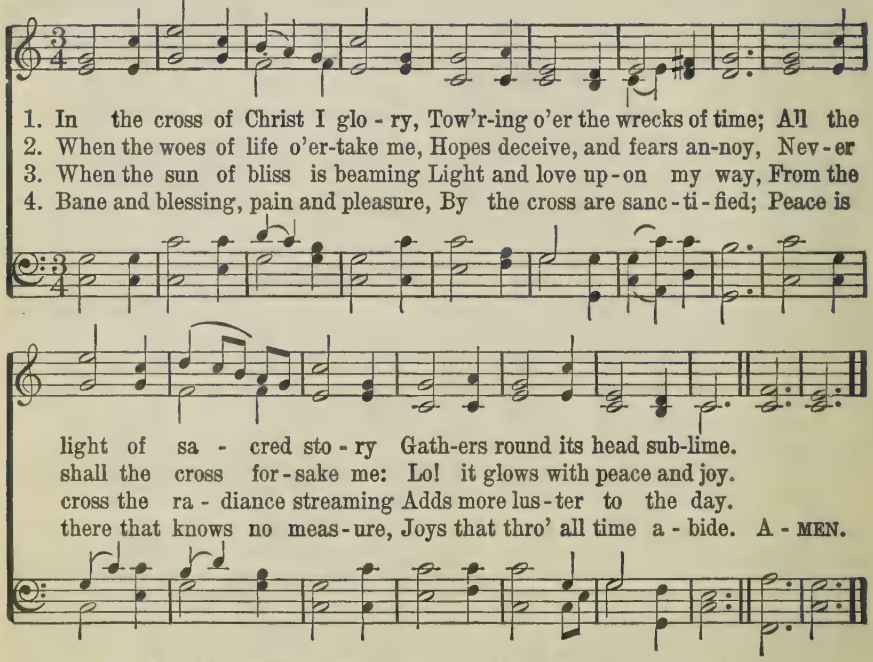
1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me,
   Nor should I aught with-hold, (*Omit*.....) Dear Lord, from Thee:
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me,
   My fee - ble faith looks up, (*Omit*.....) Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,—
   That each de - part-ing day (*Omit*.....) Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,—
   In joy, in grief, thro' life, (*Omit*.....) Dear Lord, for Thee!

D. S.—*Some-thing for Thee.*


D. S.
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer,
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won,
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

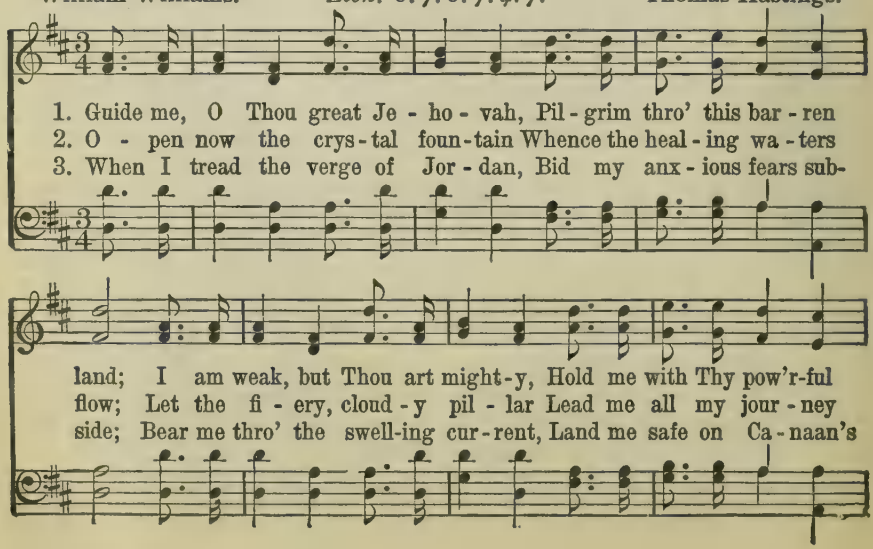
70 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.

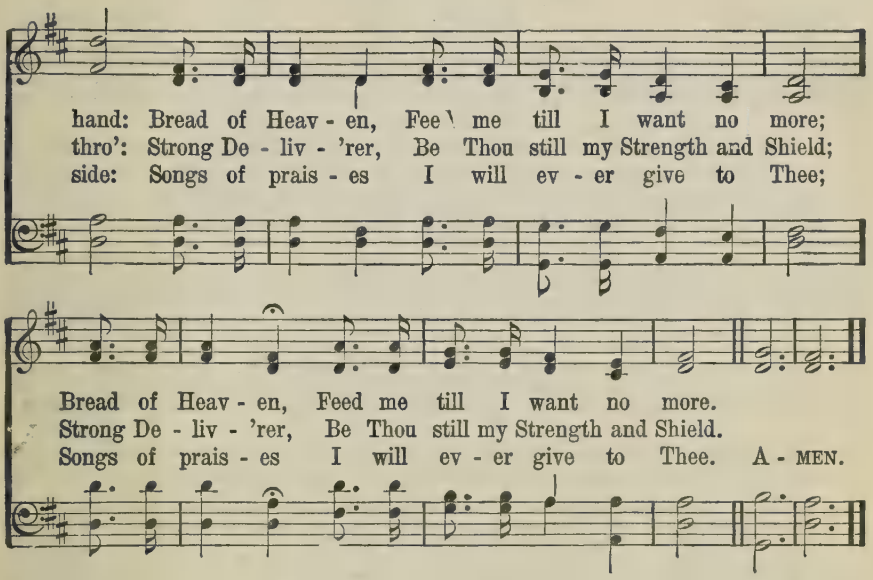

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is
light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

71 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.

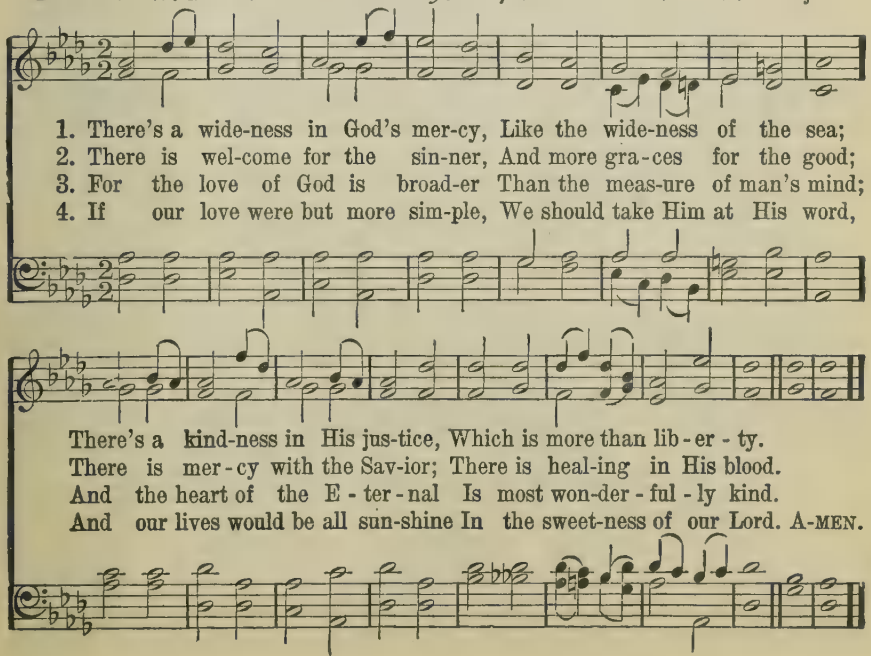

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa-ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.


hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

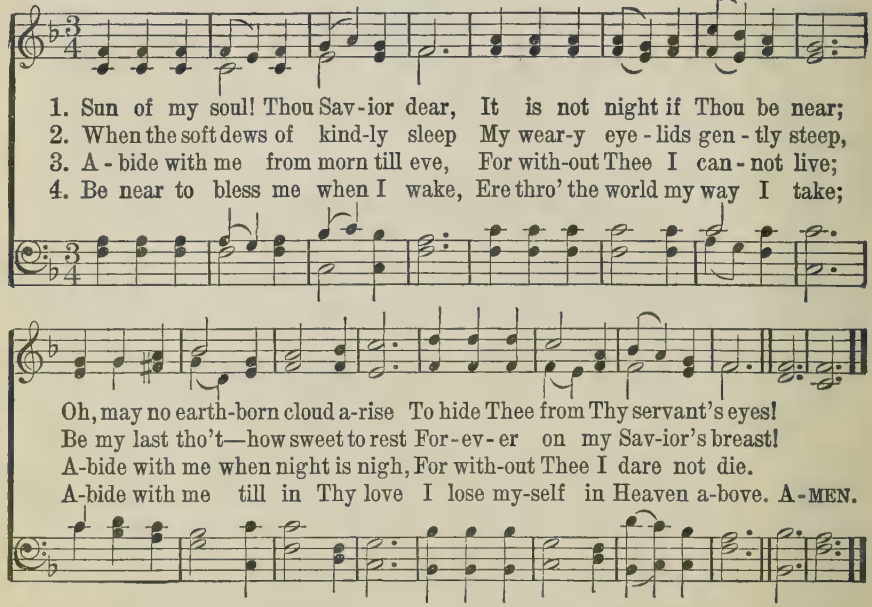
72 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

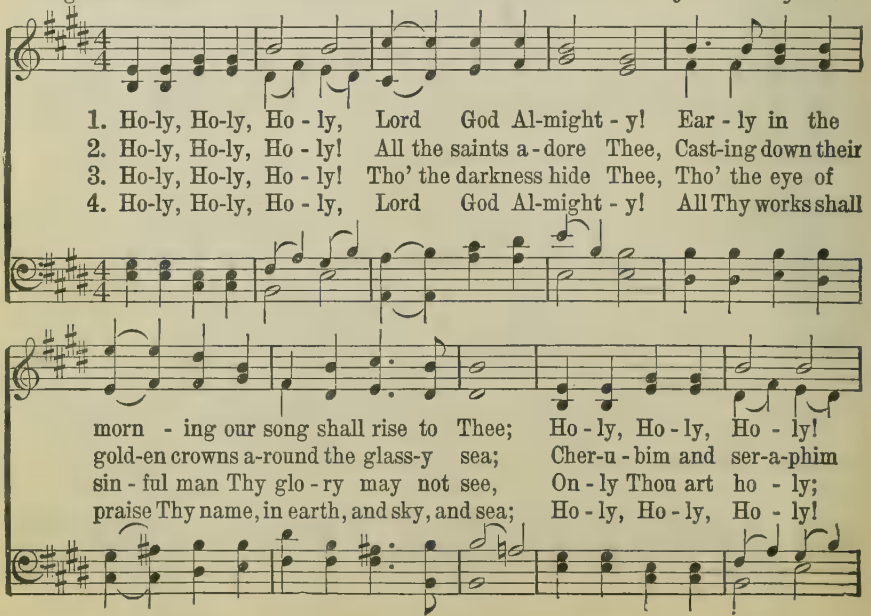
73 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.

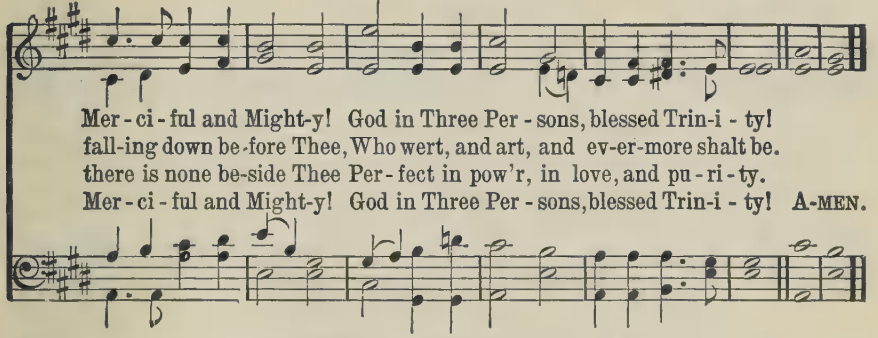

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

74 Holy, Holy, Holy.

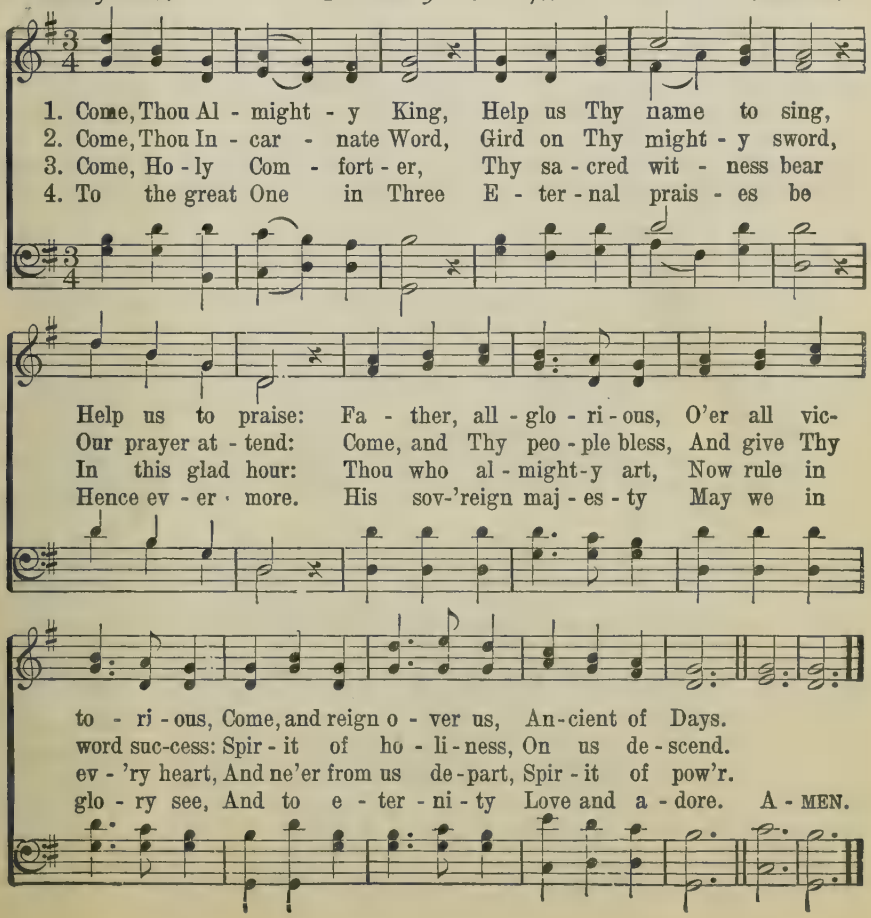
Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.

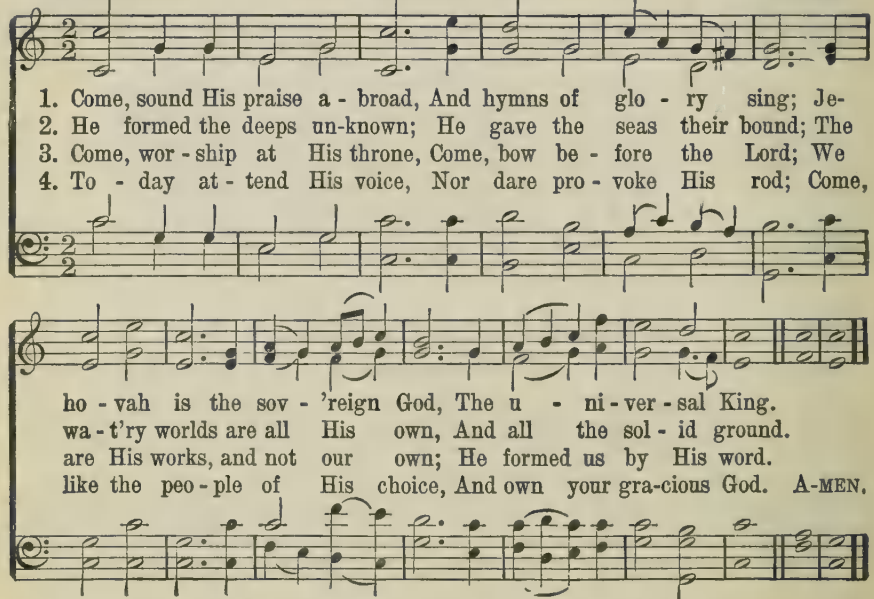

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

75 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

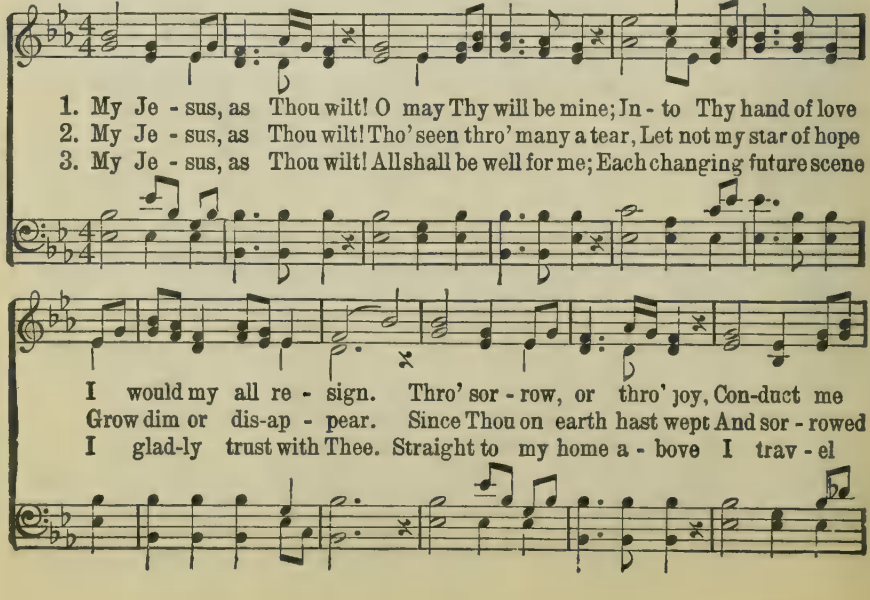
76 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.

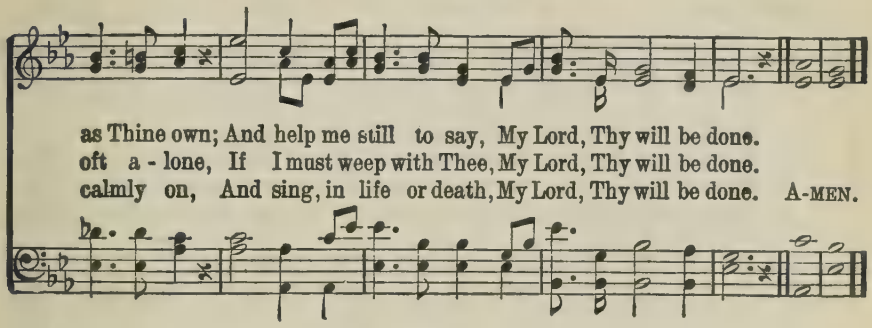

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God. A-MEN.

77 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.

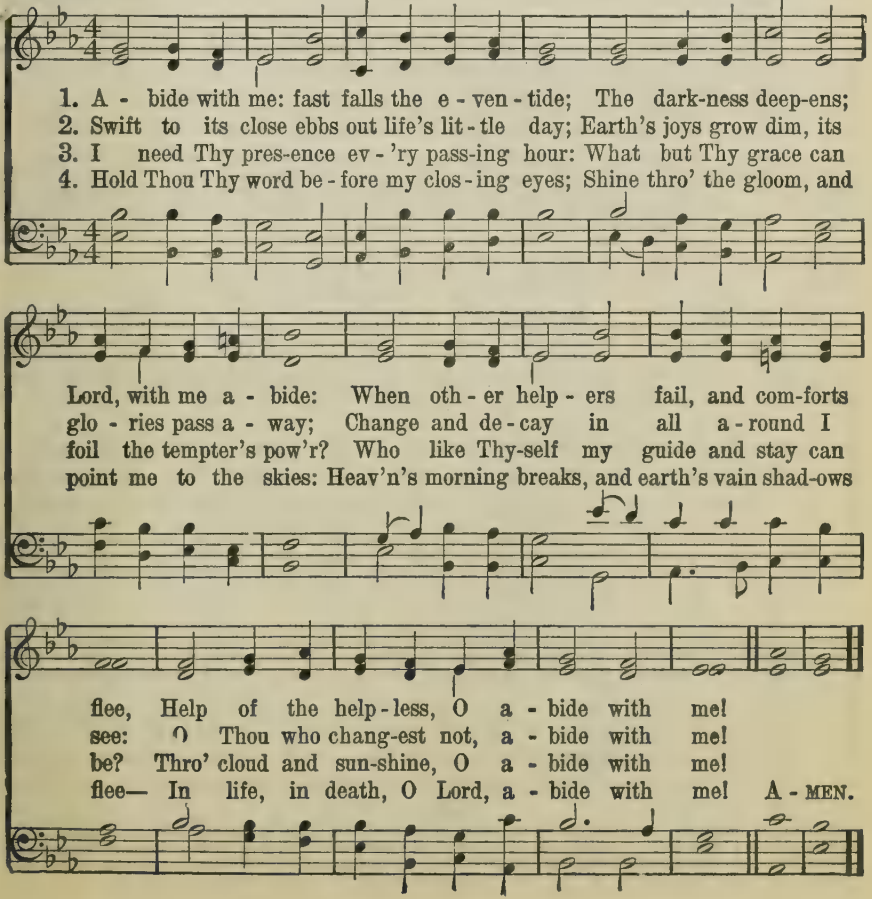

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene
I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!


as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

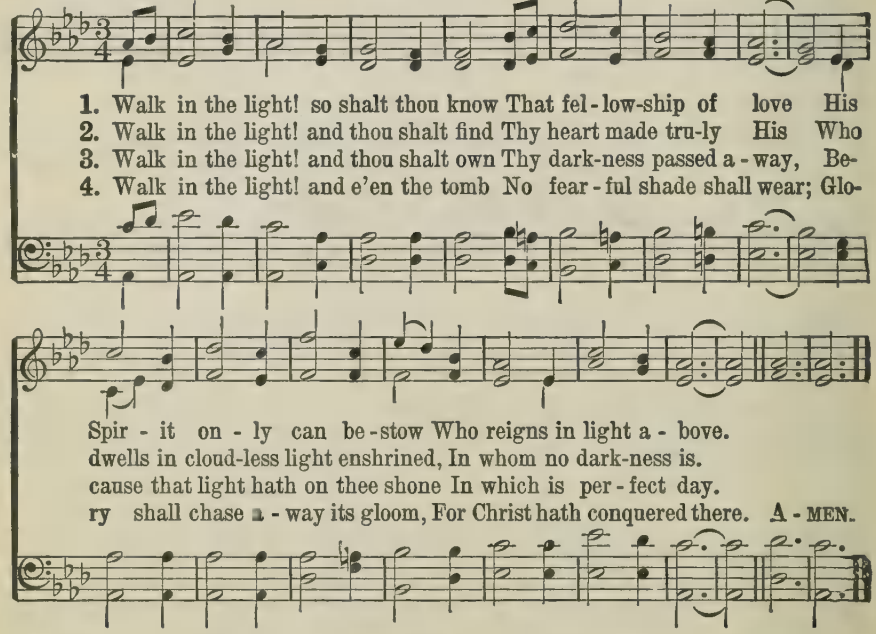
78 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

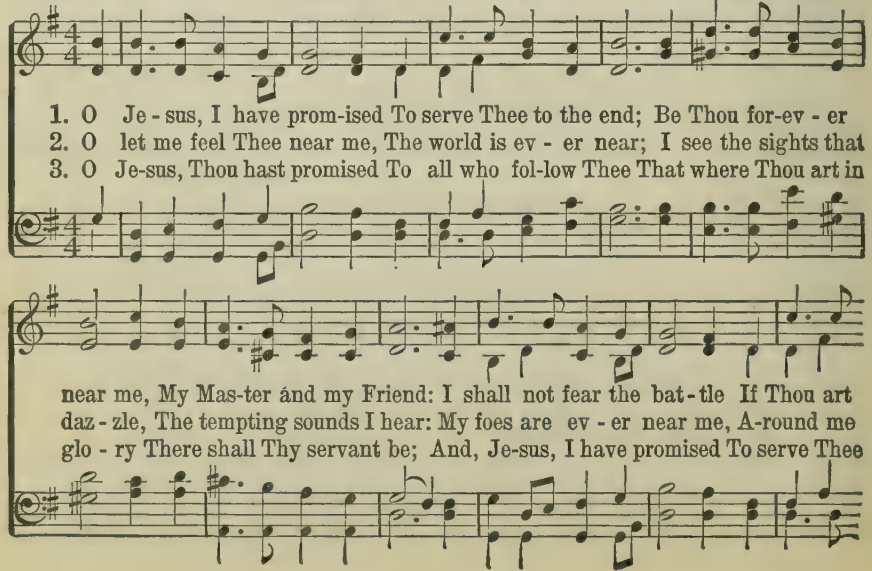
79 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

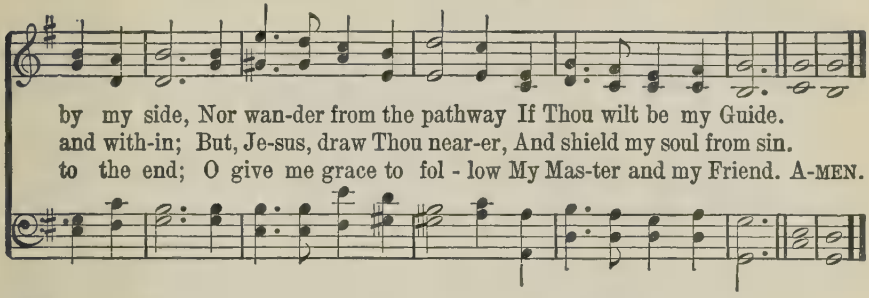

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a-way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo-
Spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. A-MEN.

80 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

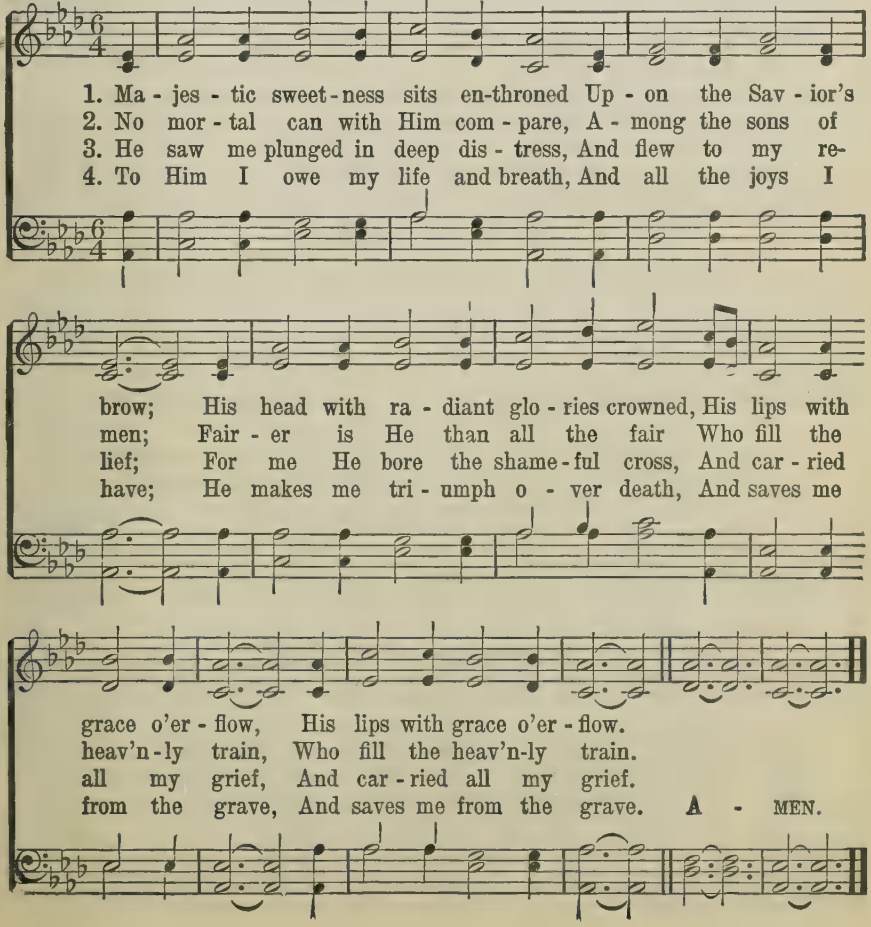
John E. Bode. *Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Arthur H. Mann.


1. O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev-er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art
daz-zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev-er near me, A-round me
glo-ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee

O Jesus, I have Promised.

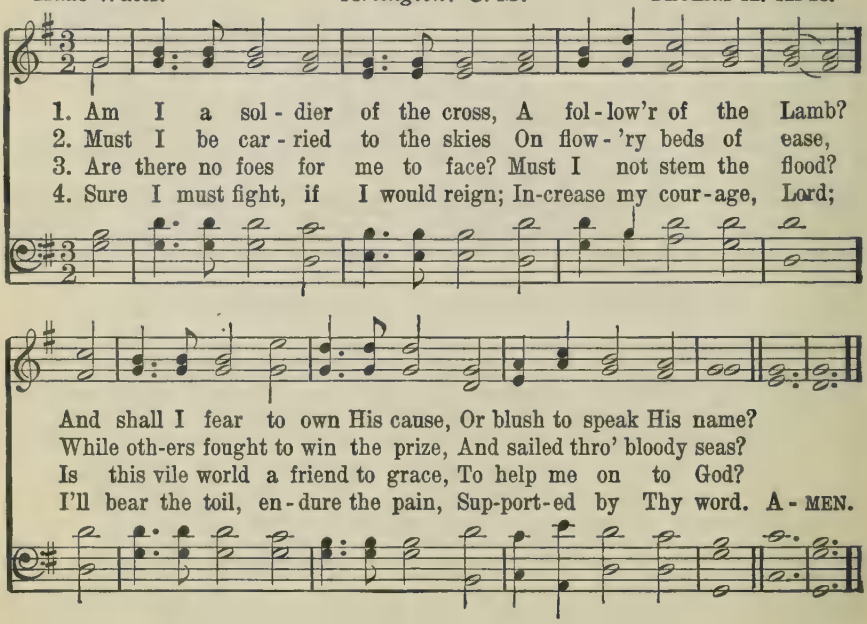

by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-MEN.

81 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re-
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I
brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with
men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the
lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried
have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me
grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

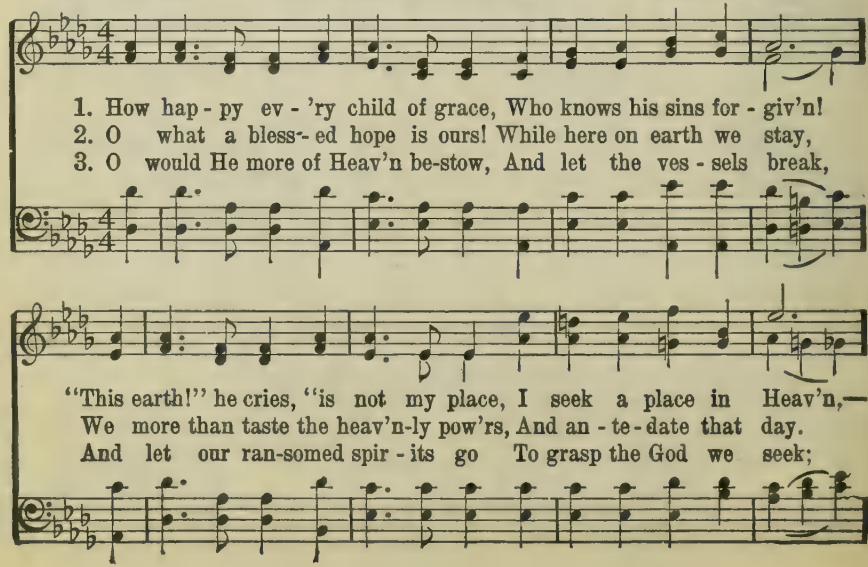
82 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

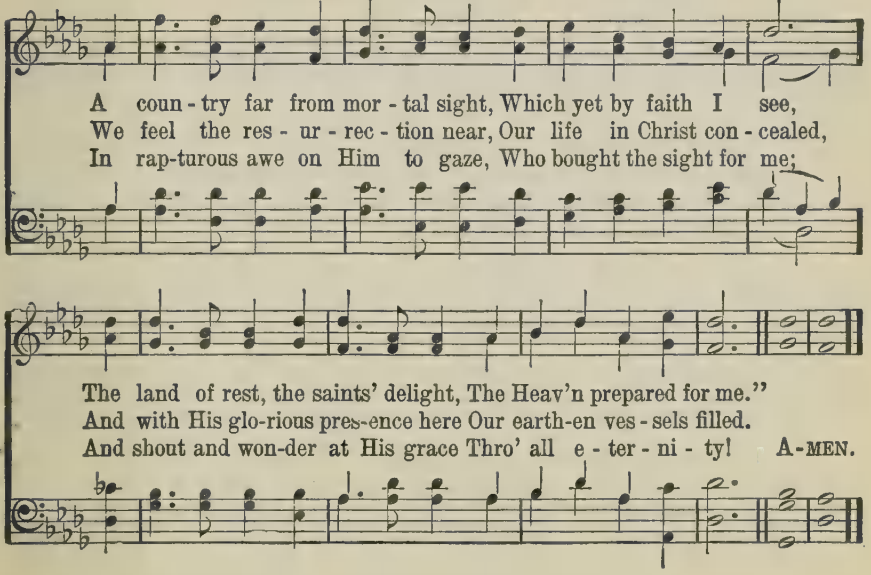

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

83 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

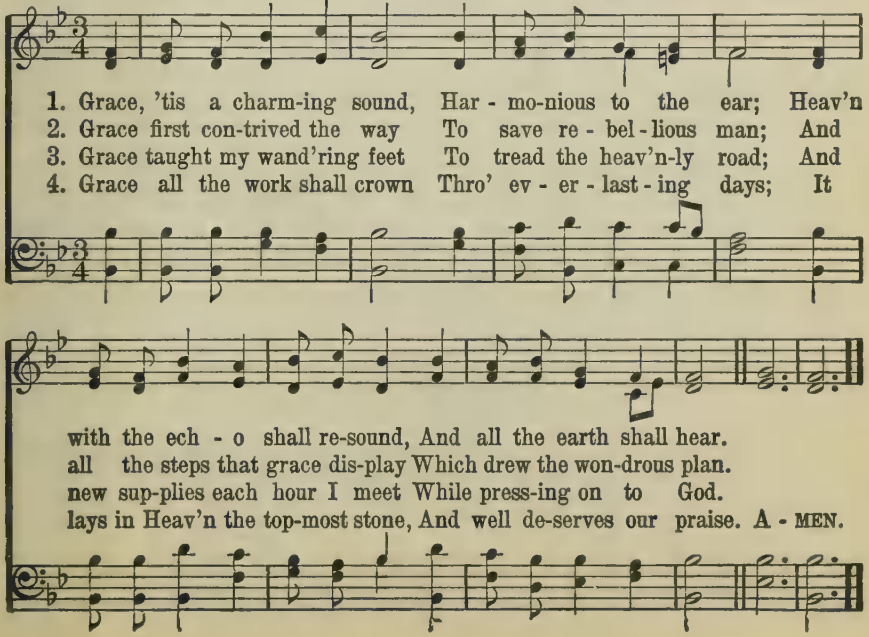

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. O what a bless-ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O would He more of Heav'n be-stow, And let the ves - sels break,
"This earth!" he cries, "is not my place, I seek a place in Heav'n,—
We more than taste the heav'n-ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day.
And let our ran-somed spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

How Happy Every Child of Grace.


A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Which yet by faith I see,
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap-turous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The Heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glo-rious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.
And shout and won-der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A-MEN.

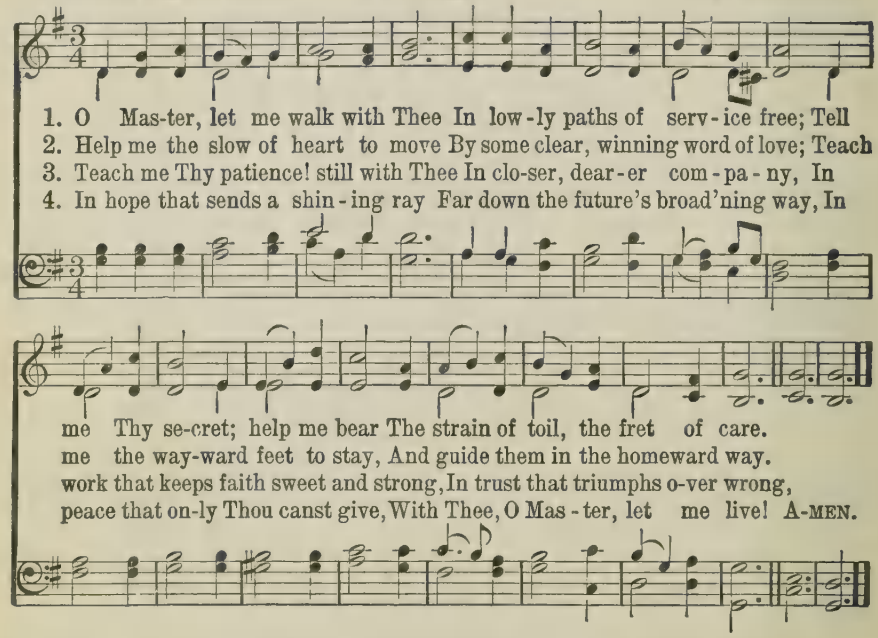
84 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It
with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.
lays in Heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise. A - MEN.

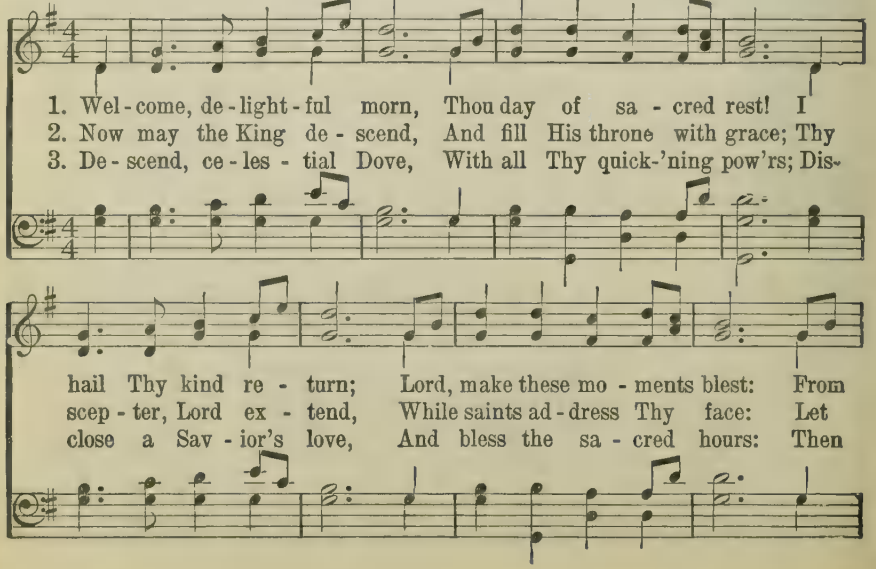
85 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. *Saxby. L. M.* J. B. Dykes.

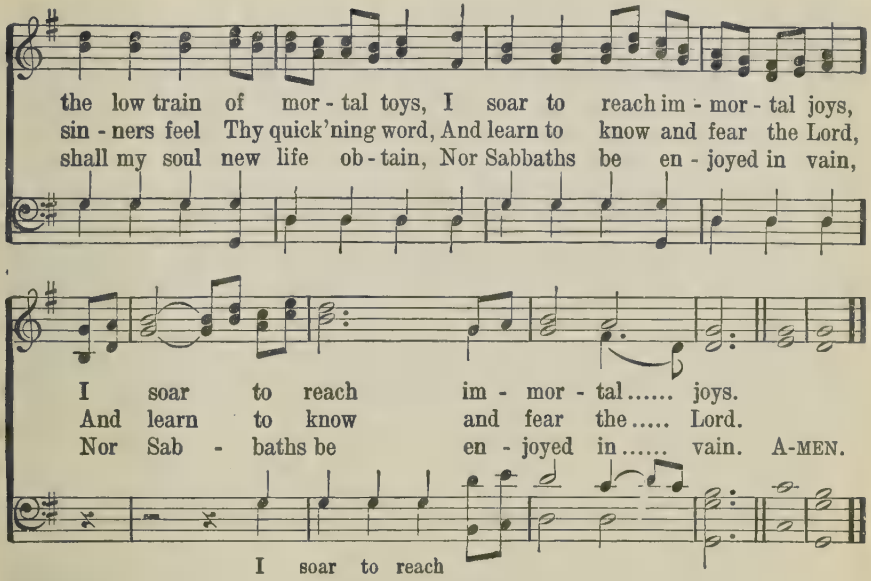

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo-ser, dear-er com-pa-ny, In
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way, In
me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-MEN.

86 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Hayward. *Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Friedrich Schneider.

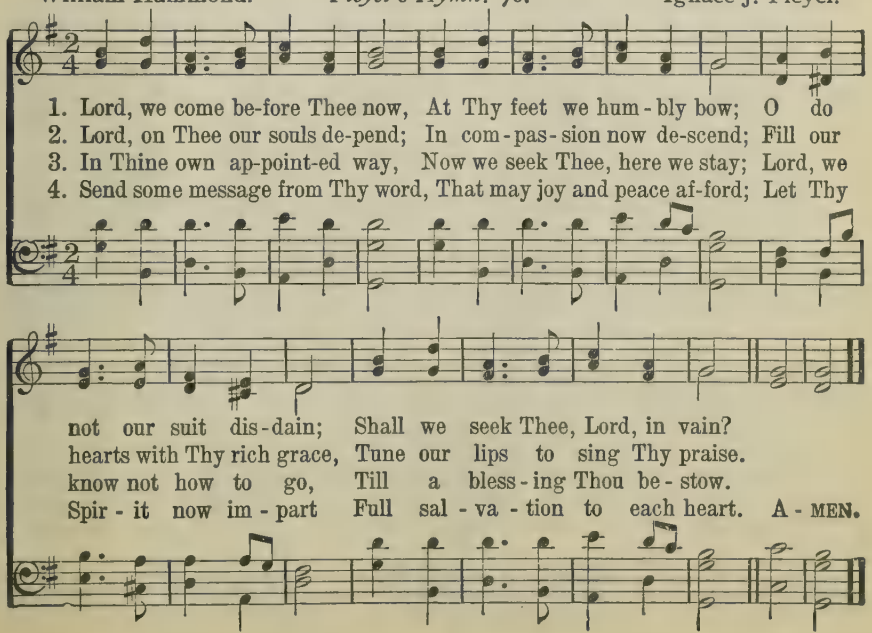

1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis-
hail Thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From
scep-ter, Lord ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let
close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn.


the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,
sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain,
I soar to reach im - mor - tal..... joys.
And learn to know and fear the..... Lord.
Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in..... vain. A-MEN.
I soar to reach

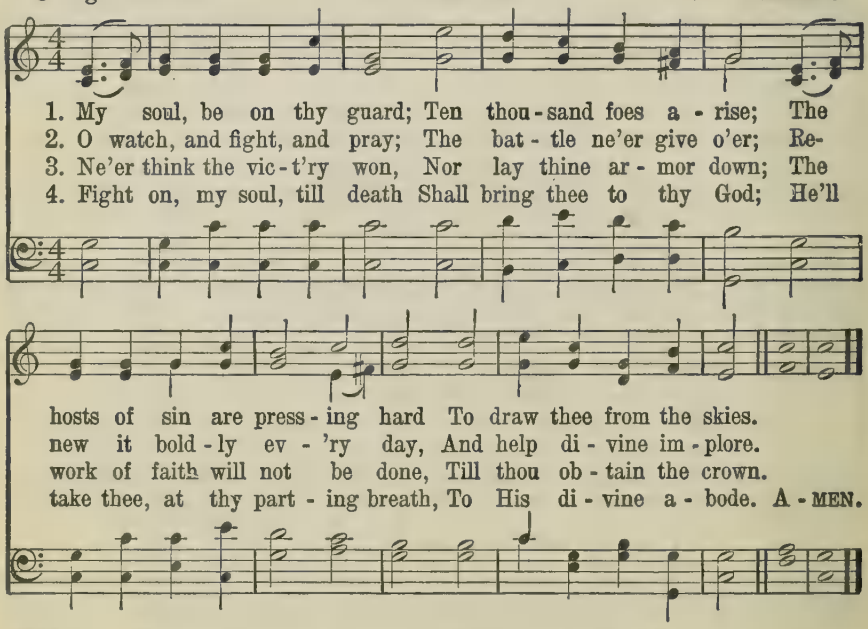
87 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond. *Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.* Ignace J. Pleyel.


1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com - pas - sion now de-scend; Fill our
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay; Lord, we
4. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy
not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
know not how to go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart. A - MEN.

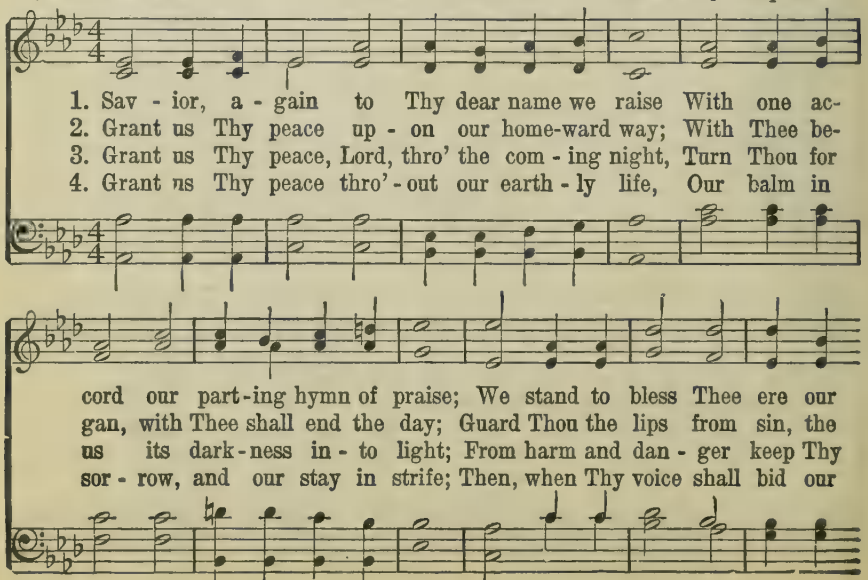
88 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

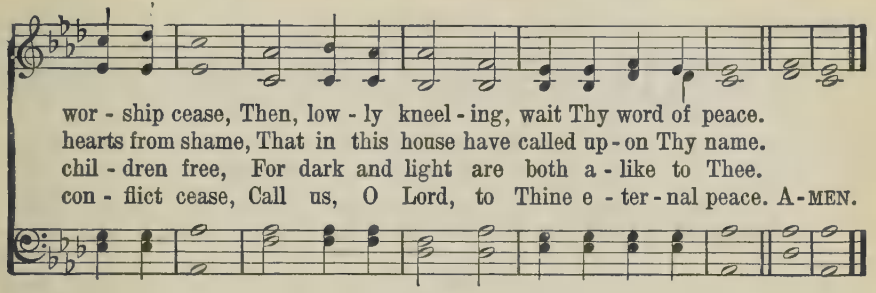

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A-MEN.

89 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. ros.* Edward J. Hopkins.

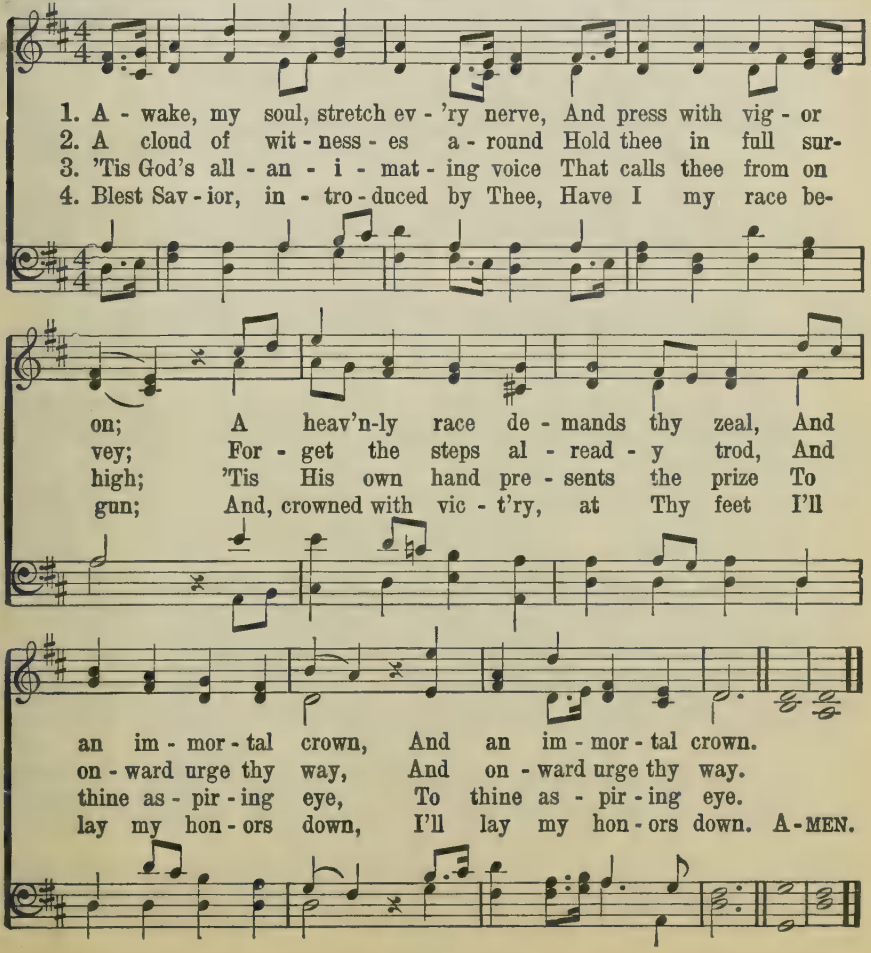

1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.


wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

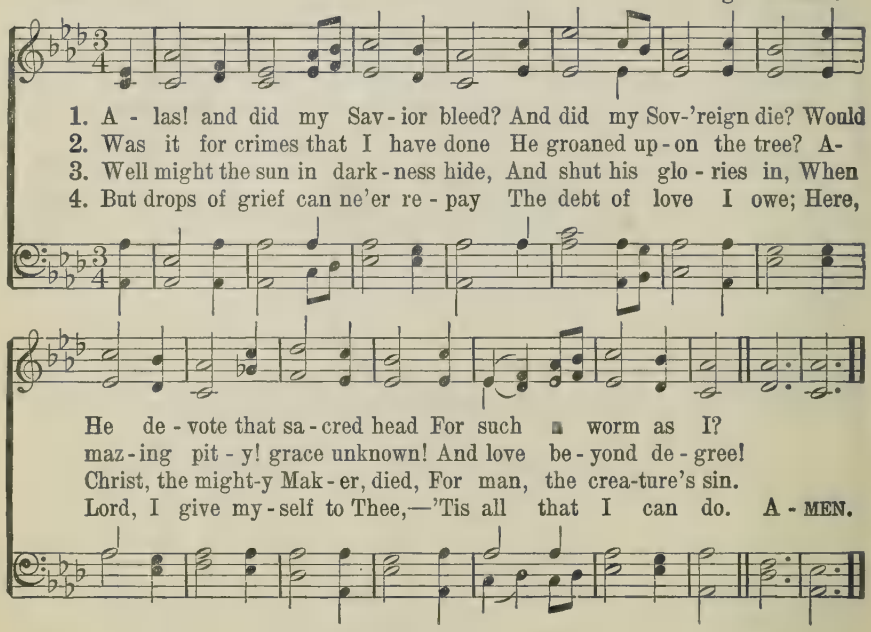
90 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur-
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be-
on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.

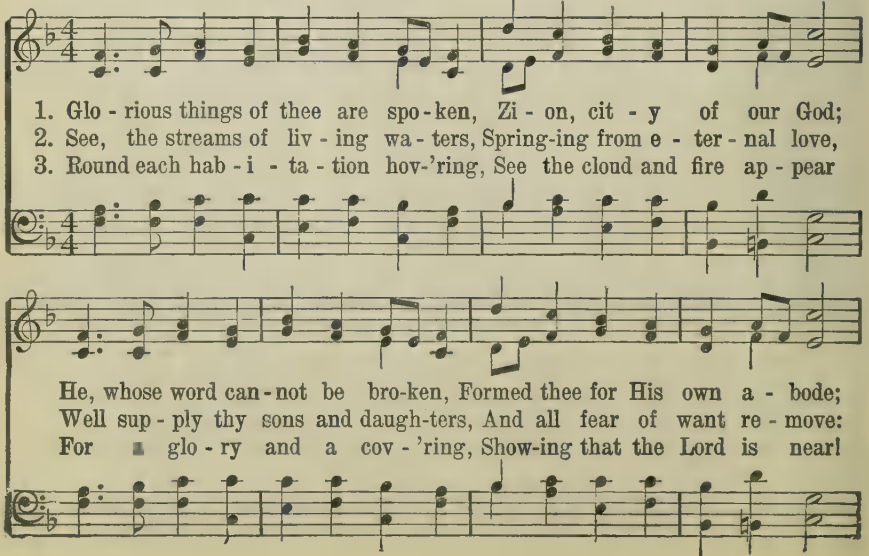
91 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.

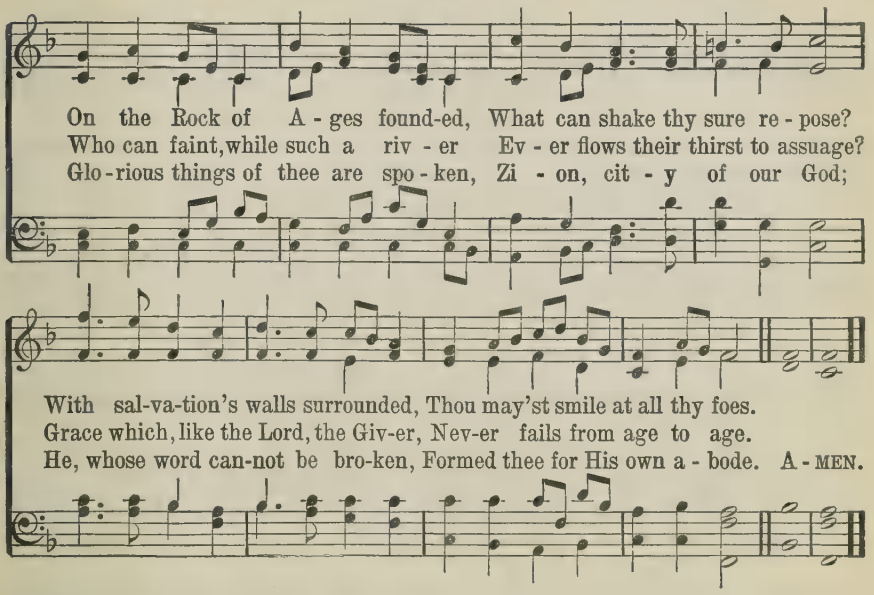

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

92 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

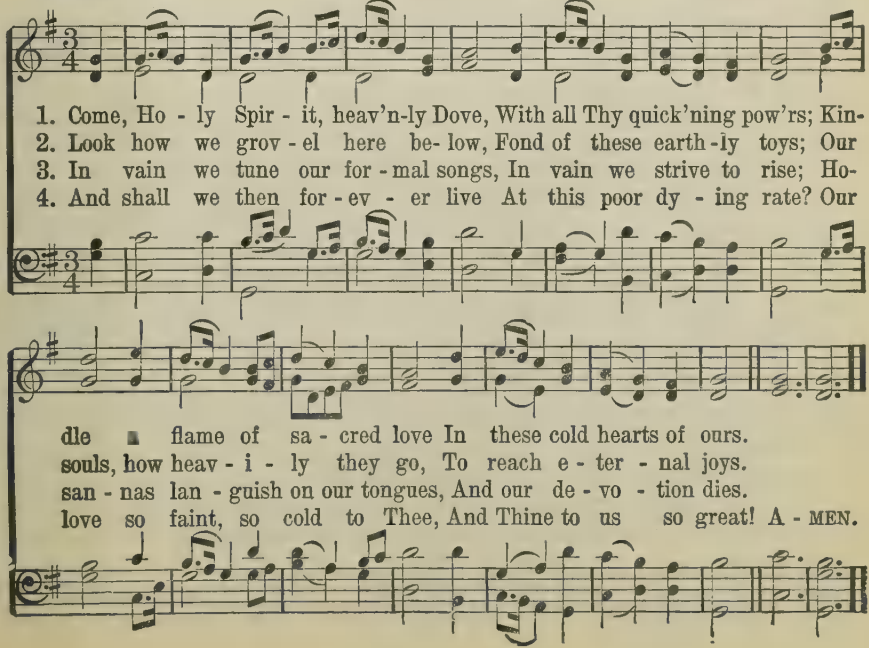

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.


On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

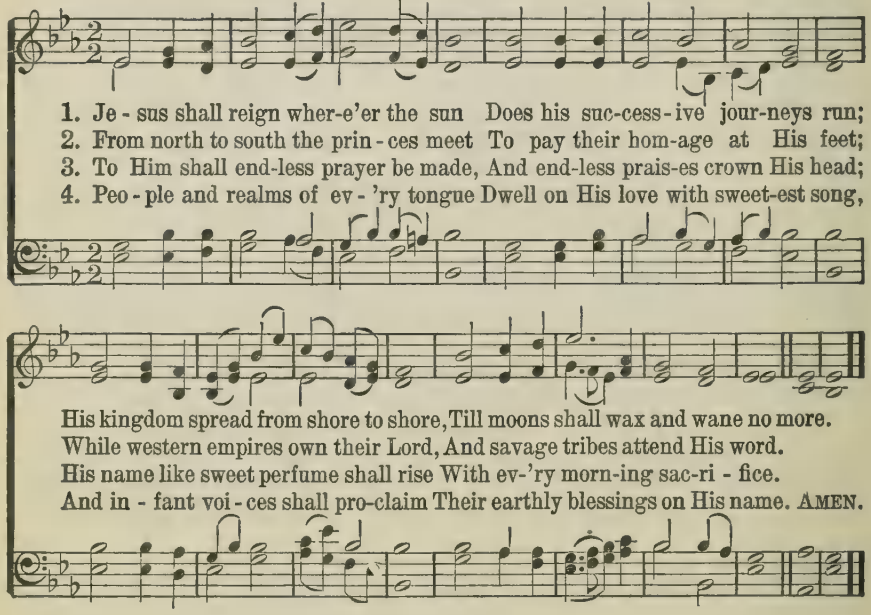
93 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

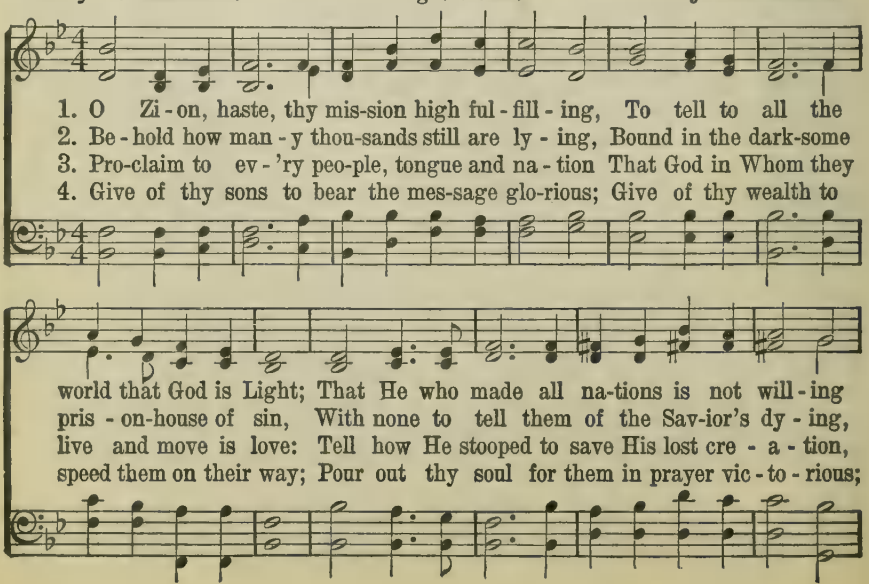
94 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

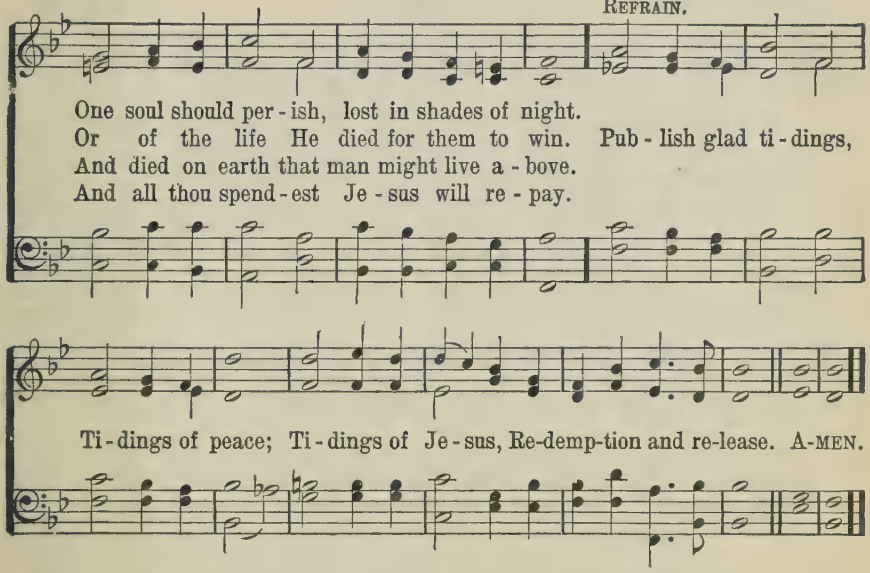
95 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

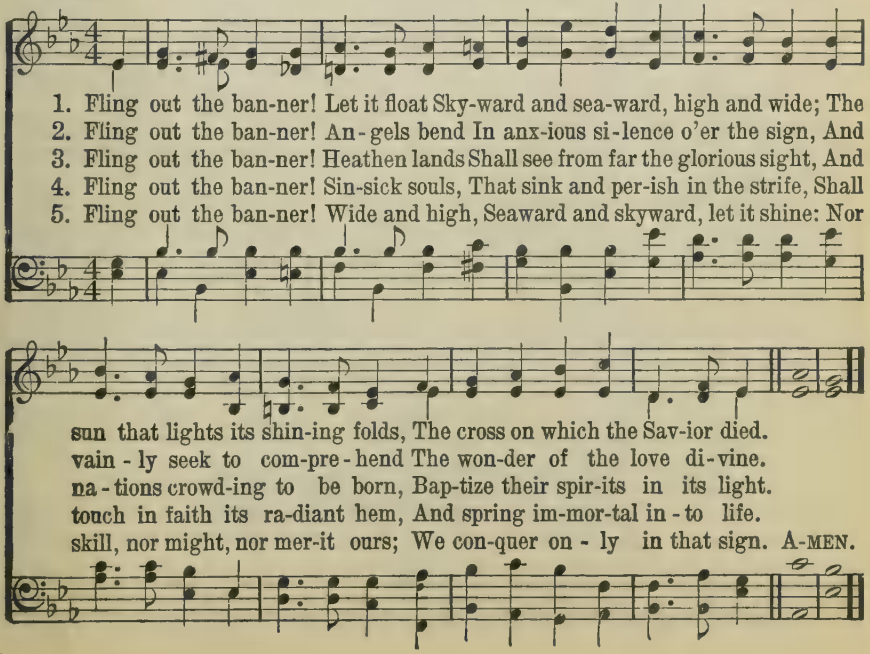
O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.


One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

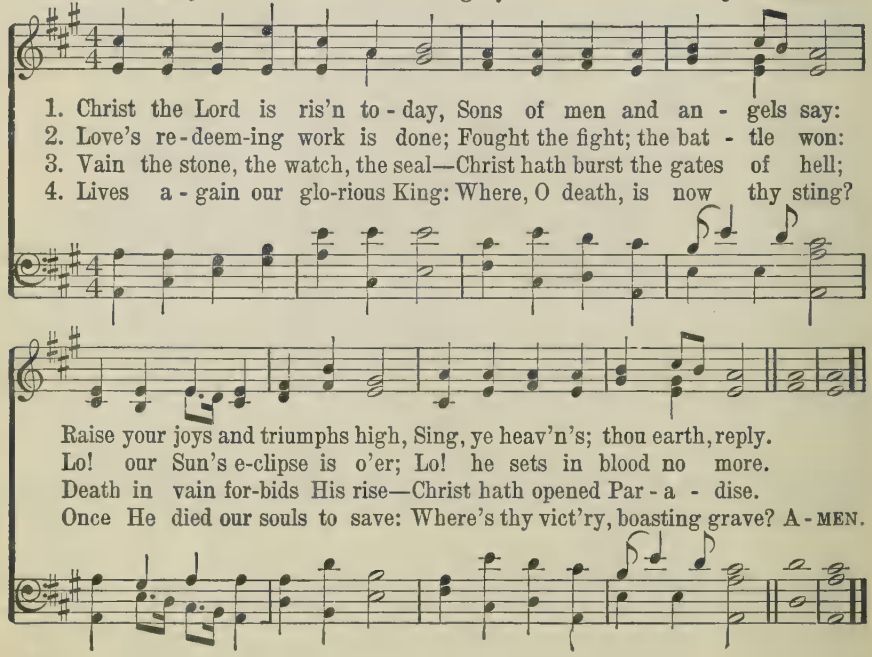
96 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor
sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign. A-MEN.

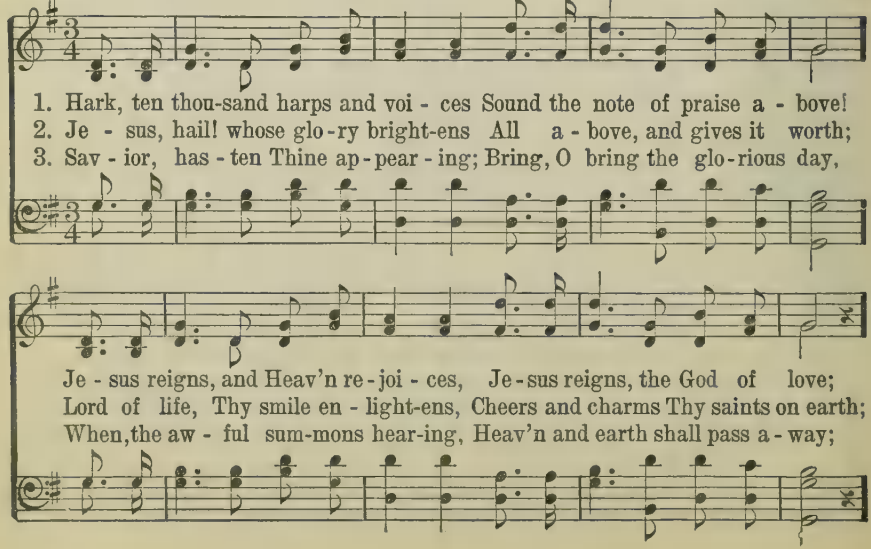
97 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.

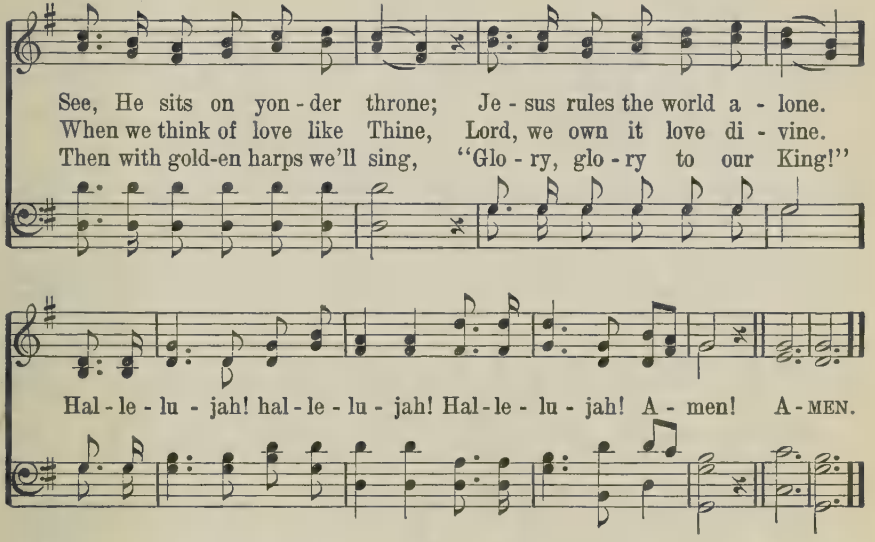

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? A - MEN.

98 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.

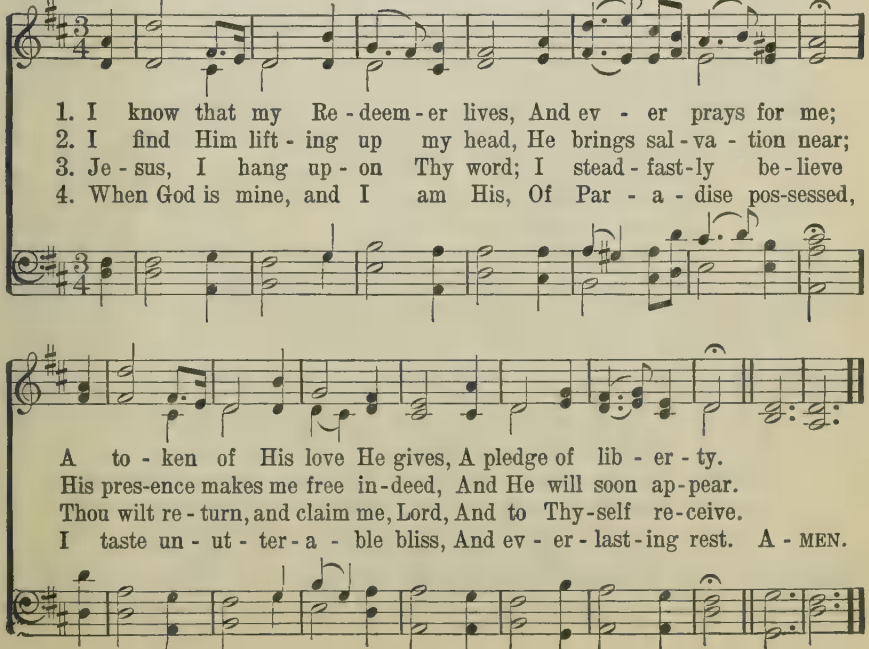

1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.


See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

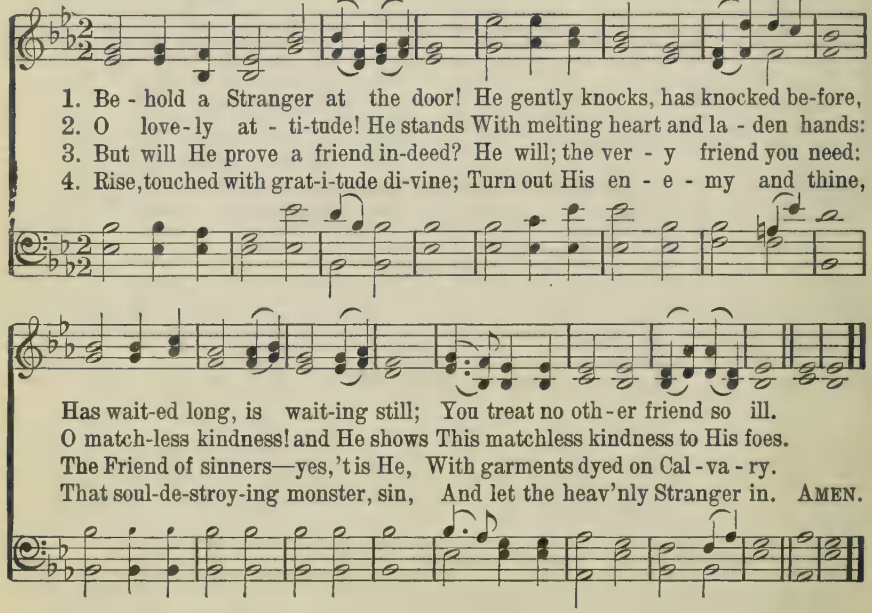
99 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos-sessed,
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.

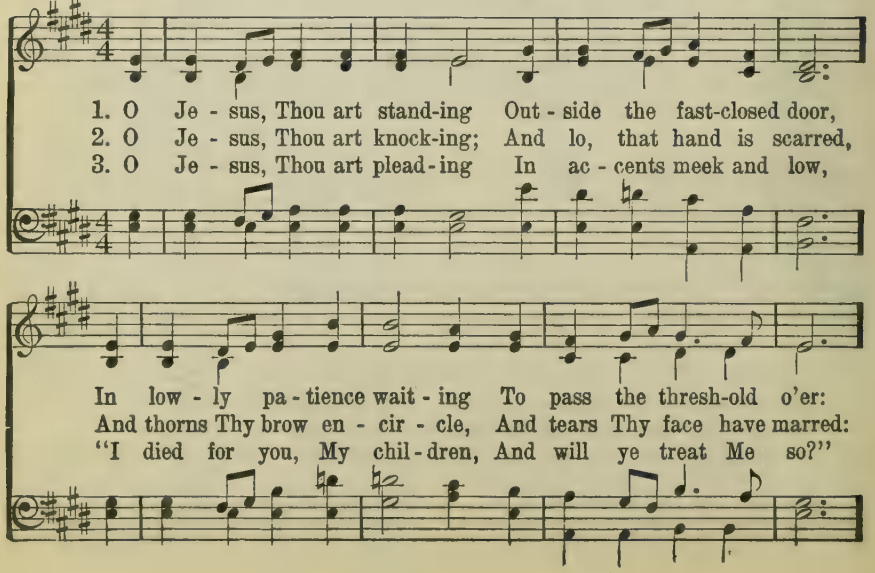
100 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg. *Berla. L. M.* John E. Gould.

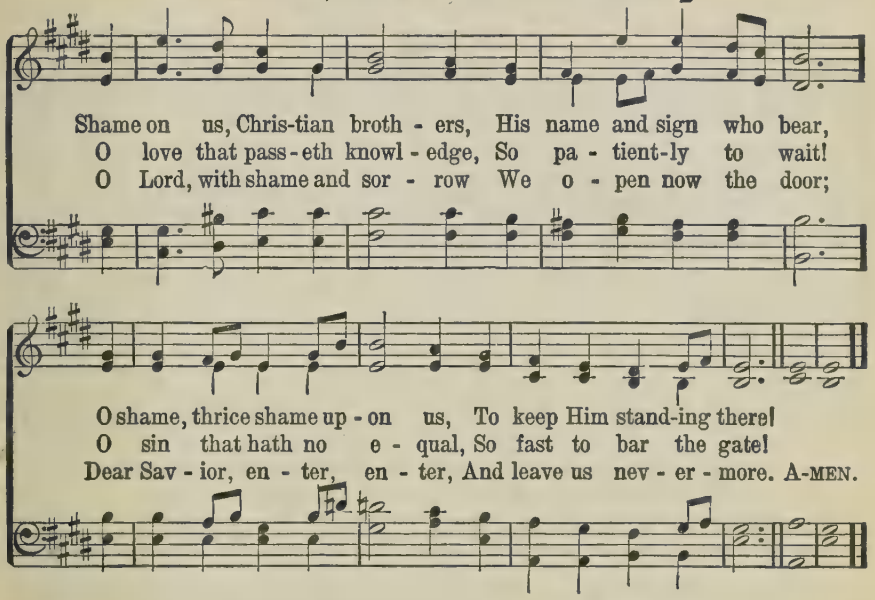

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,
2. O love-ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.

101 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.

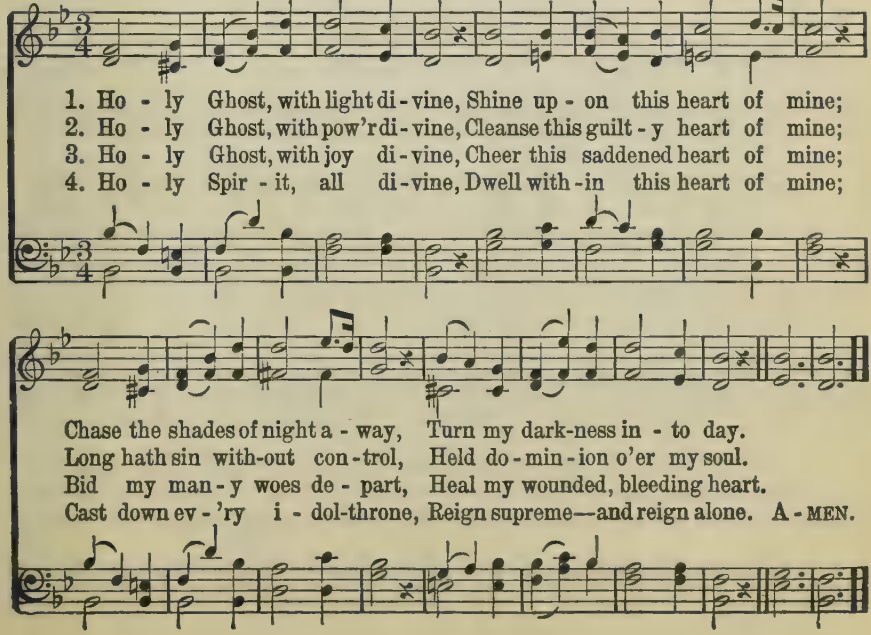

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.


Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

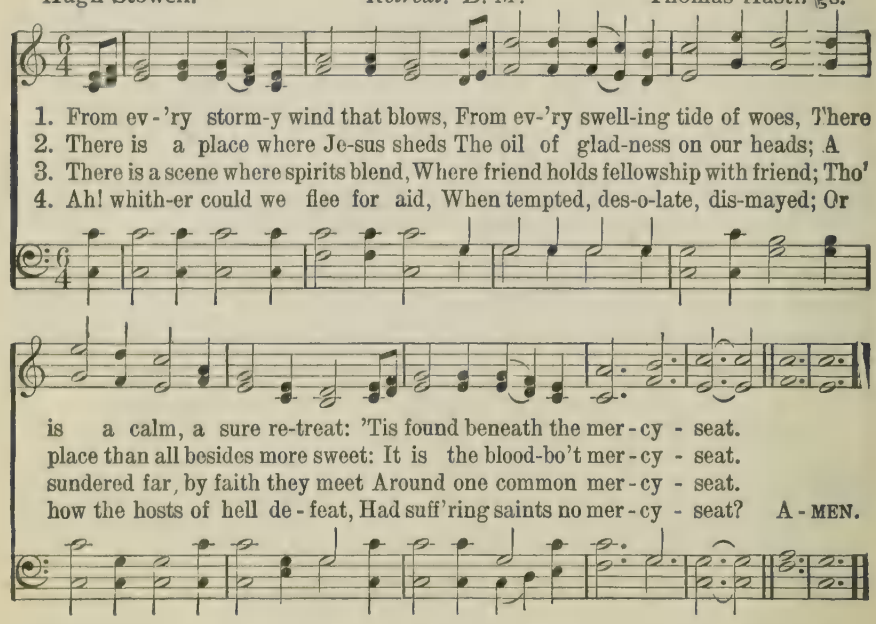
102 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. *Mercy. 7s.* Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone. A - MEN.

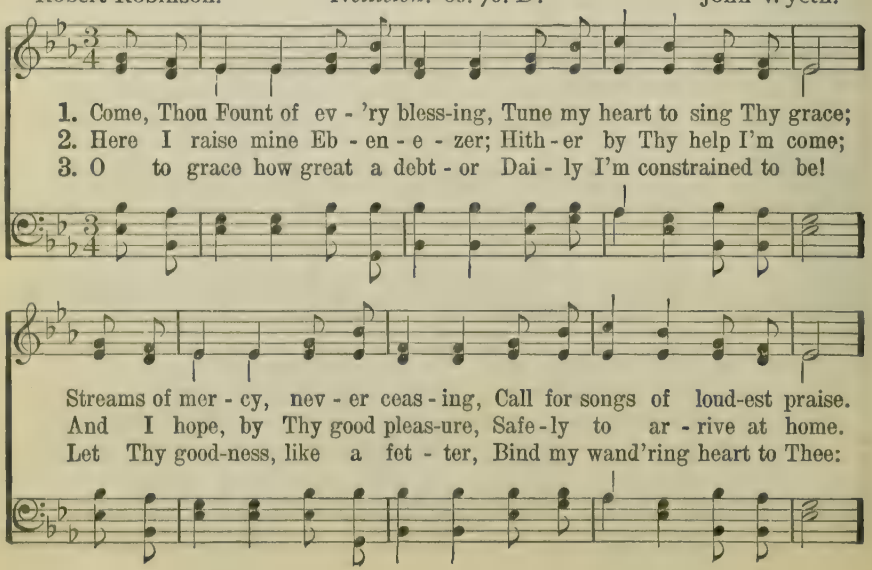
103 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

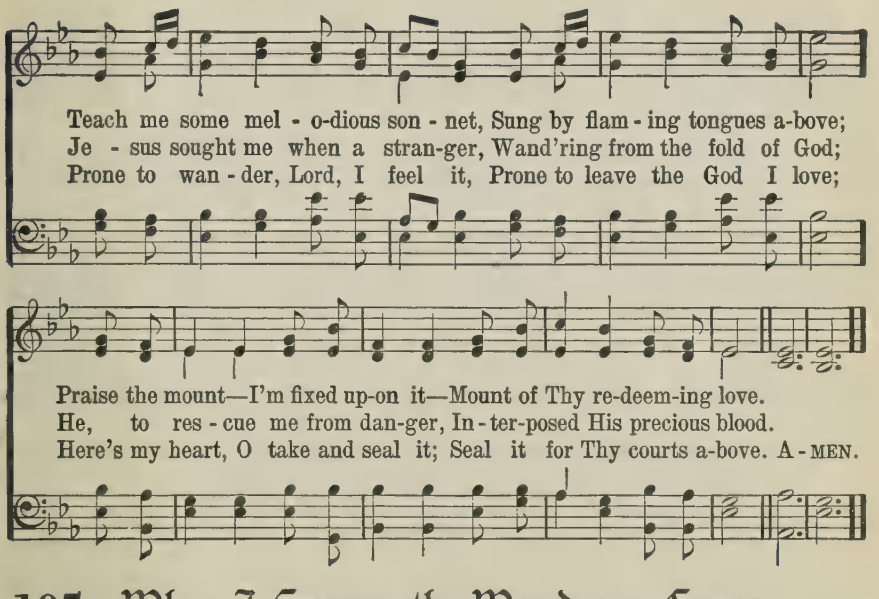

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.

104 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

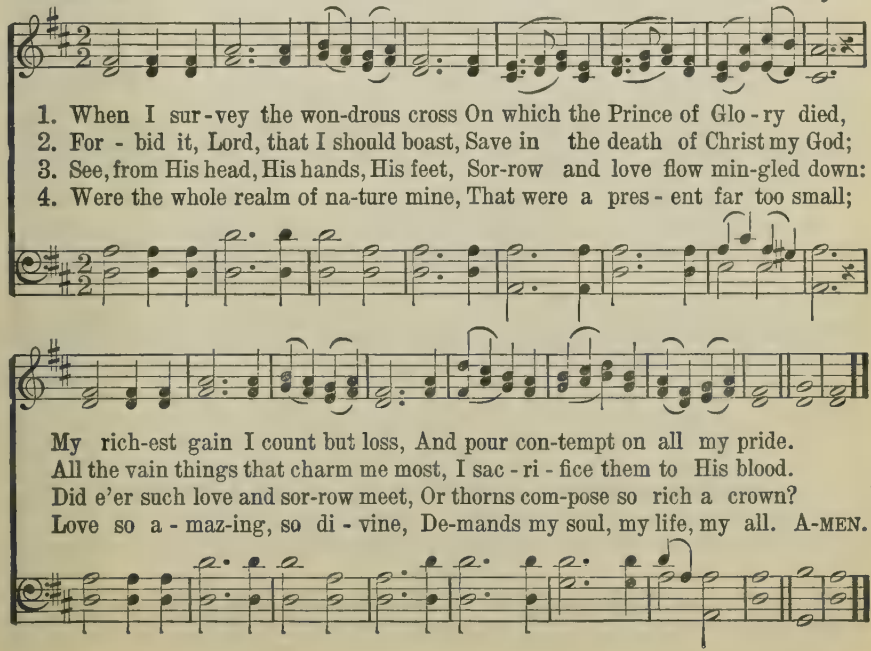

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Come, Thou Fount.


Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

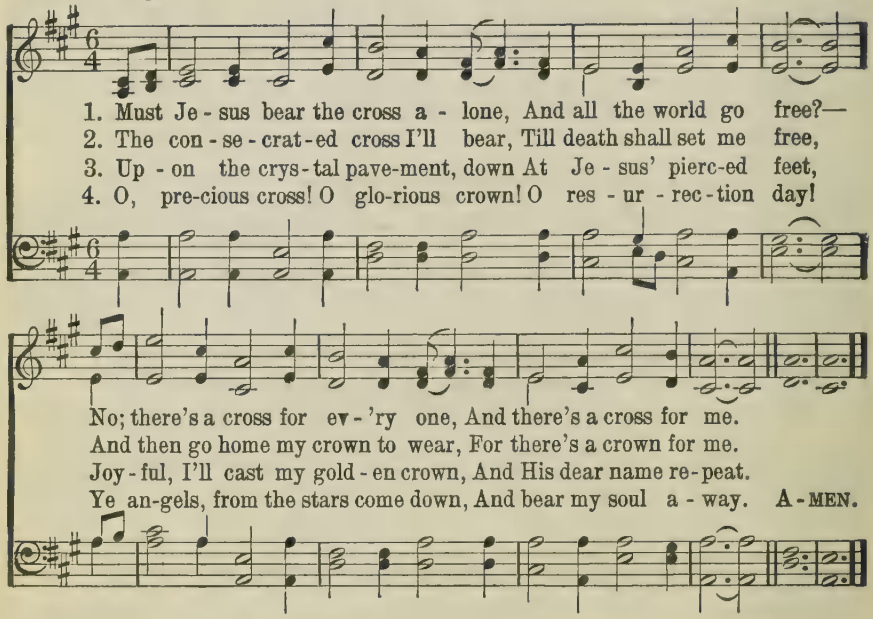
105 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

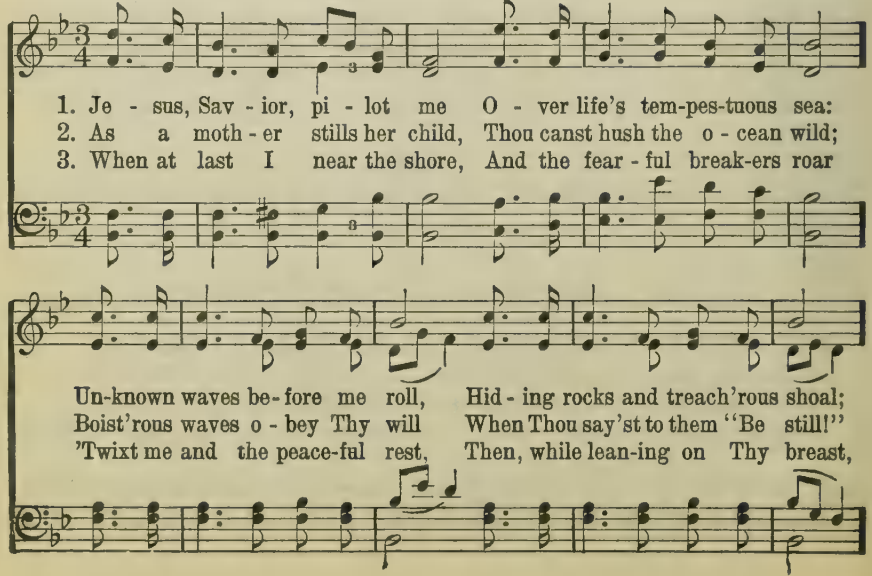
106 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

107 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

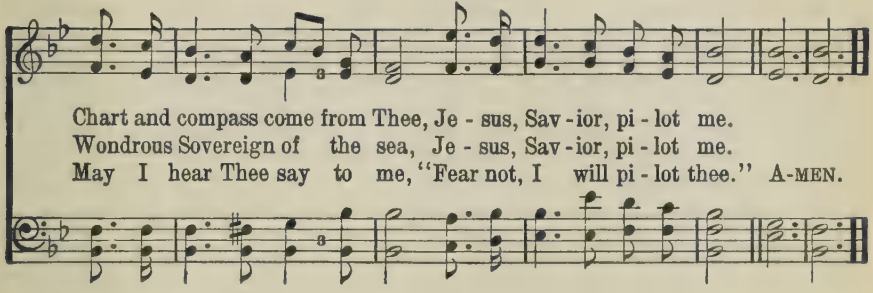
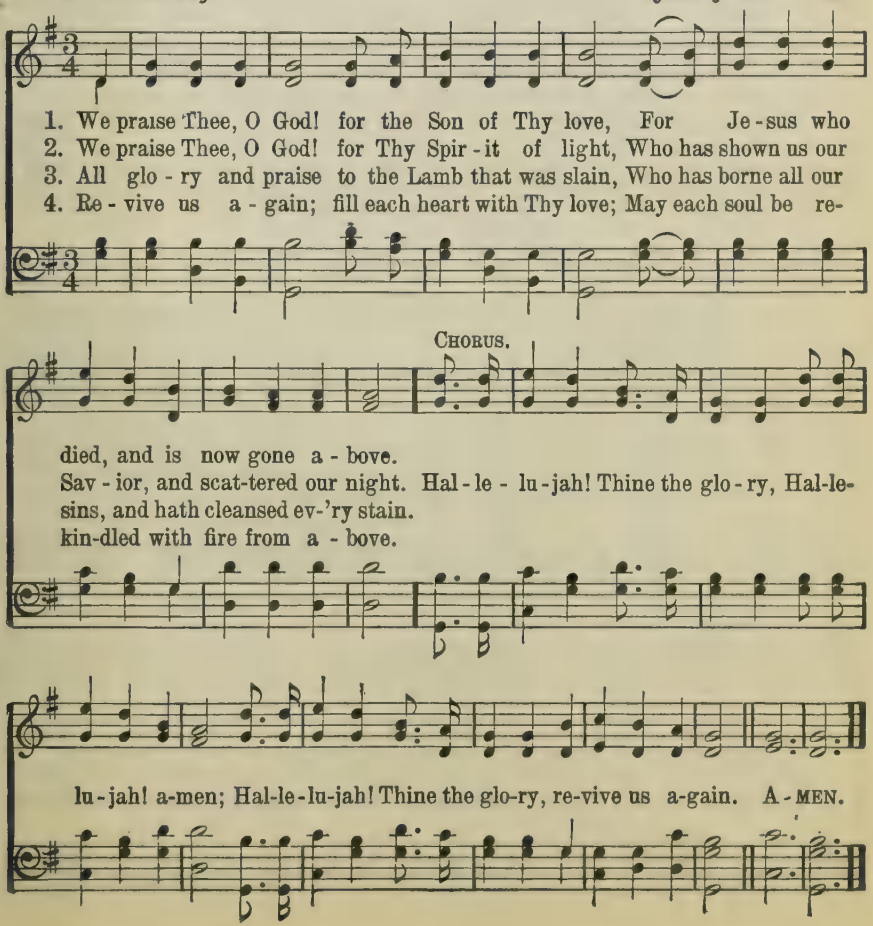


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

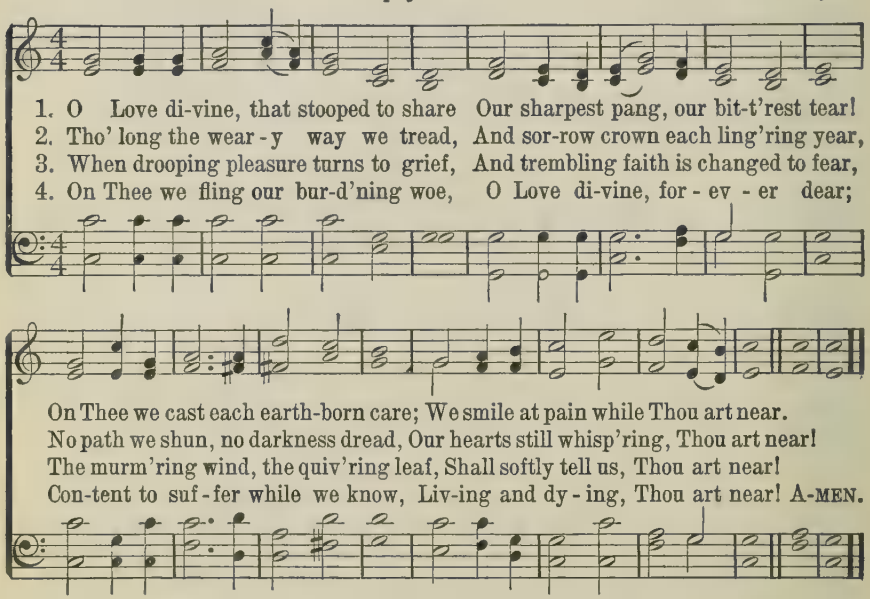
108 Revive Us Again

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.
lu - jah! a-men; Hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A - MEN.

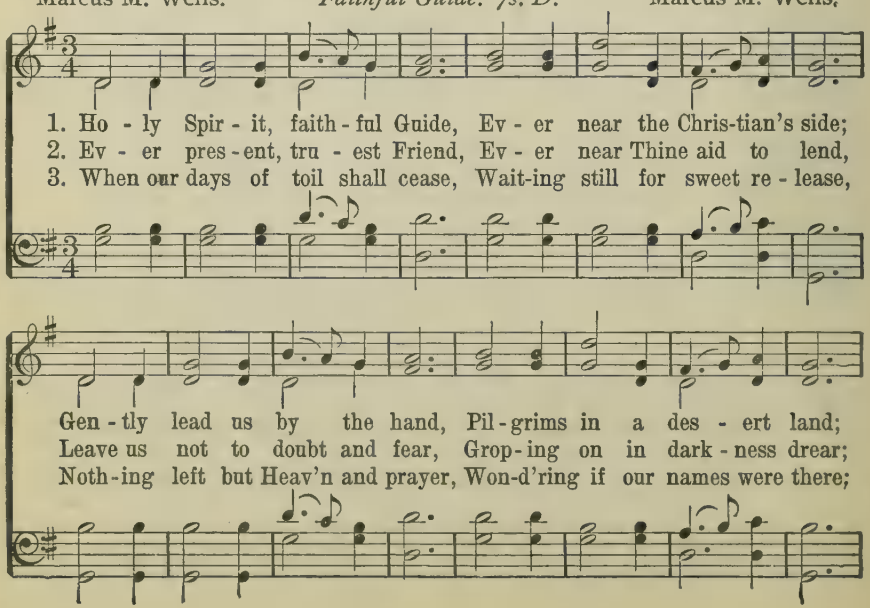
109 O Love Divine.

Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

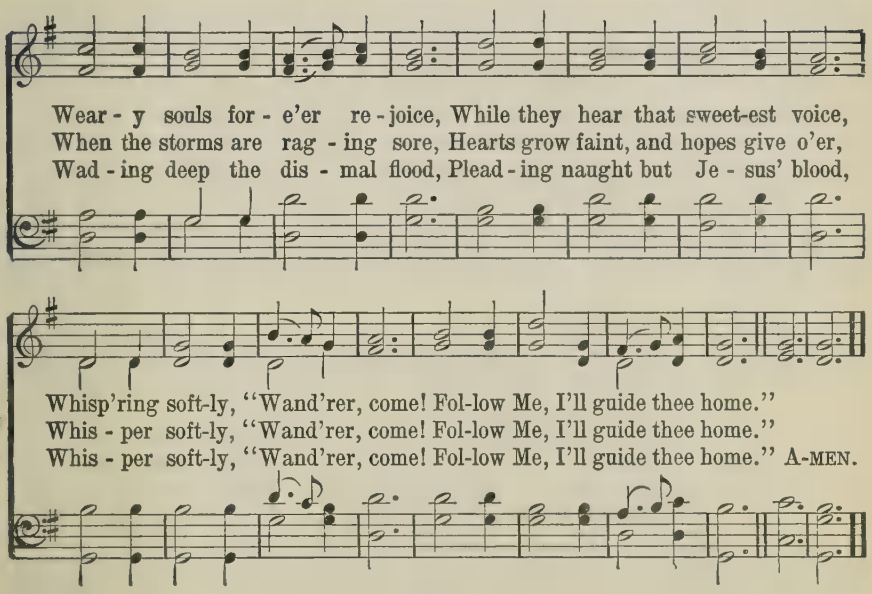

1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

110 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

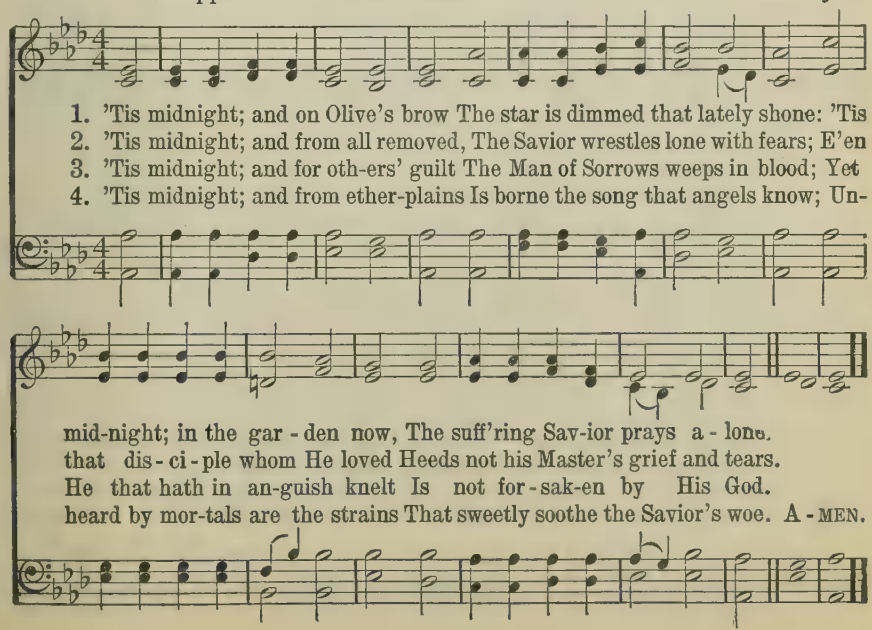

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there;

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.


Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,
Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home." A-MEN.

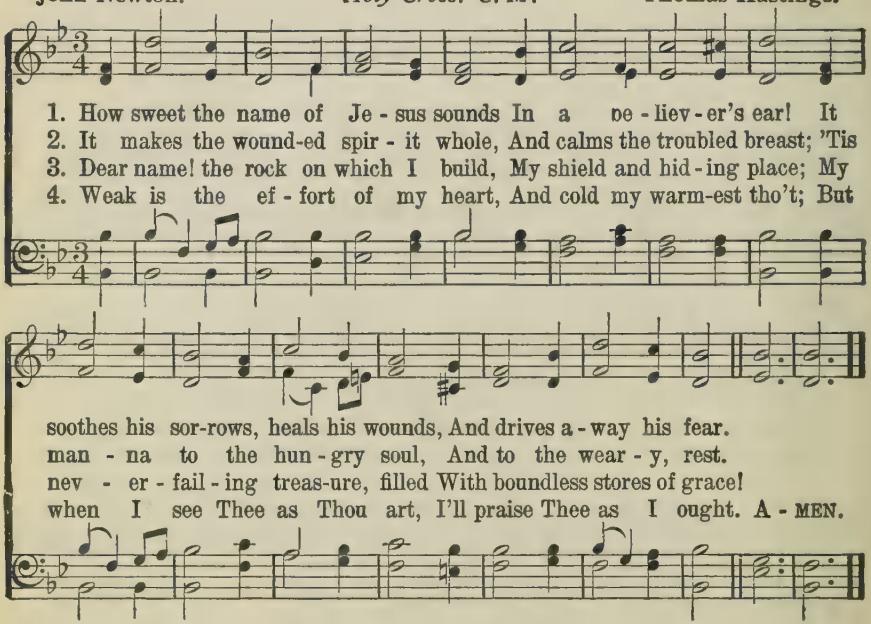
111 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-
mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak-en by His God.
heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

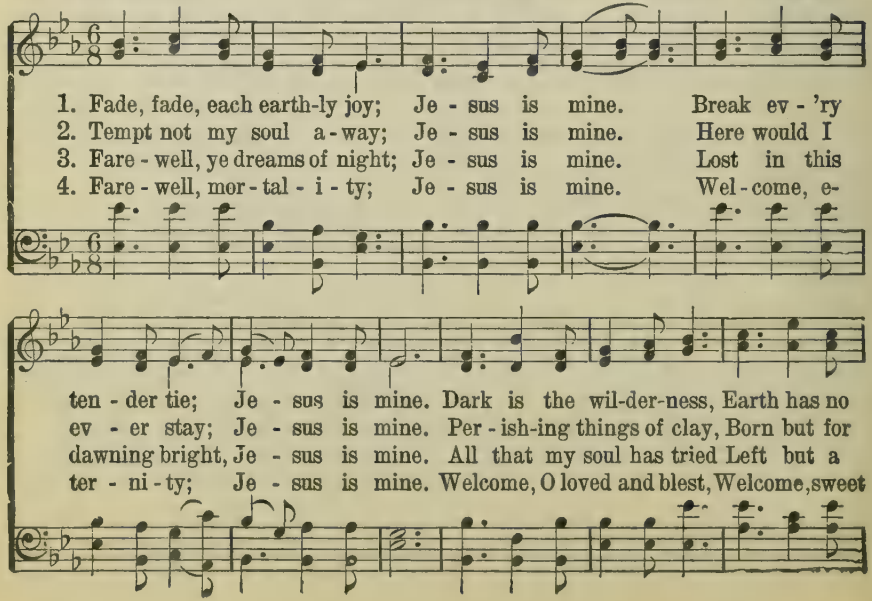
112 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

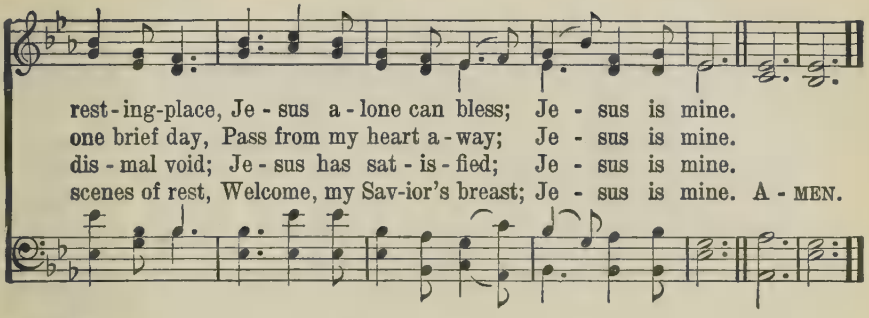

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But
soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - MEN.

113 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.

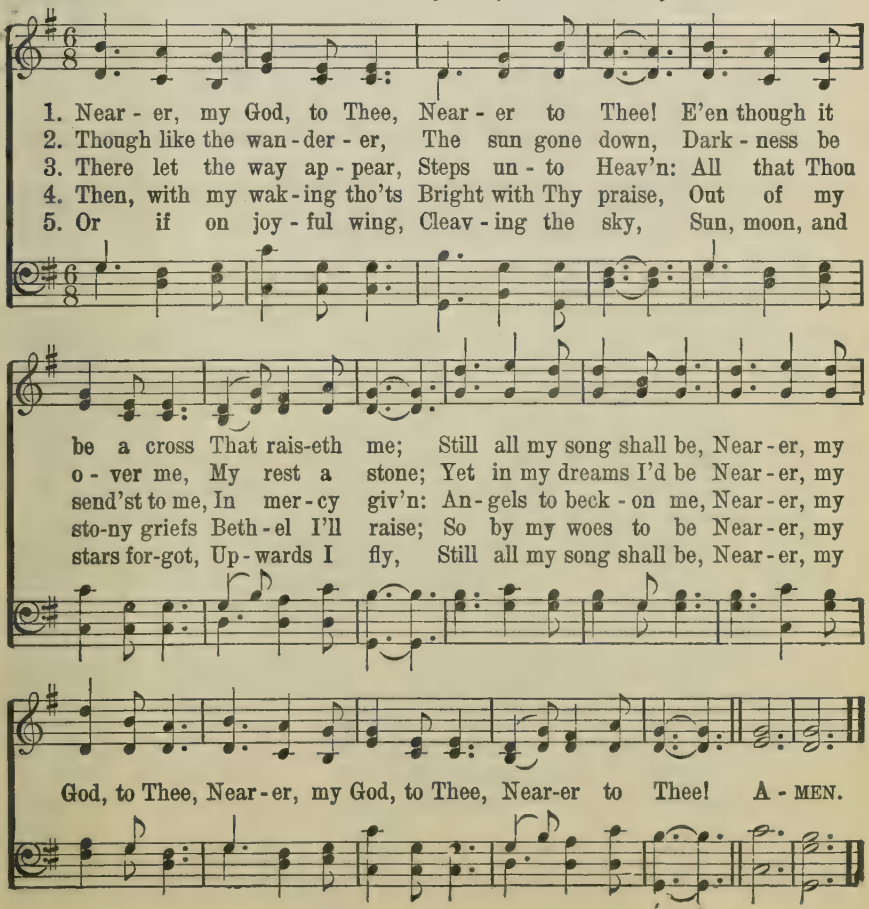

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-
ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.


rest-ing-place, Je-sus a-lone can bless; Je-sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je-sus is mine.
dis-mal void; Je-sus has sat-is-fied; Je-sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast; Je-sus is mine. A-MEN.

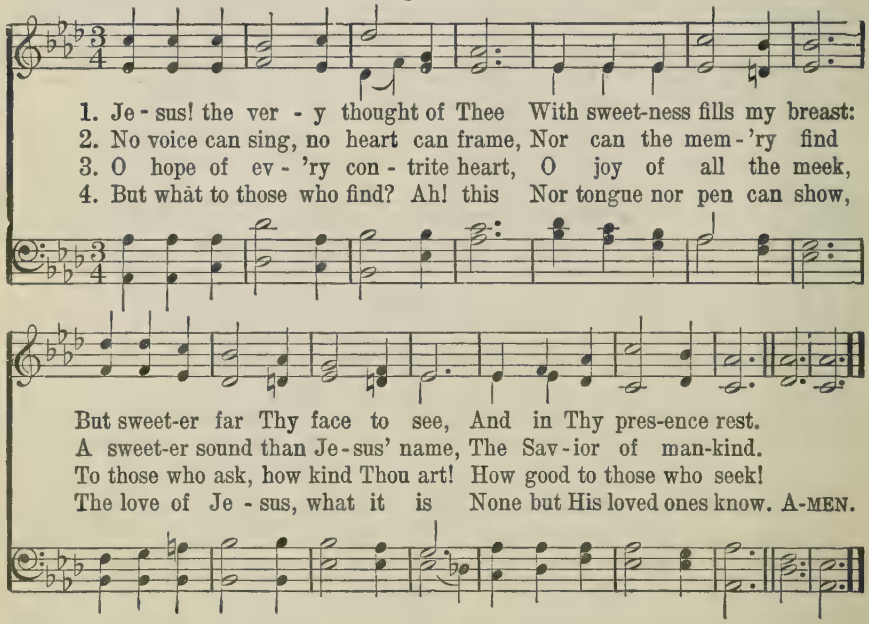
114 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
send'st to me, In mer-cy giv'n: An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my
sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-MEN.

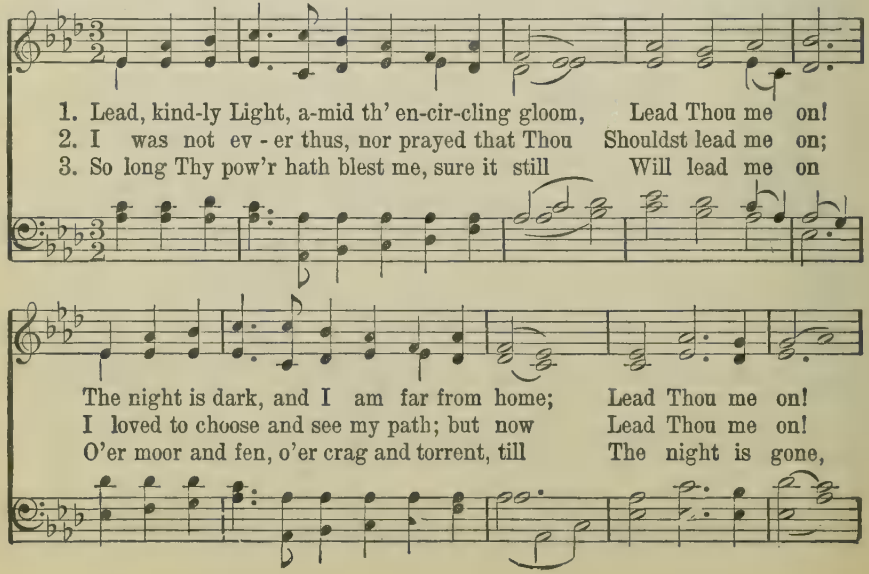
115 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

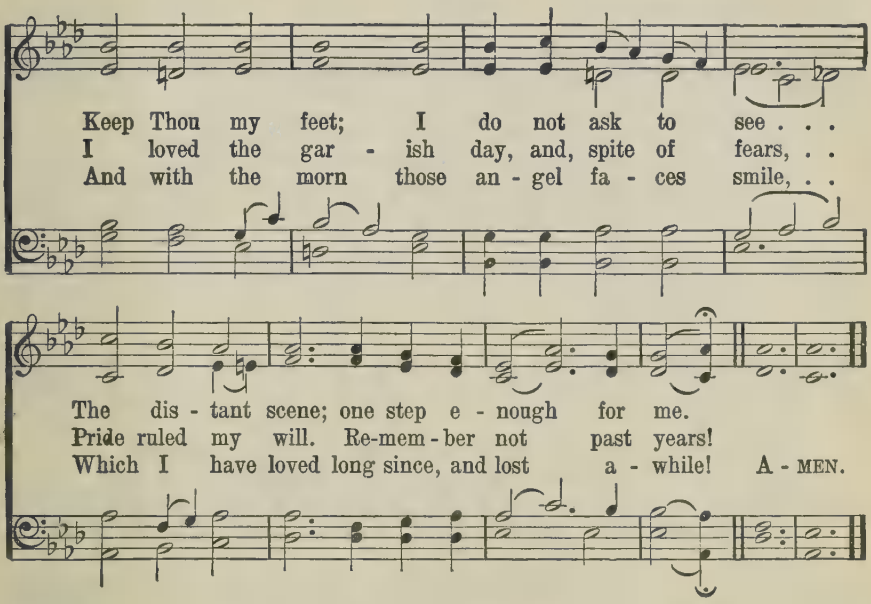

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.

116 Lead, Kindly Light.

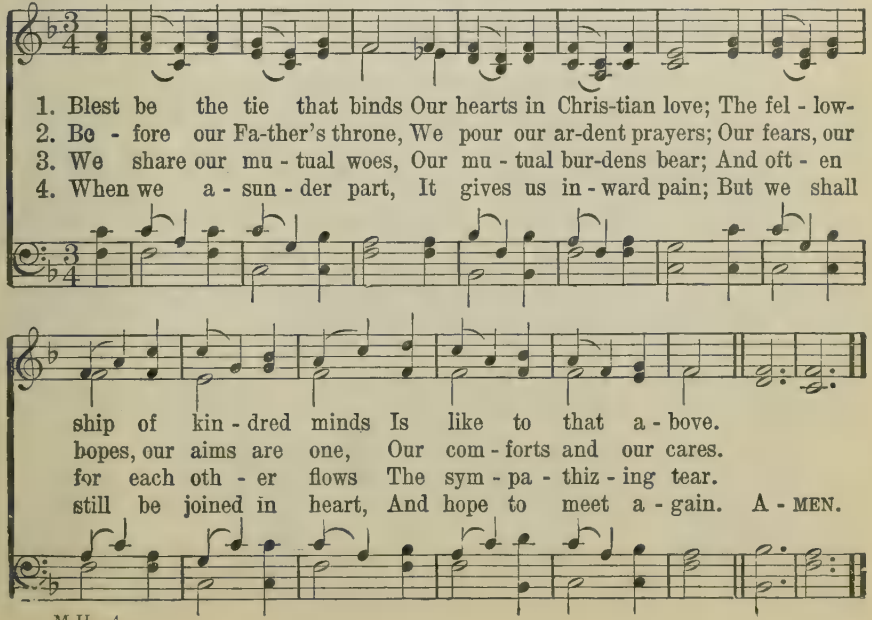
John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.

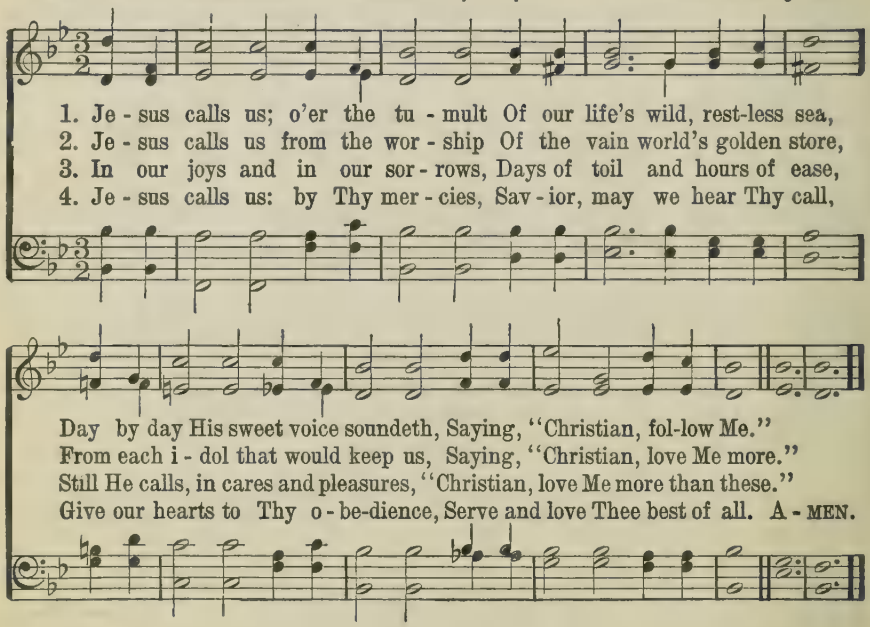

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

117 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

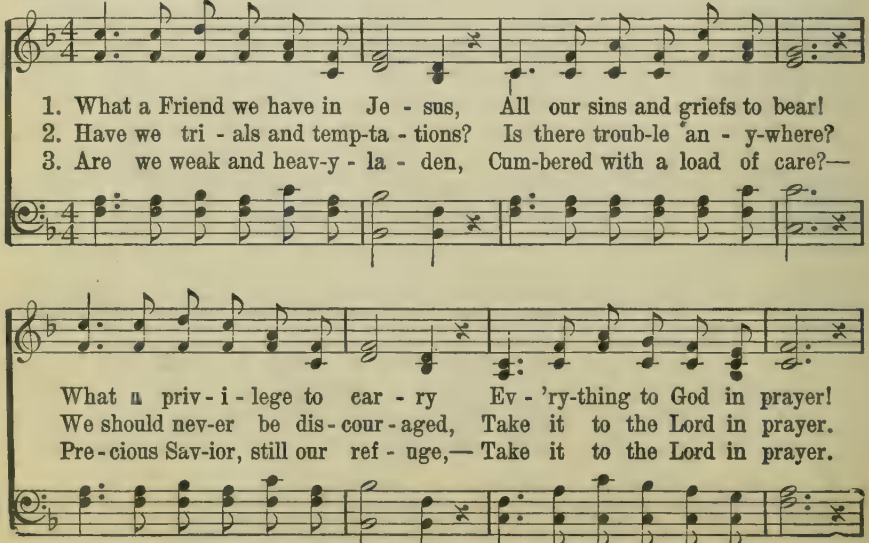
118 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

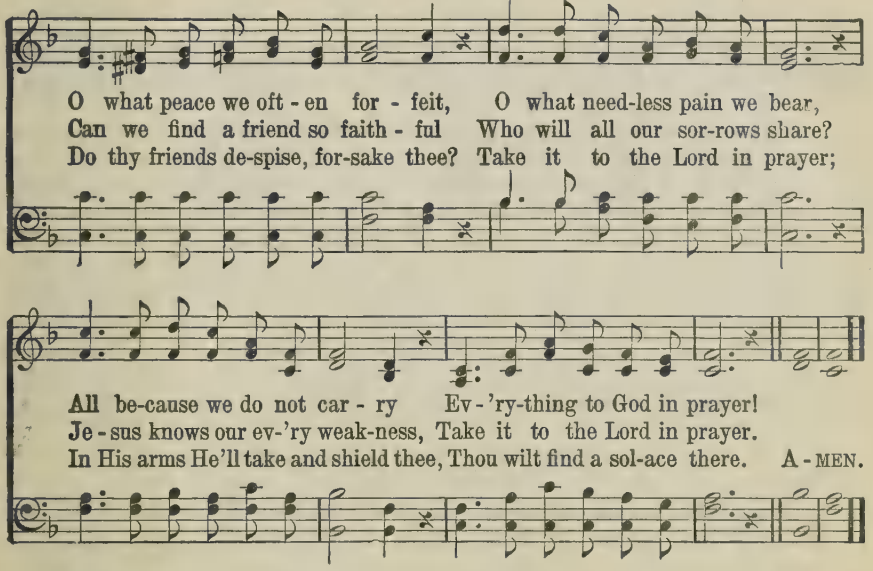

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

119 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

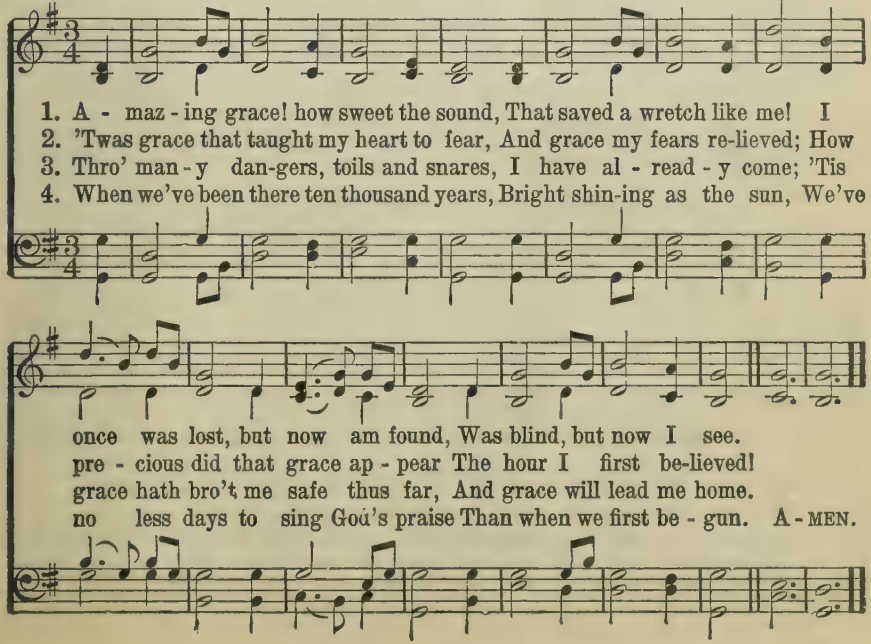

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to ear - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

What a Friend.

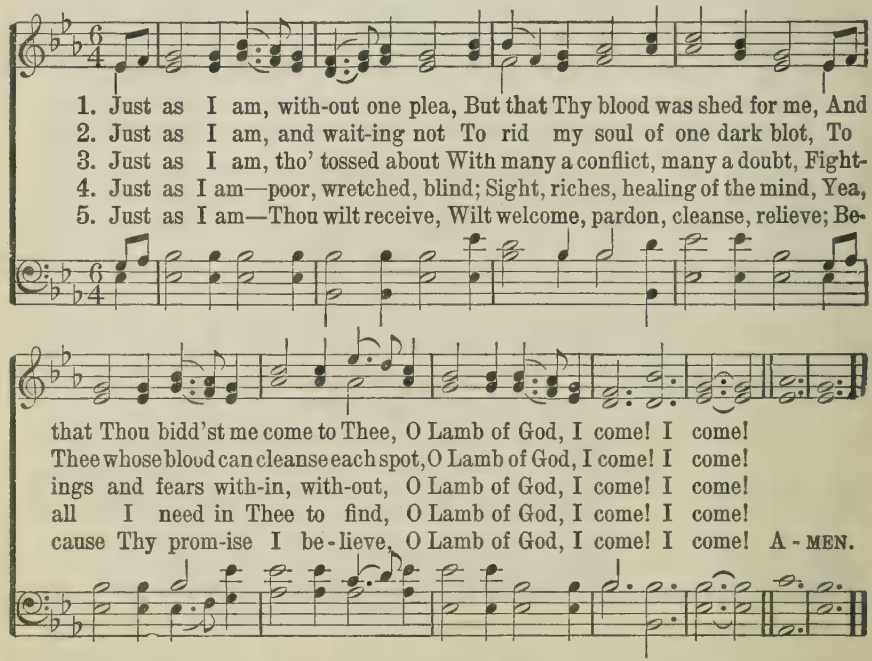

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.

120 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.

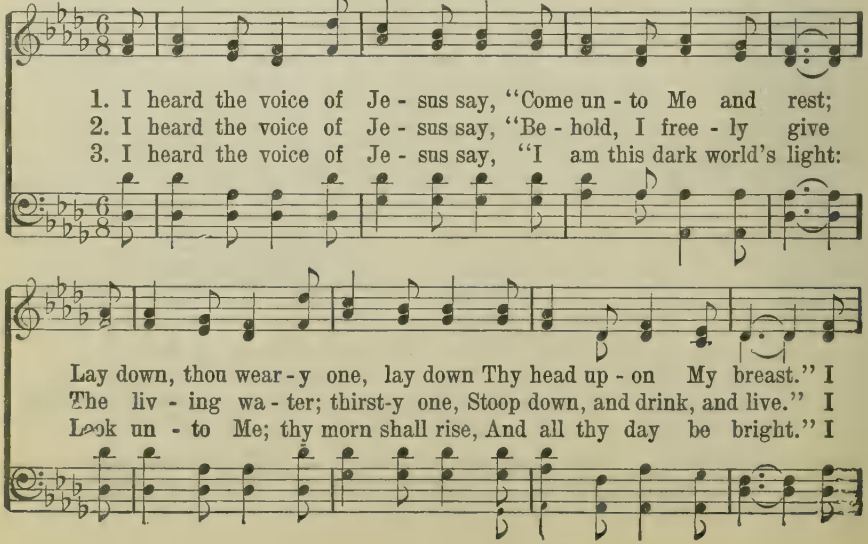

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

121 Just As I Am.

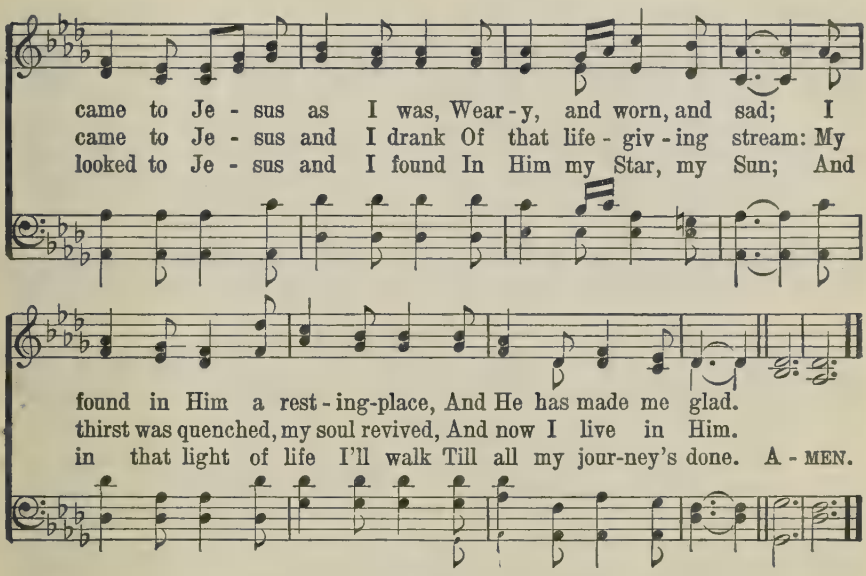
Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.

122 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:
Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.


came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And
found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

123 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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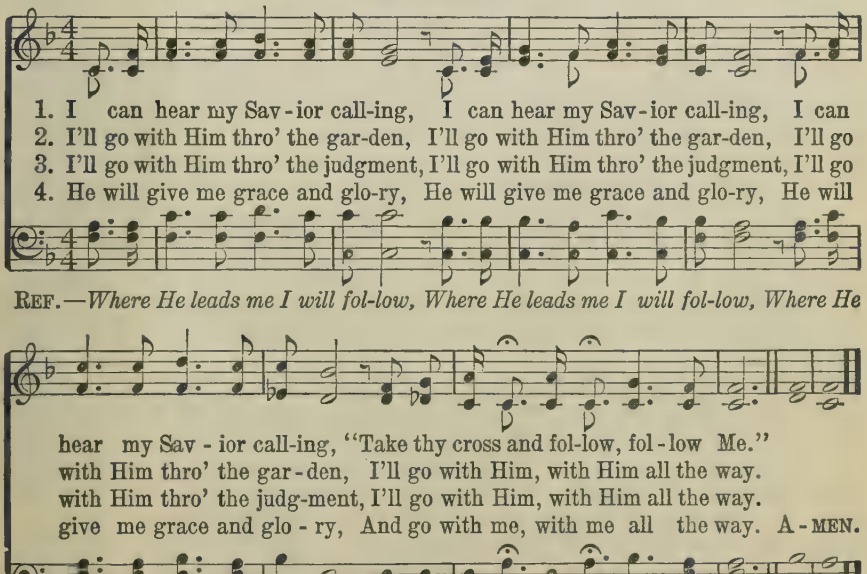
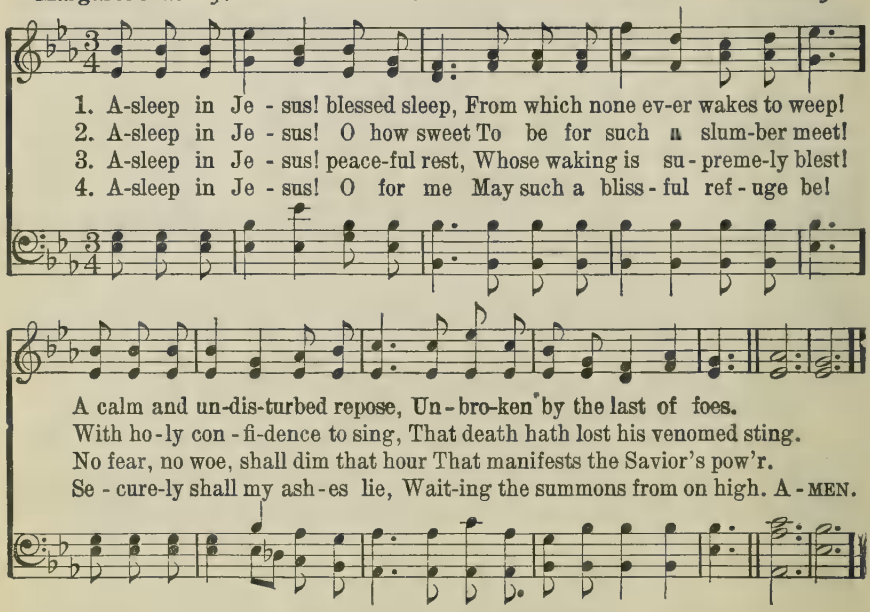
J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will
REF.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He
hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.
leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

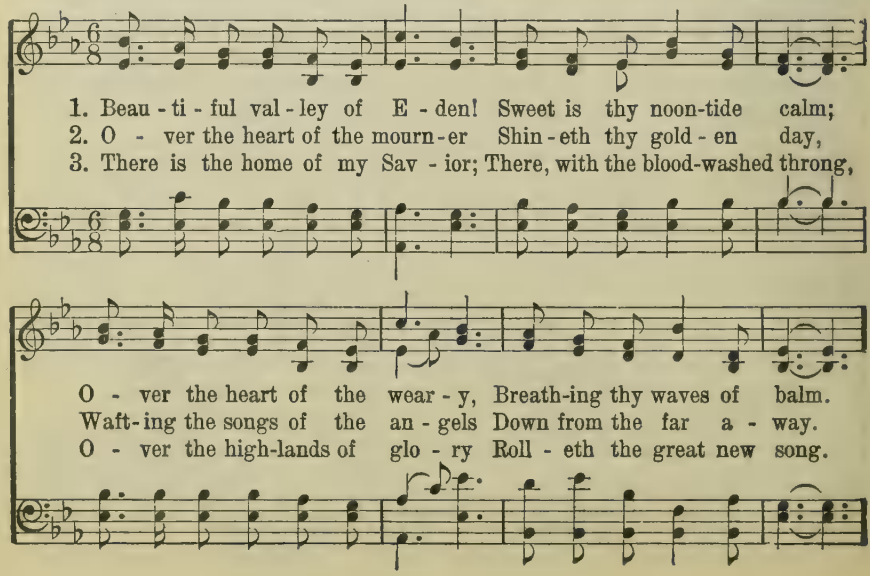
124 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

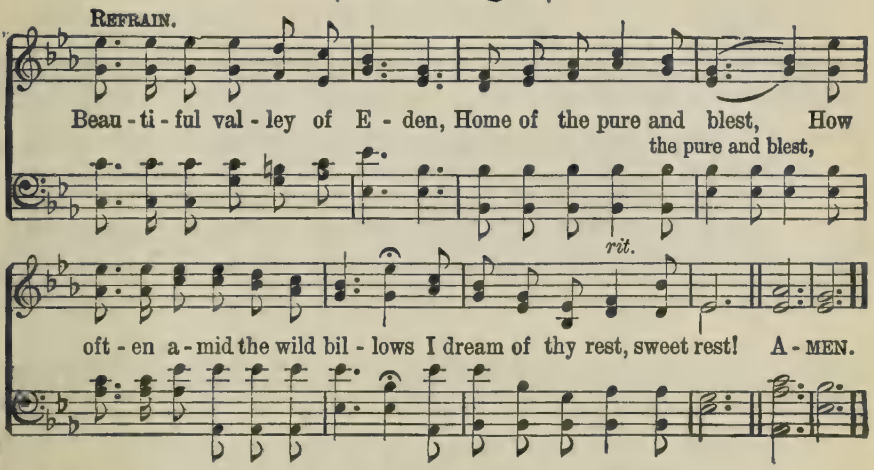

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su - preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con - fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

125 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing. *Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.* William F. Sherwin.

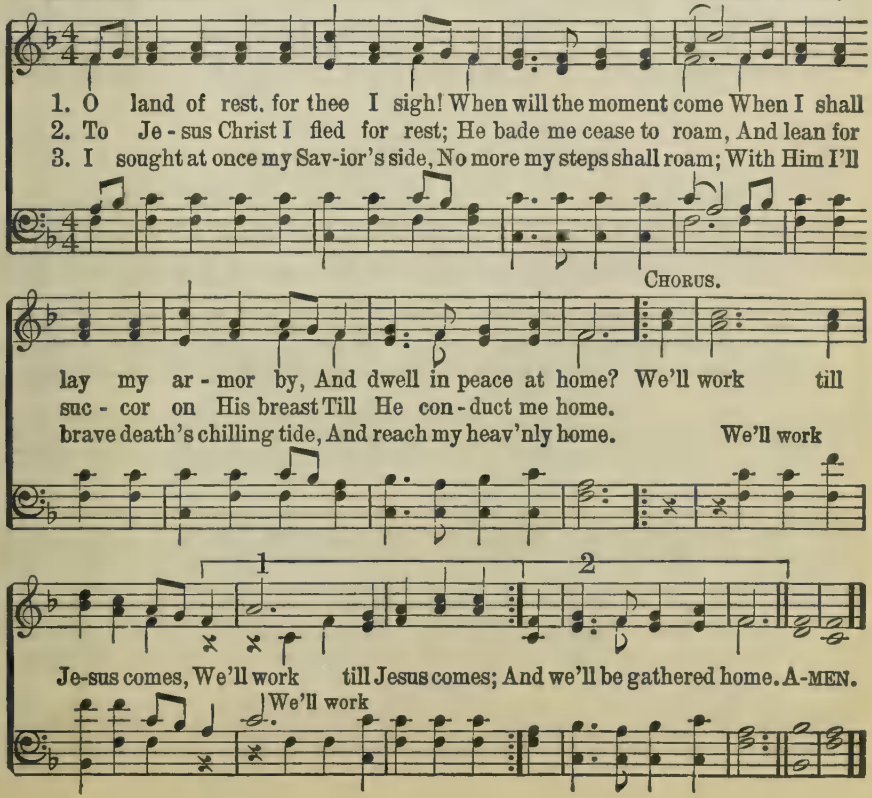

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin-eth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - ior; There, with the blood-washed throng,
O - ver the heart of the wear - y, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.


Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How
the pure and blest,
rit.
oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - men.

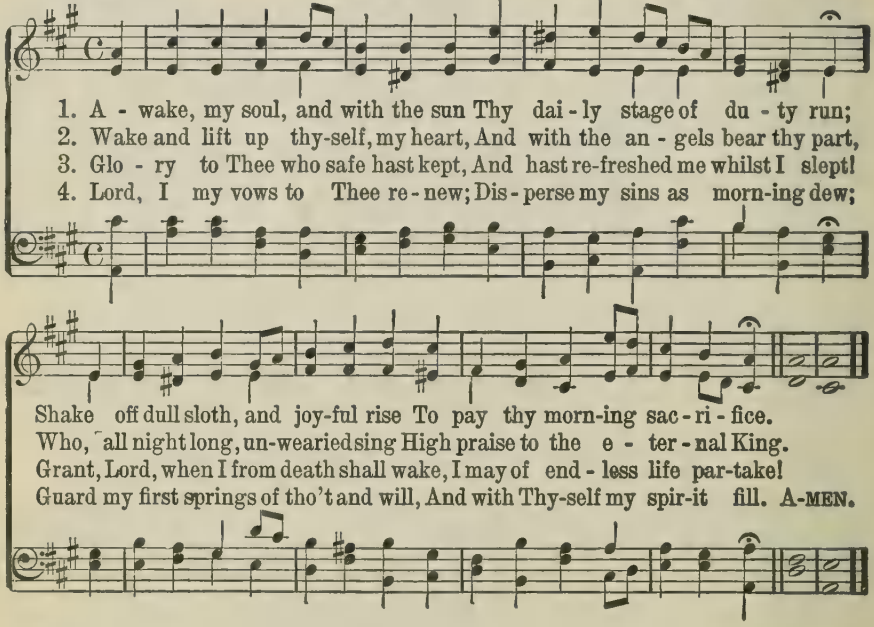
126 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll
Chorus.
lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
We'll work
1
2
Je-sus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes; And we'll be gathered home. A-men.
We'll work

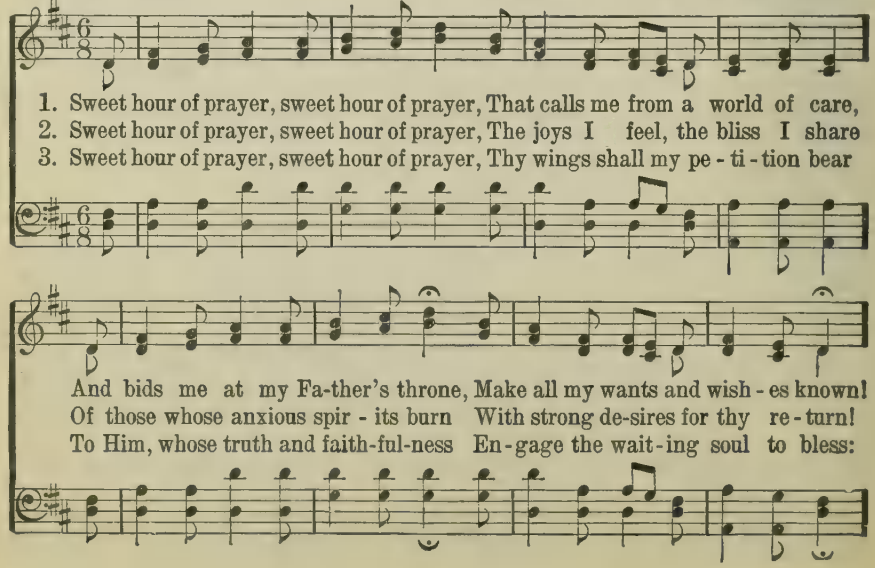
127 Awake, My Soul.

Thomas Ken. *Morning Hymn. L. M.* E. H. Bartholomon.

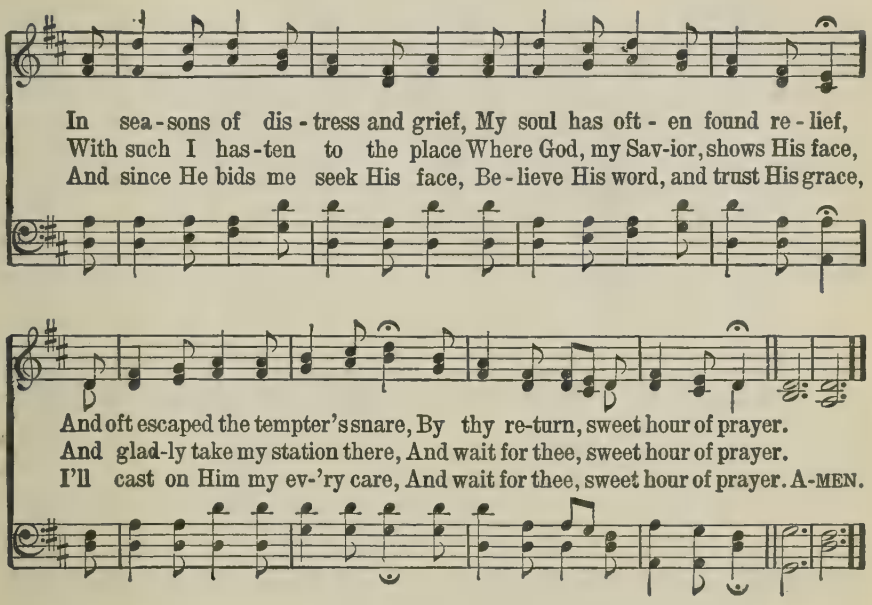

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Wake and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. Glo - ry to Thee who safe hast kept, And hast re-freshed me whilst I slept!
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn-ing dew;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
Who, all night long, un-wearied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take!
Guard my first springs of tho't and will, And with Thy-self my spir-it fill. A-MEN.

128 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:

Sweet Hour of Prayer.


In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

129 No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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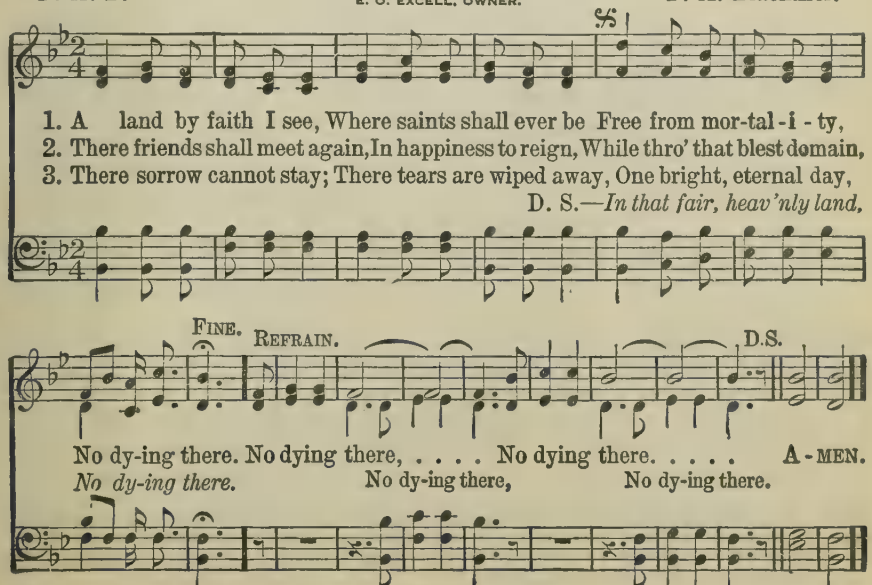
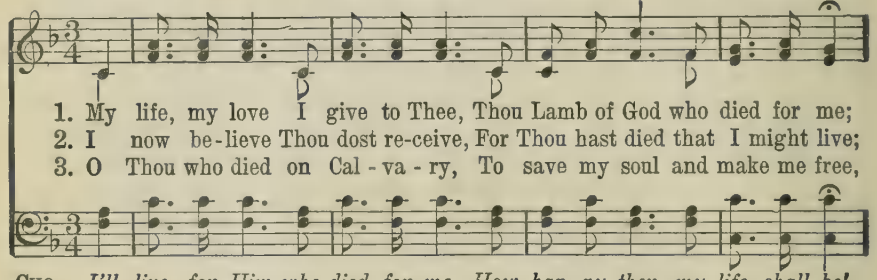
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

F. A. Blackmer.


1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i-ty,
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, eternal day,
D. S.—In that fair, heav'nly land,
FINE.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
No dy-ing there. No dying there, ... No dying there. . . . . A-MEN.
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there.

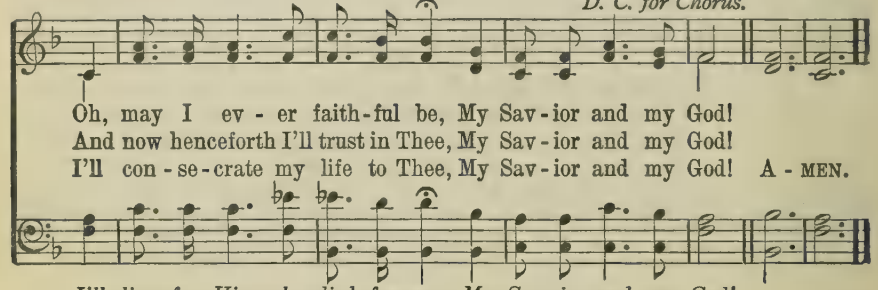
130 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

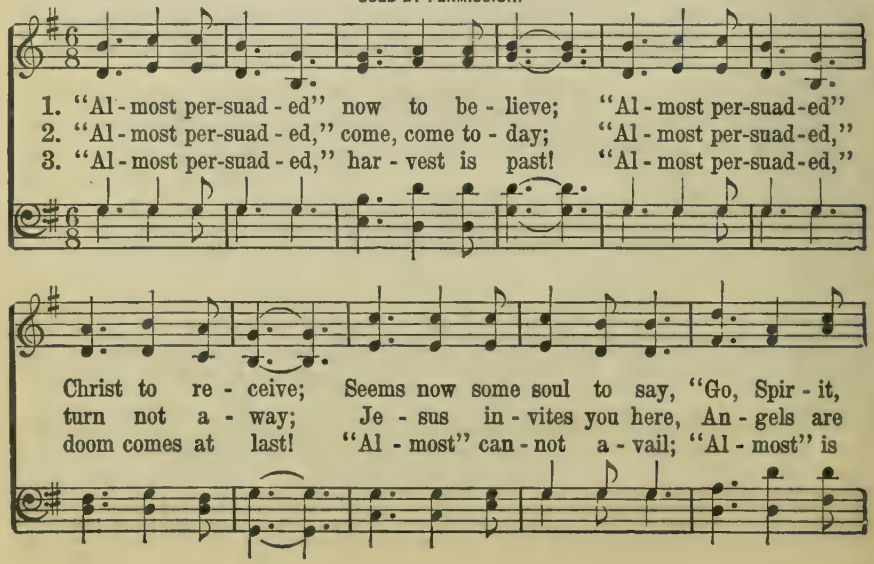
D. C. for Chorus.


Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

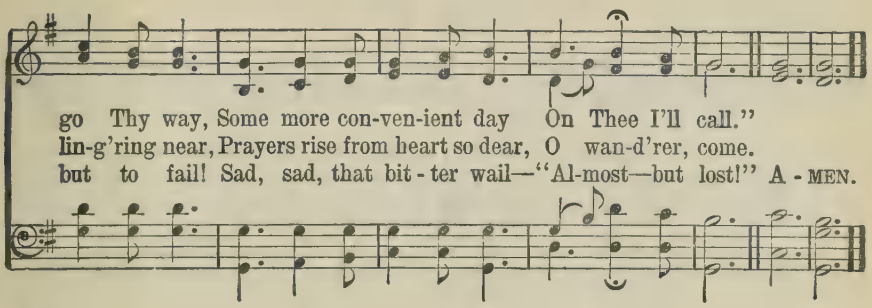
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

131 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

Almost Persuaded.


go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A-MEN.

132 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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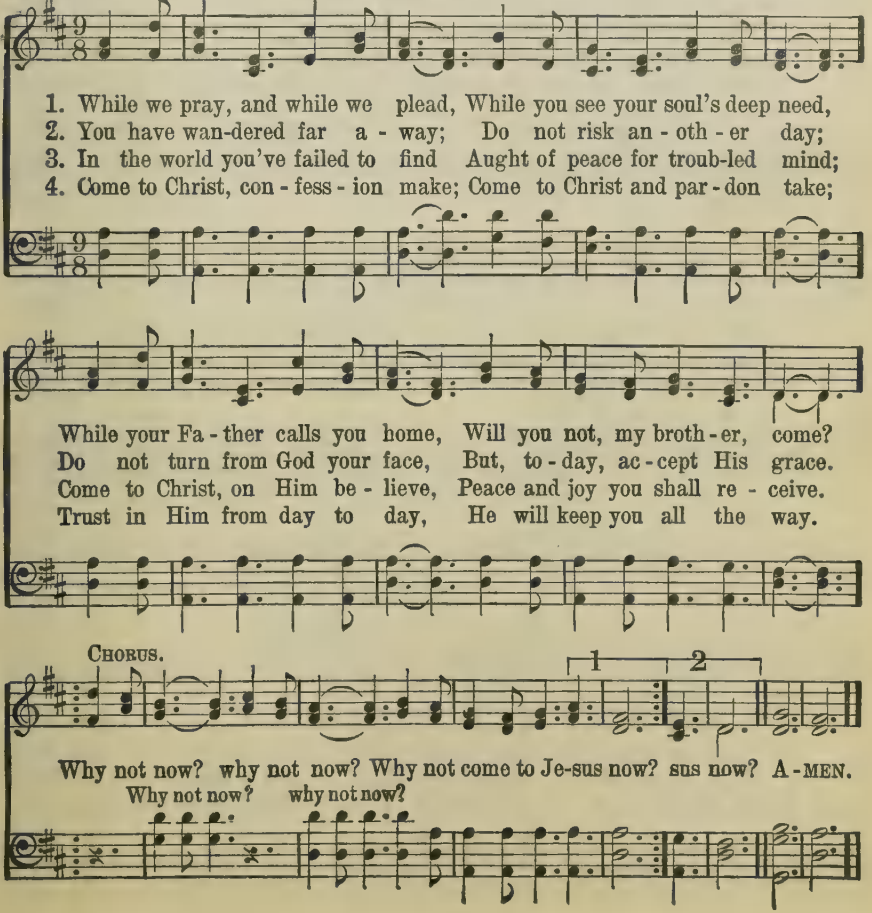
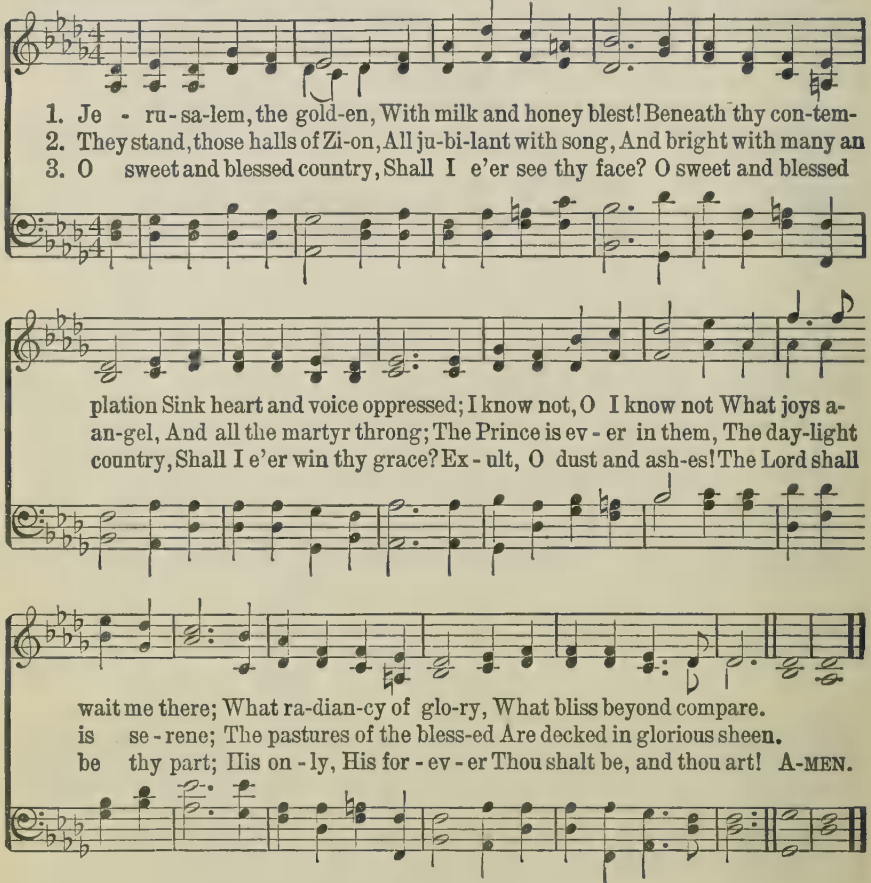
C. C. Case.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fess-ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A-MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

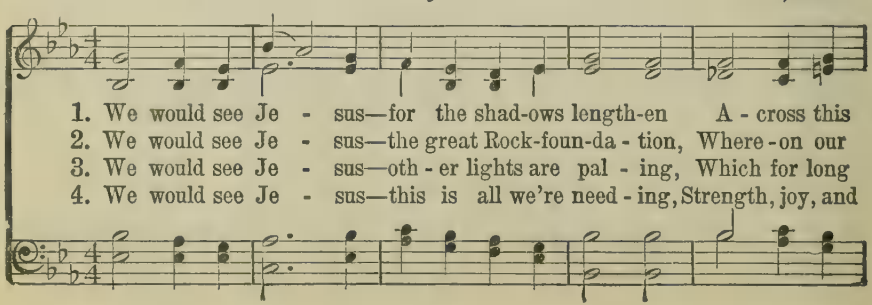
133 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. *Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.* Alex. Ewing.

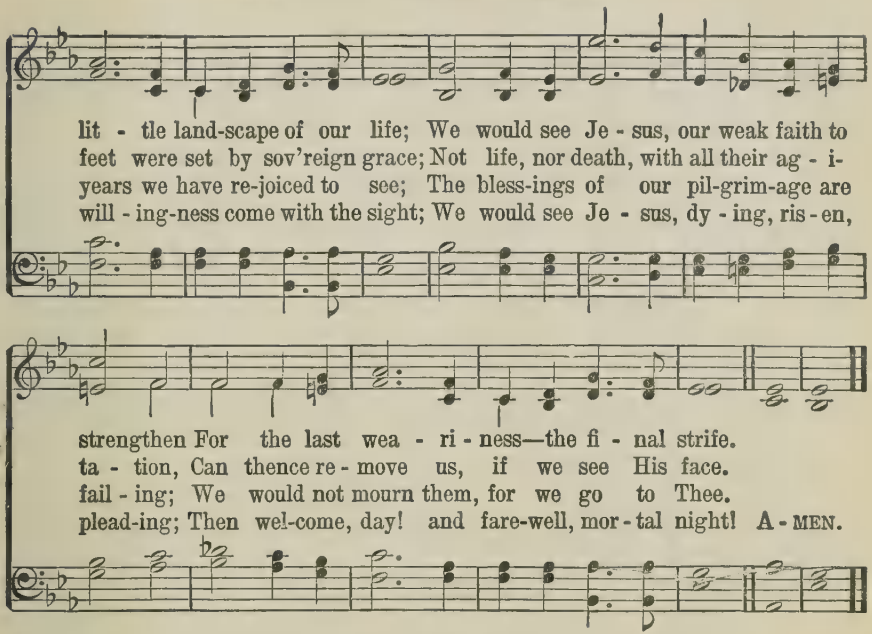

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con-tem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju-bi-lant with song, And bright with many an
3. O sweet and blessed country, Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and blessed
plation Sink heart and voice oppressed; I know not, O I know not What joys a-
an-gel, And all the martyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light
country, Shall I e'er win thy grace? Ex - ult, O dust and ash-es! The Lord shall
wait me there; What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond compare.
is se - rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
be thy part; His on - ly, His for - ev - er Thou shalt be, and thou art! A-MEN.

134 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. *Raynolds.* F. Mendelssohn, Arr.

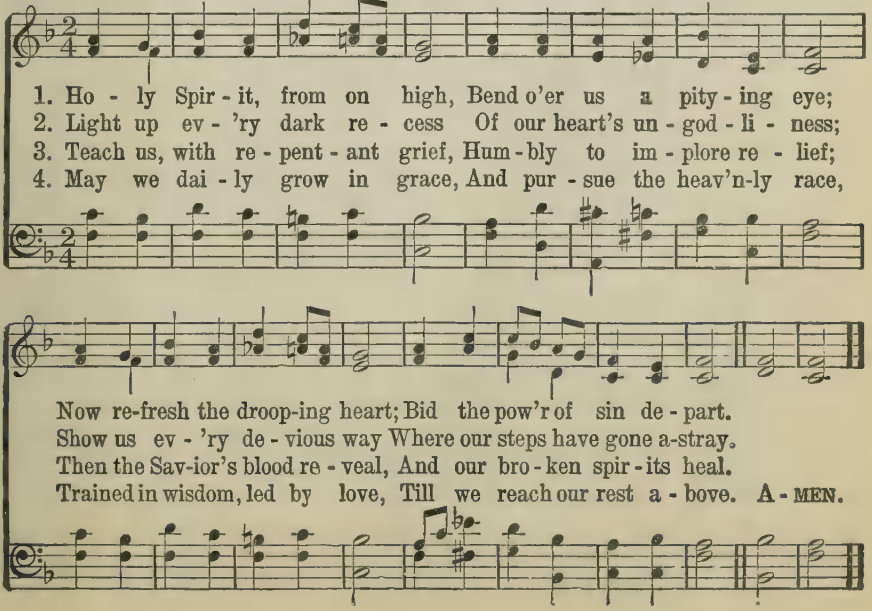

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

We Would See Jesus.

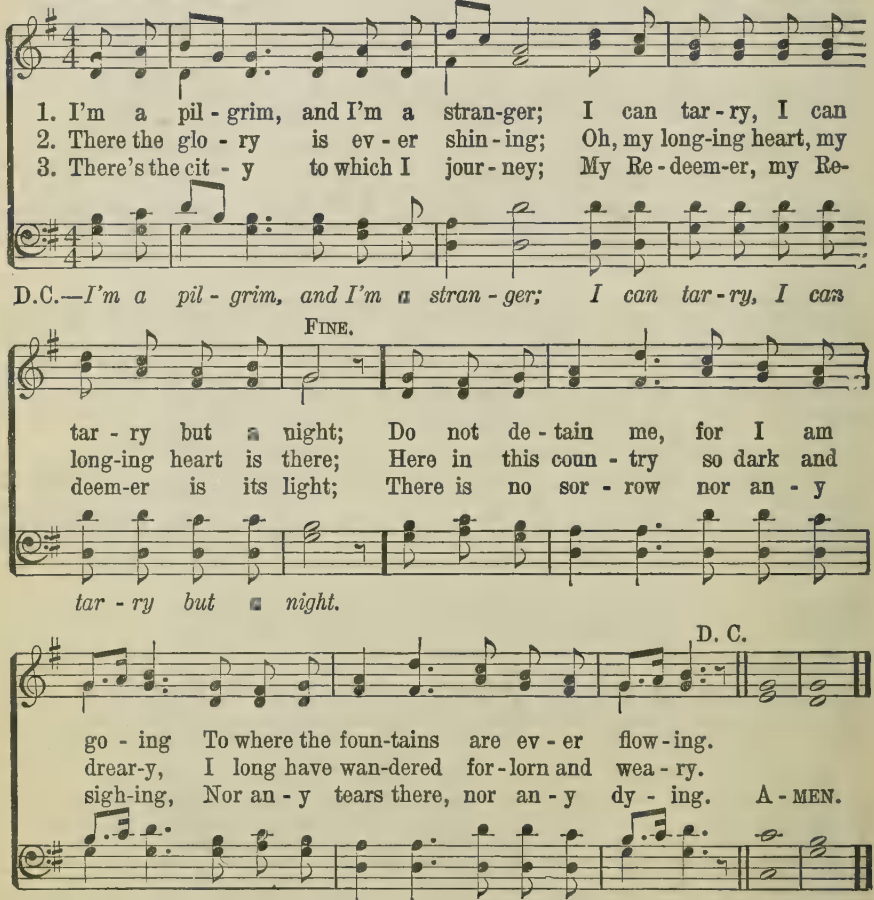

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i-
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en,
strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
plead-ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night! A - MEN.

135 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Bathurst. *Seymour. 7s.* C. M. von Weber.

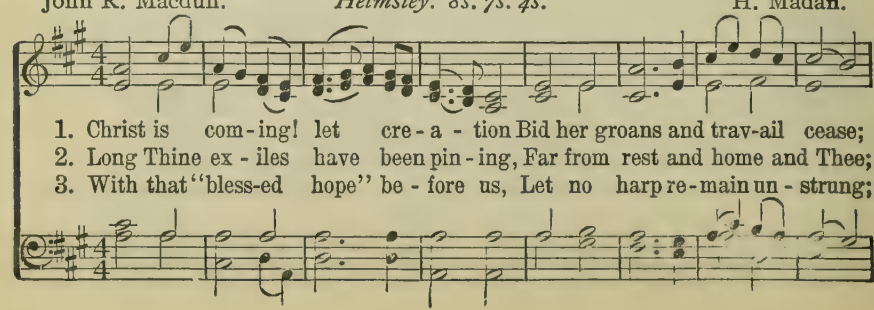

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pity - ing eye;
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;
4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heav'n-ly race,
Now re-fresh the droop-ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.
Show us ev - 'ry de - vious way Where our steps have gone a-stray.
Then the Sav-ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.
Trained in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove. A - MEN.

136 I'm a Pilgrim.

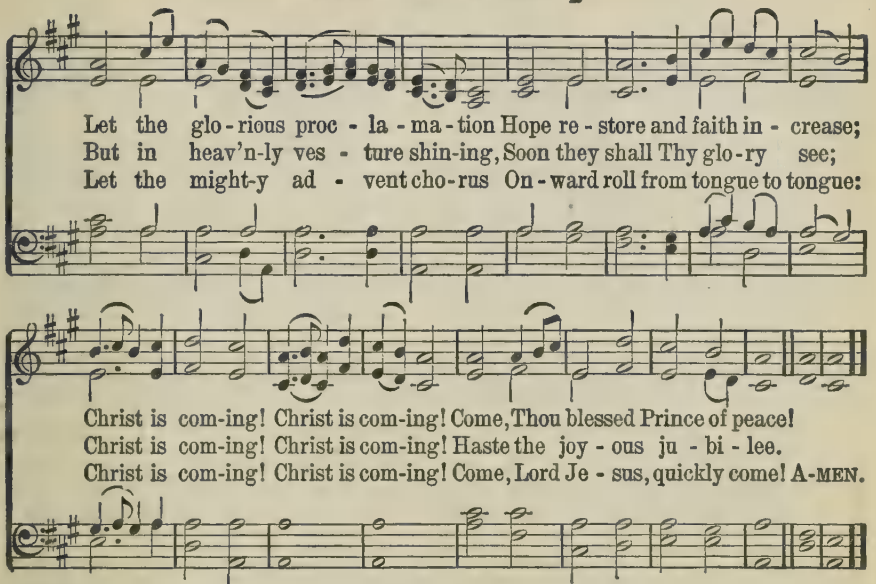
Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re-
D.C.—I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can
FINE.
tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y
tar - ry but a night.
D. C.
go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
drear-y, I long have wan-dered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh-ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. A - MEN.

137 Christ is Coming!

John R. Macduff. *Helmsley. 8s. 7s. 4s.* H. Madan.

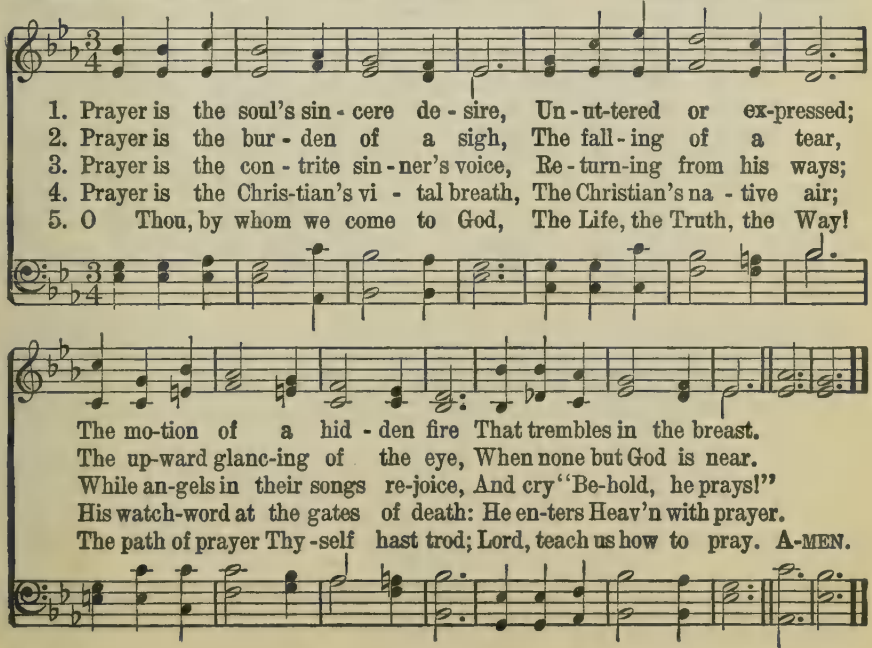

1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thine ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest and home and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Christ is Coming!

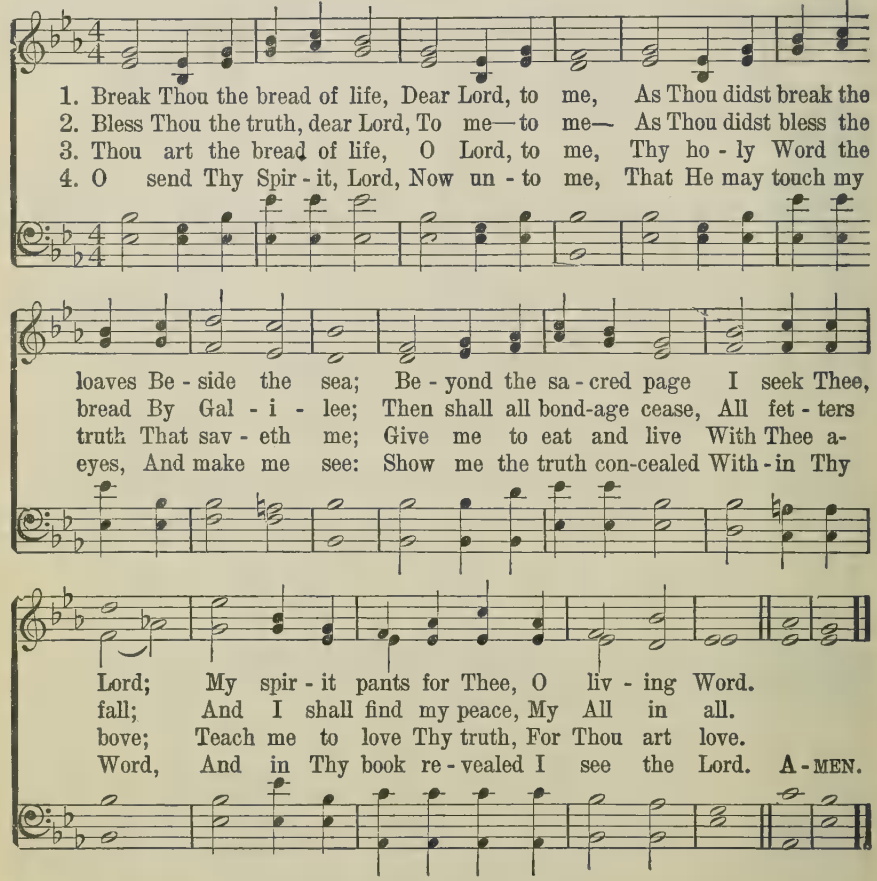

Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease;
But in heav'n-ly ves - ture shin-ing, Soon they shall Thy glo-ry see;
Let the might-y ad - vent cho-rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Haste the joy - ous ju - bi - lee.
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing! Come, Lord Je - sus, quickly come! A-MEN.

138 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery. *Prince of Peace. C. M.* William D. Maclagan.

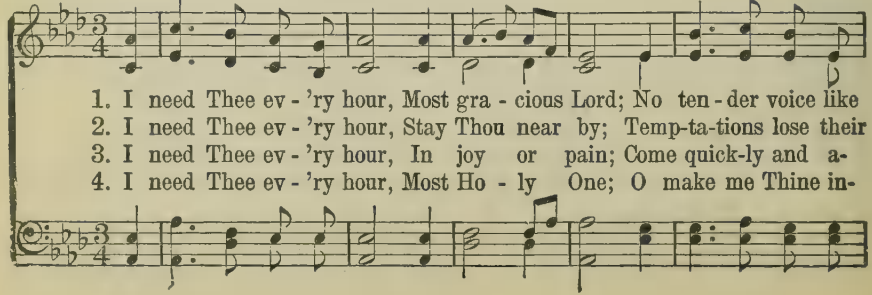

1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut-tered or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice, Re - turn-ing from his ways;
4. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;
5. O Thou, by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The mo-tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.
The up-ward glanc-ing of the eye, When none but God is near.
While an-gels in their songs re-joice, And cry "Be-hold, he prays!"
His watch-word at the gates of death: He en-ters Heav'n with prayer.
The path of prayer Thy - self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray. A-MEN.

139 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

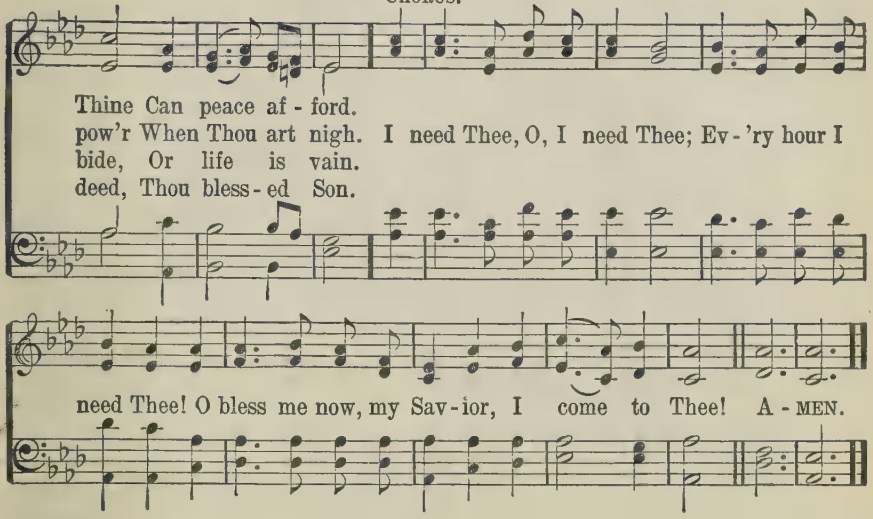
140 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

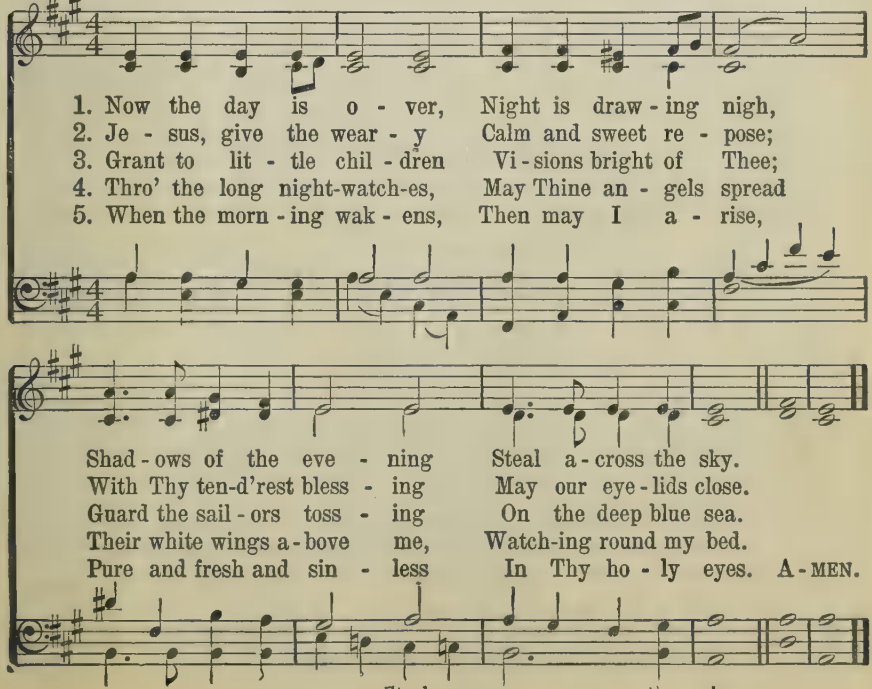
I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.


Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

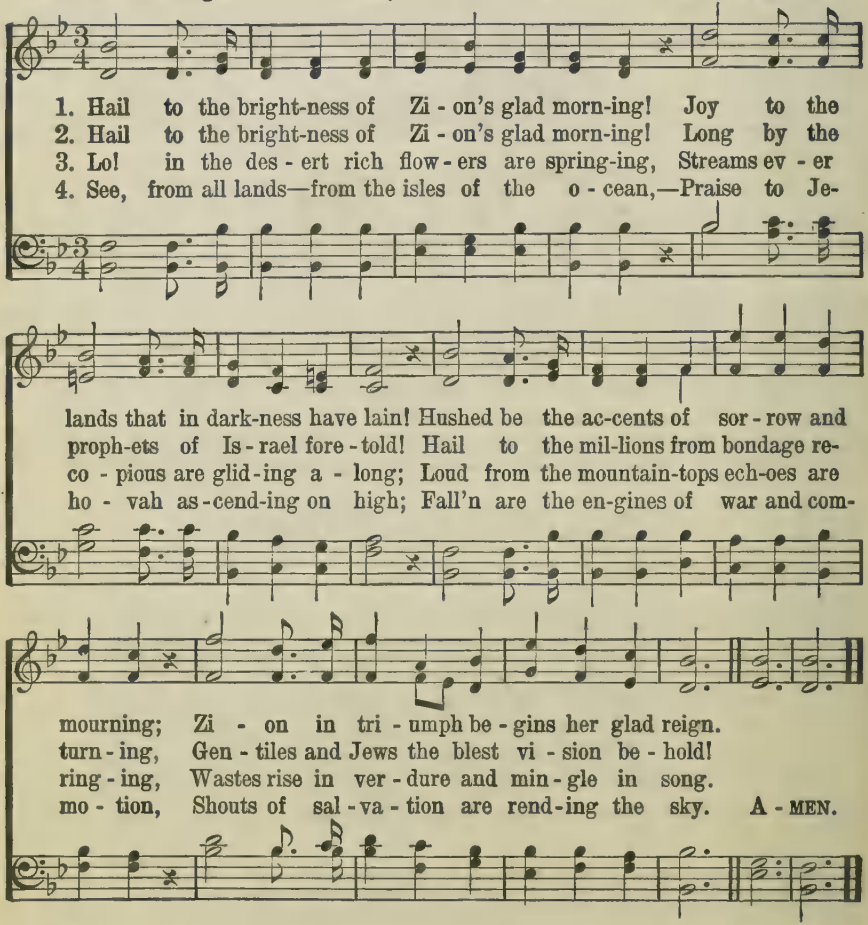
141 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
Steal a - cross the sky.

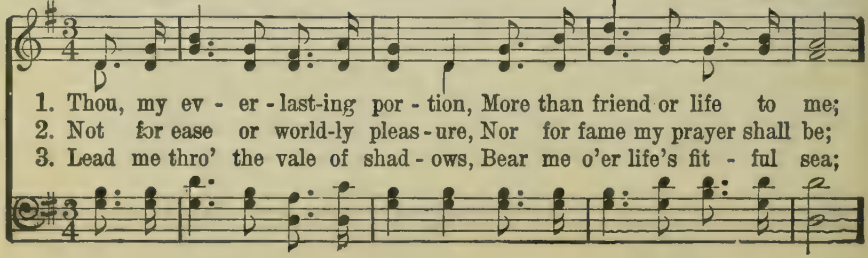
142 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley. 11. 10. 11. 10.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

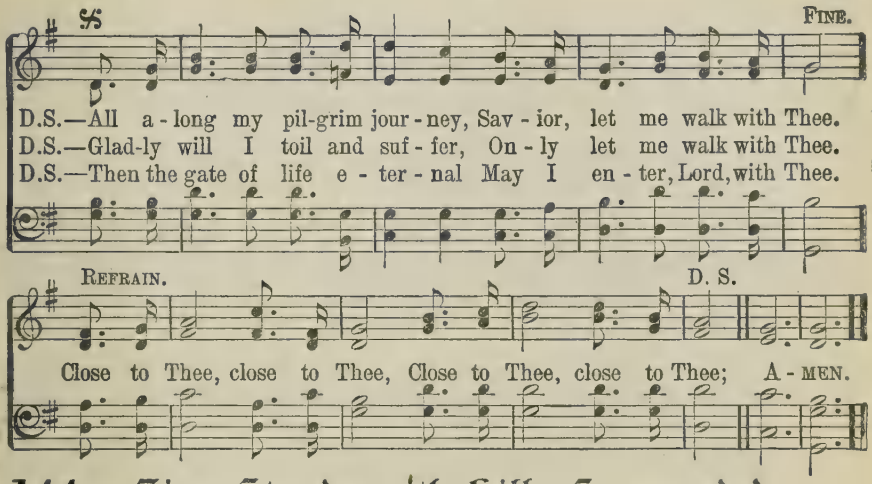

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
co - pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-
mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn-ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky. A - MEN.

143 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.

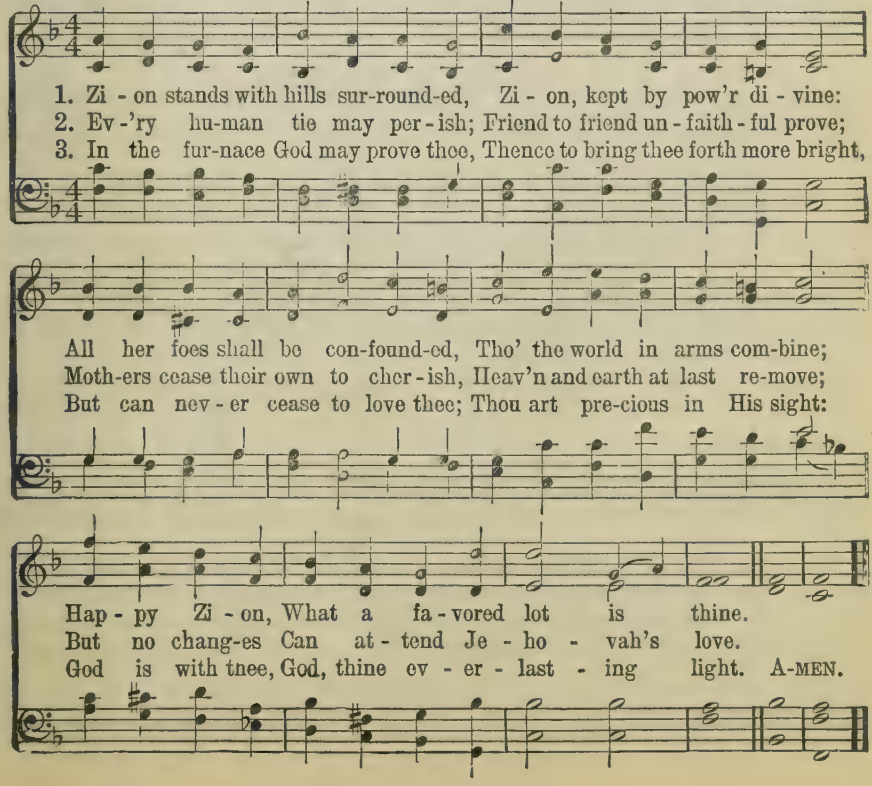

1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

Close to Thee.


FINE.
D.S.—All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A - MEN.

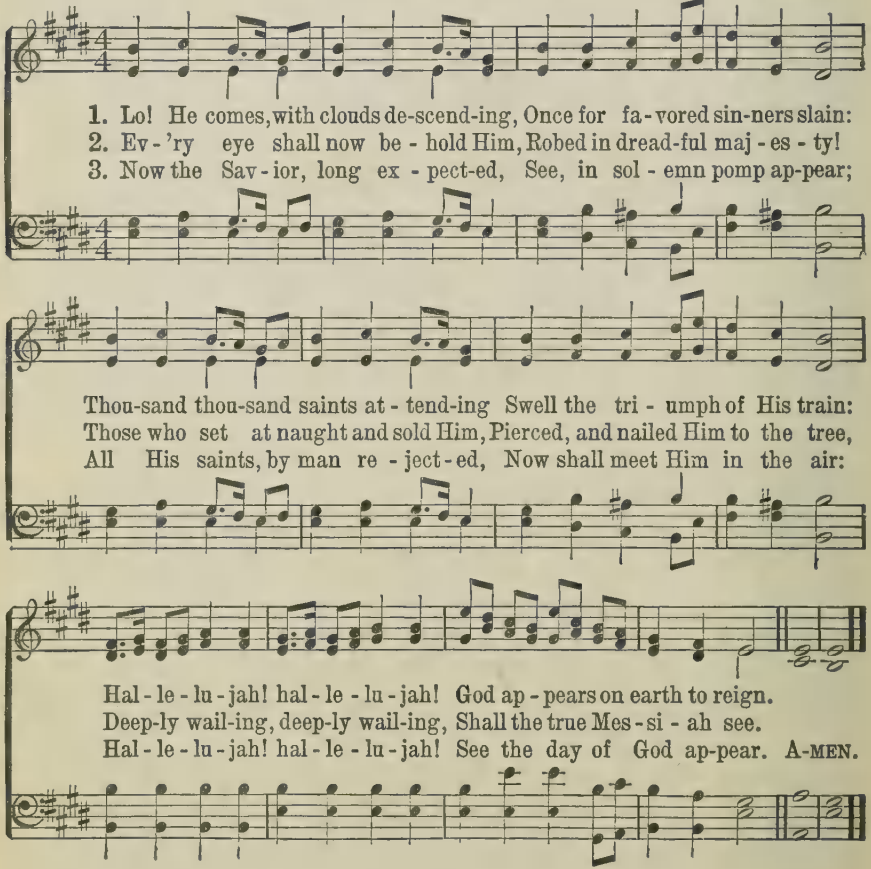
144 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

Thomas Kelly. *Eton College. 8.7.8.7.4.7.* Joseph Barnby.


1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine:
2. Ev-'ry hu-man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove;
3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-bine;
Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-move;
But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in His sight:
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine.
But no chang-es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light. A-MEN.

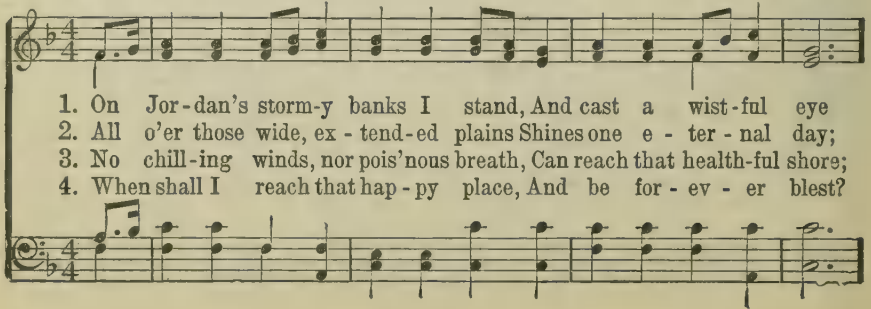
145 Lo! He Comes, With Clouds Descending.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s. 7s. 4s. Sicilian Melody.

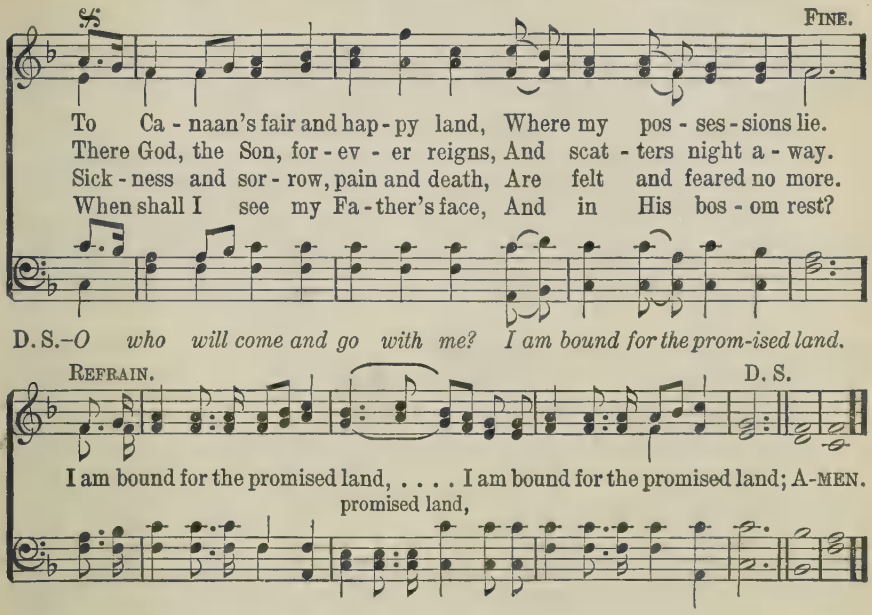

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain:
2. Ev-'ry eye shall now be-hold Him, Robed in dread-ful maj-es-ty!
3. Now the Sav-ior, long ex-pect-ed, See, in sol-emn pomp ap-pear;
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
All His saints, by man re-ject-ed, Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! See the day of God ap-pear. A-MEN.

146 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

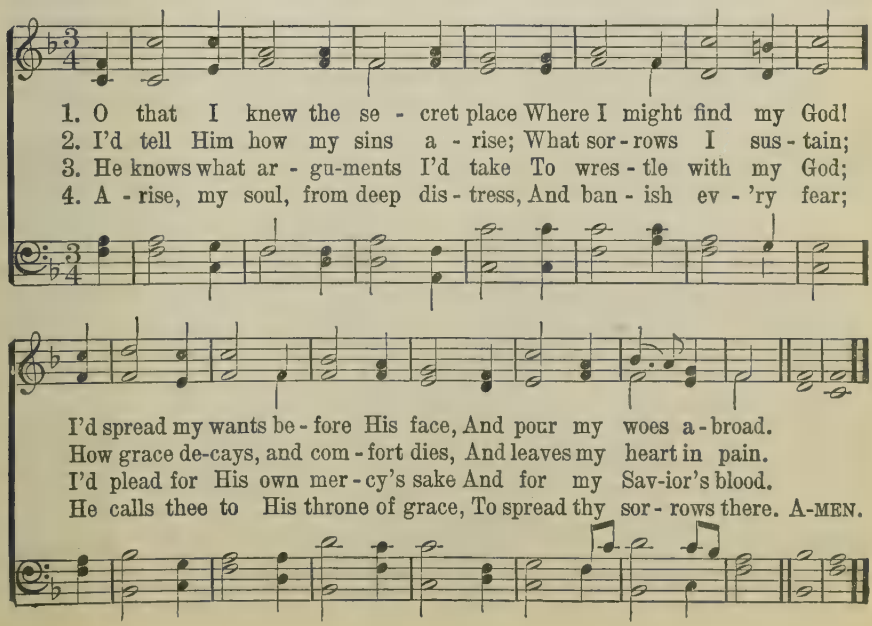

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wist-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

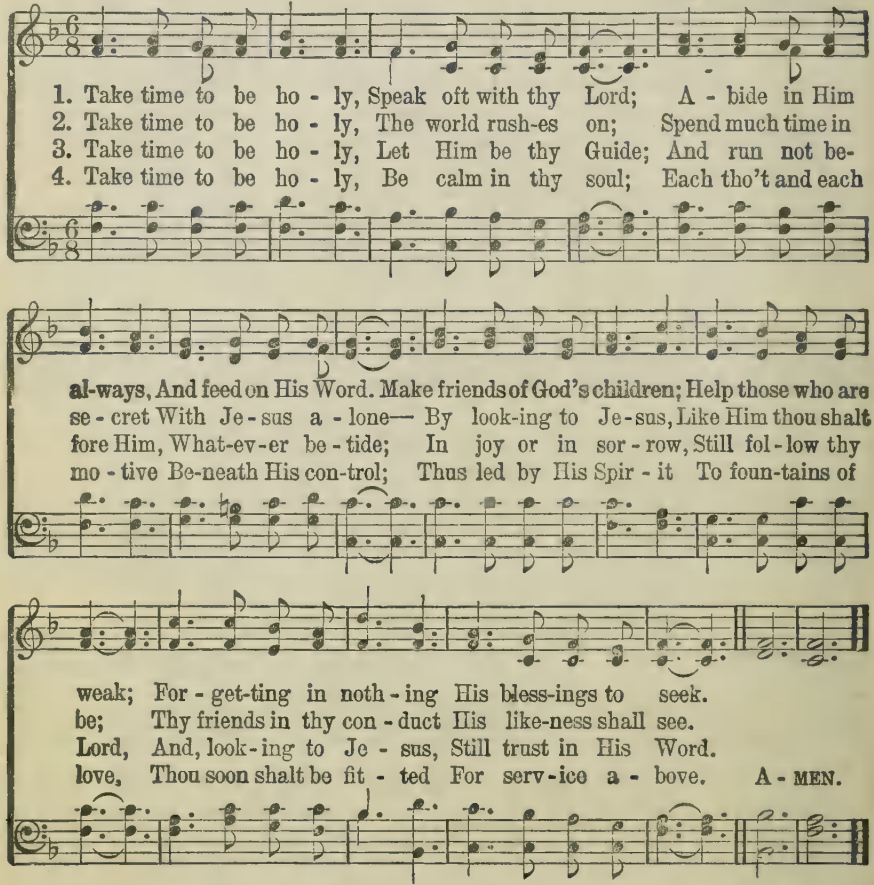

FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
D.S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land; A-MEN.
promised land,

147 O That I Knew the Secret Place.

Isaac Watts. *Mear. C. M.* American Air.

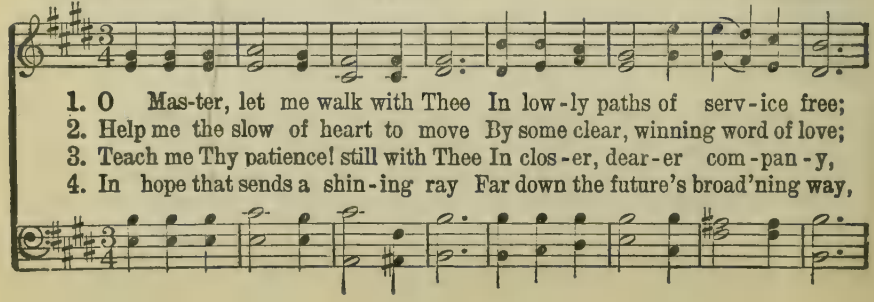

1. O that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ar - gu-ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;
4. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear;
I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
How grace de-cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake And for my Sav-ior's blood.
He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there. A-MEN.

148 Take Time to be Holy.

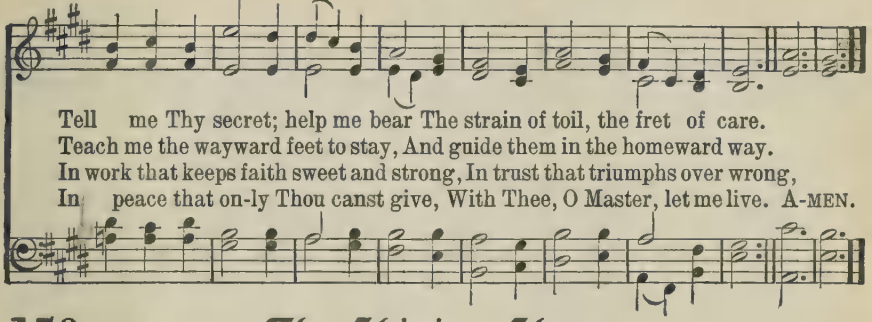
W. D. Longstaff. Copyright, 1918. Renewal. Hope Publishing Co., owner. George C. Stebbins.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each
al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look-ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt
fore Him, What-ev-er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy
mo - tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir - it To foun-tains of
weak; For - get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ings to seek.
be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove. A - MEN.

149 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. *Maryton. L. M.* H. P. Smith.

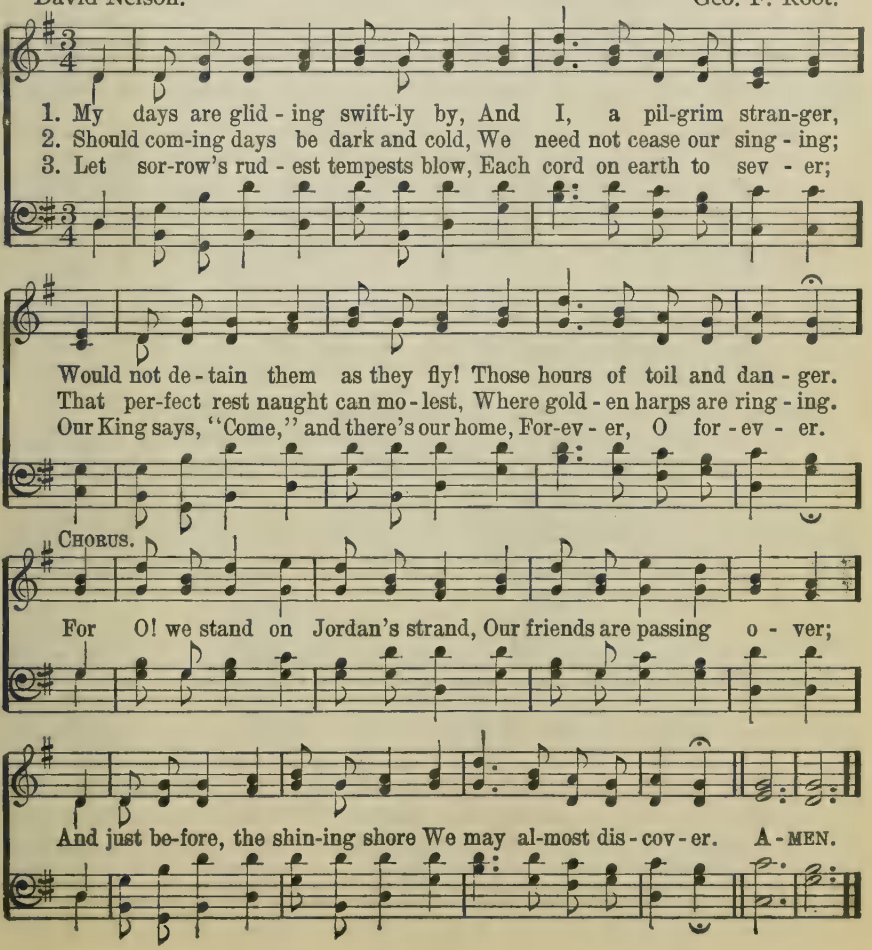

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pan - y,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.


Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

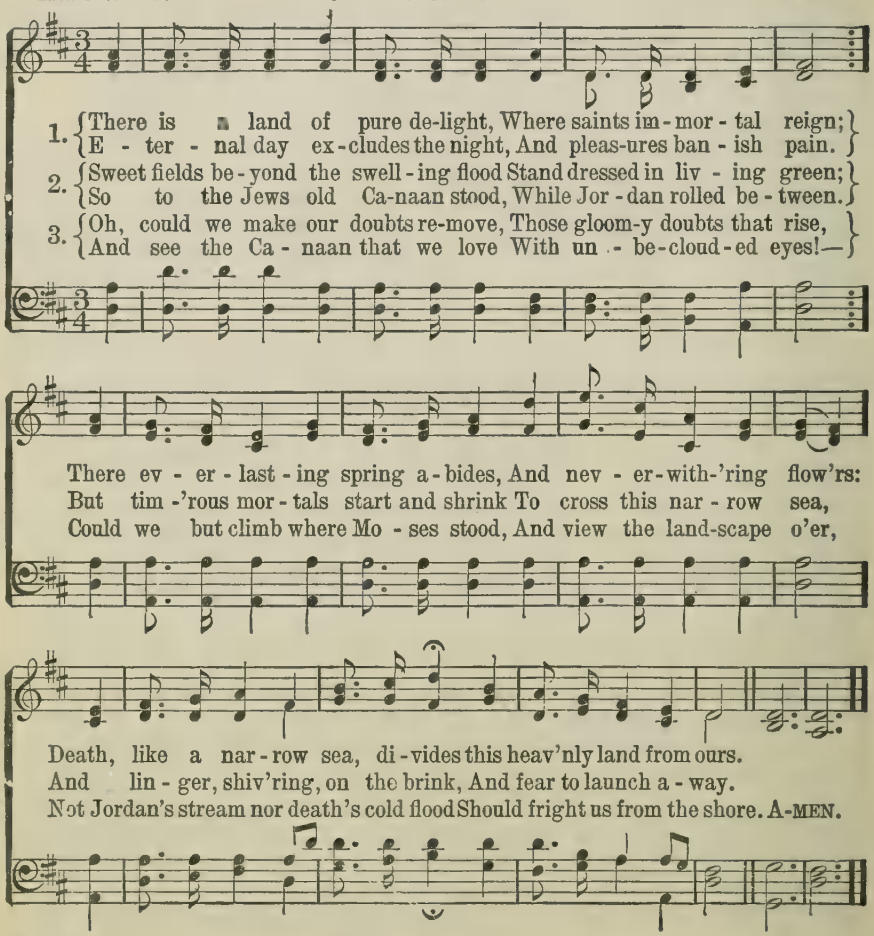
150 The Shining Shore.

David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.


1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;
And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er. A - MEN.

151 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *Varina. C. M. D.* Geo. F. Root.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!—
There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flow'rs:
But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides this heav'nly land from ours.
And lin-ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.

152 My Prayer.

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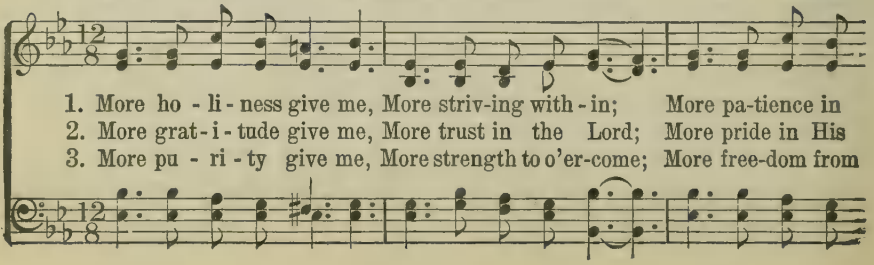
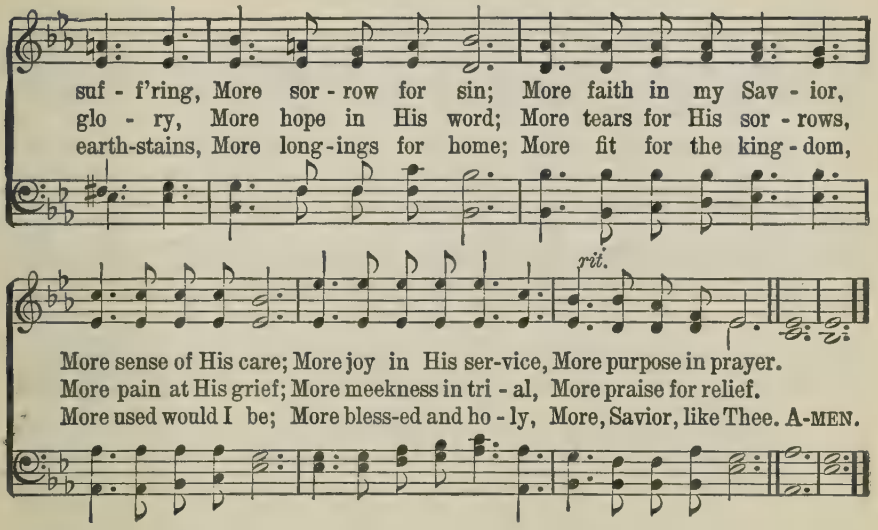
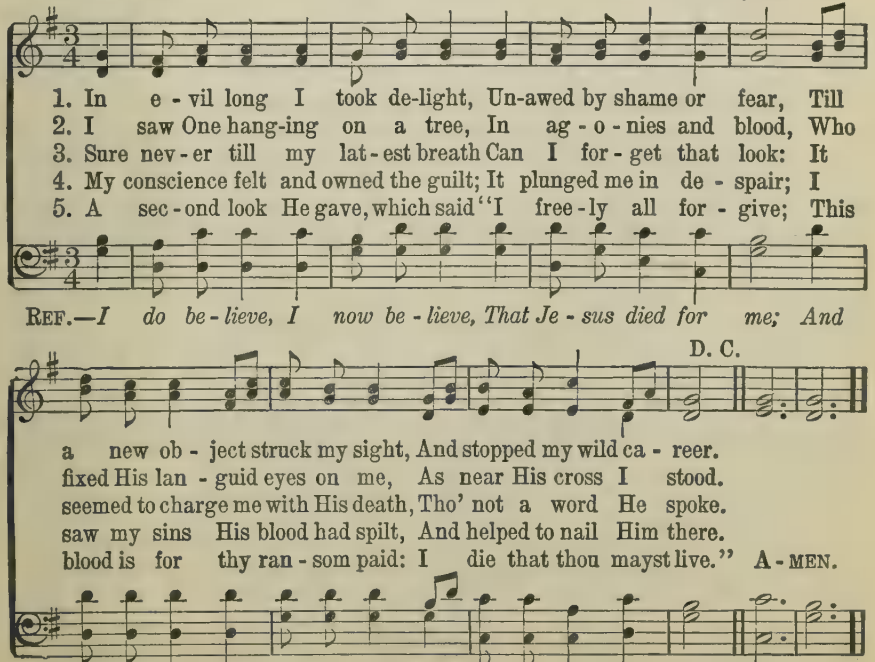

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from

My Prayer.

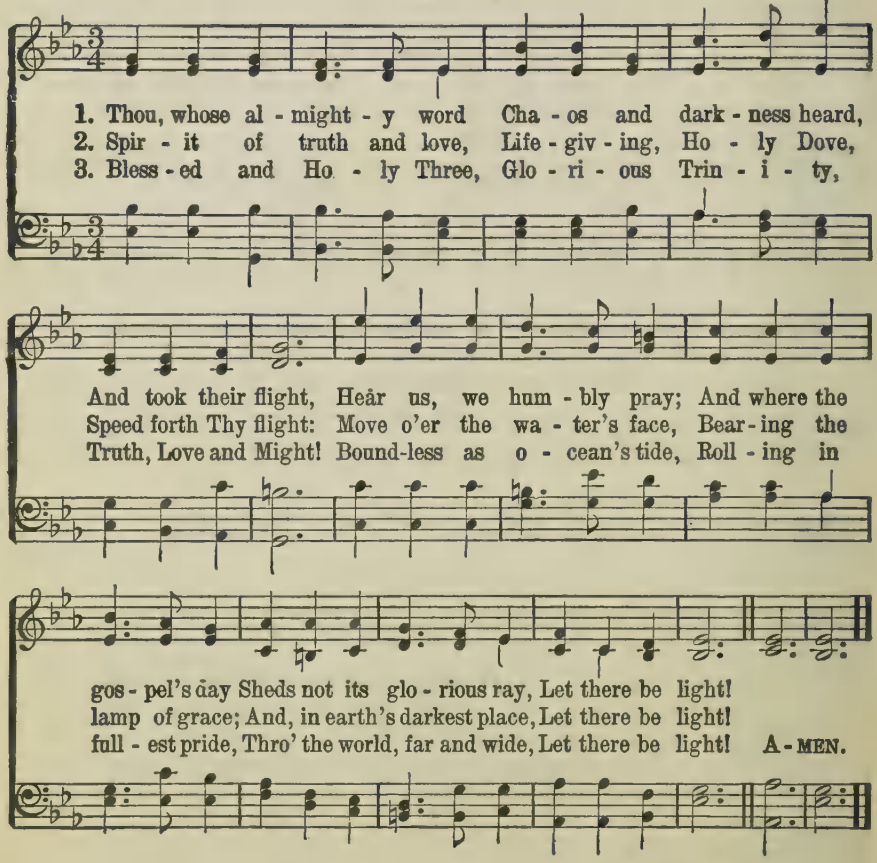

suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,
rit.
More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More purpose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for relief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Savior, like Thee. A-MEN.

153 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. *I Do Believe. C. M.* English Air.

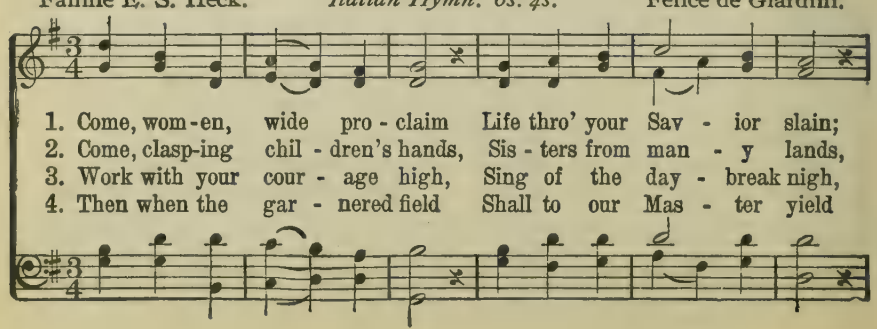

1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till
2. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood, Who
3. Sure nev - er till my lat - est breath Can I for - get that look: It
4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt; It plunged me in de - spair; I
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said "I free - ly all for - give; This
REF.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me; And*
D. C.
a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.
blood is for thy ran - som paid: I die that thou mayst live." A - MEN.
thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

154 Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

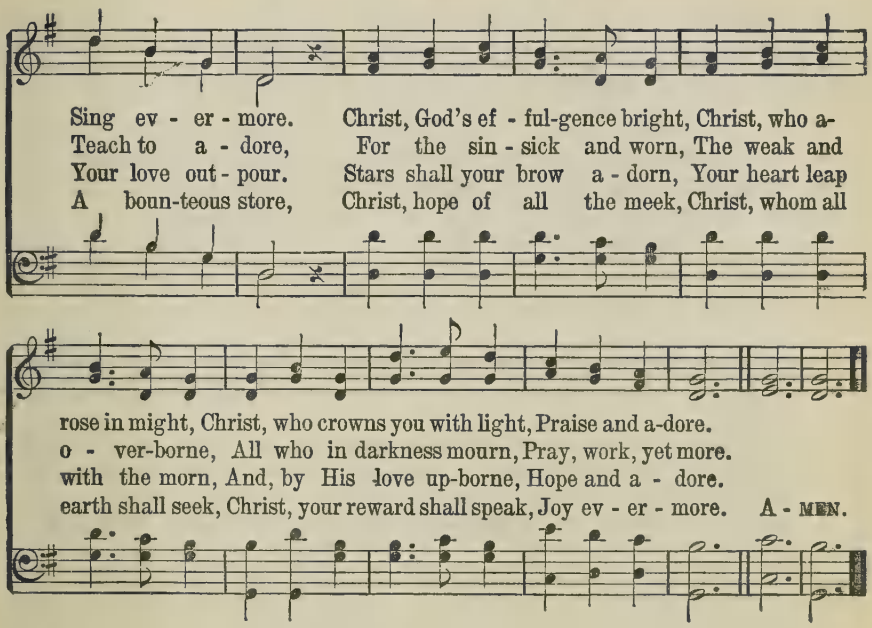
John Marriott. *Trinity. 6s. 4s.* W. R. Braine.

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
2. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, Ho - ly Dove,
3. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,
And took their flight, Heâr us, we hum - bly pray; And where the
Speed forth Thy flight: Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
Truth, Love and Might! Bound-less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in
gos - pel's day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!
lamp of grace; And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be light!
full - est pride, Thro' the world, far and wide, Let there be light! A - MEN.

155 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

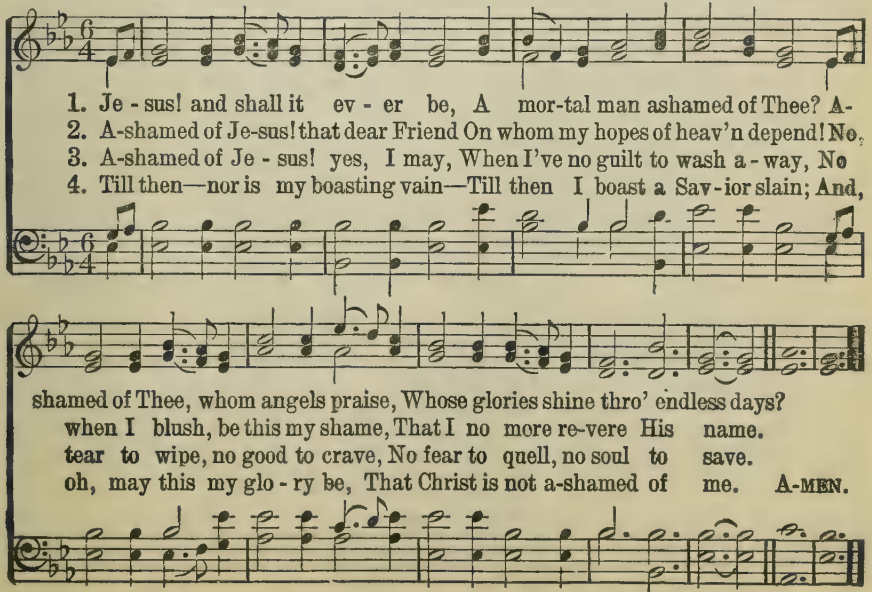

1. Come, wom - en, wide pro - claim Life thro' your Sav - ior slain;
2. Come, clasp-ing chil - dren's hands, Sis - ters from man - y lands,
3. Work with your cour - age high, Sing of the day - break nigh,
4. Then when the gar - nered field Shall to our Mas - ter yield

The Woman's Hymn.


Sing ev - er - more. Christ, God's ef - ful-gence bright, Christ, who a-
Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
Your love out - pour. Stars shall your brow a - dorn, Your heart leap
A boun-teous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all
rose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a-dore.
o - ver-borne, All who in darkness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.
with the morn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a - dore.
earth shall seek, Christ, your reward shall speak, Joy ev - er - more. A - MEN.

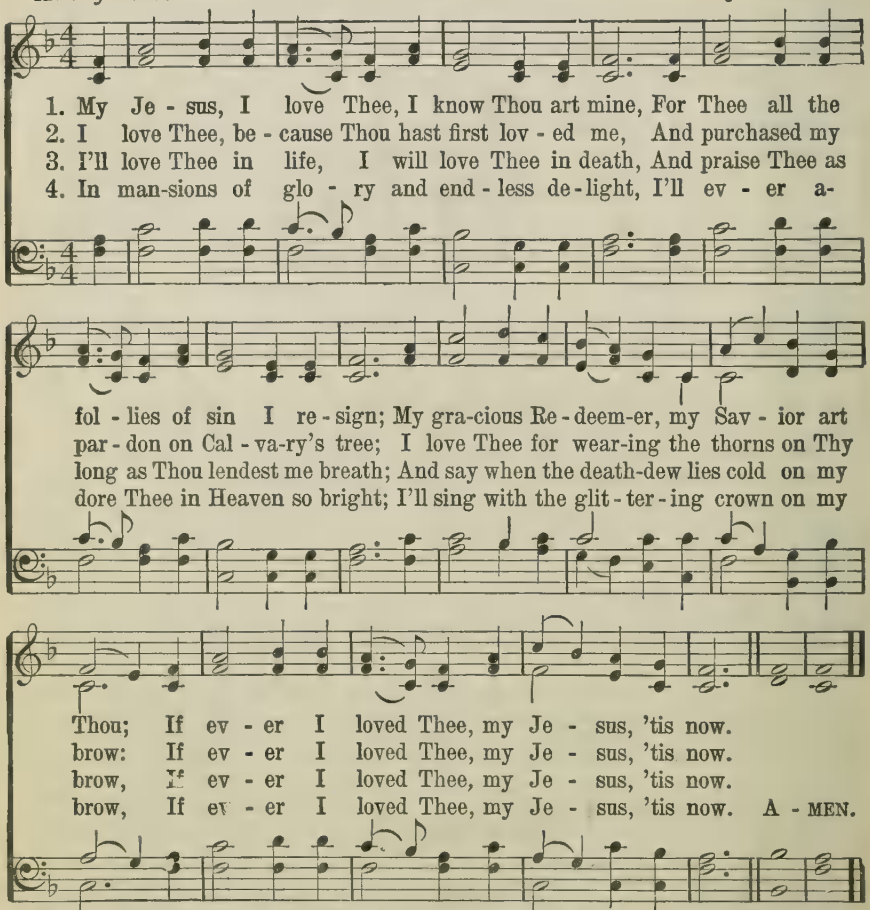
156 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. *Woodworth. L. M.* Wm. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No
4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain; And,
shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

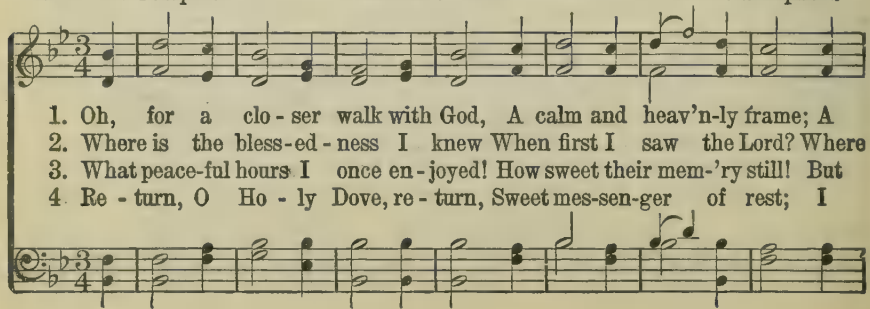
157 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

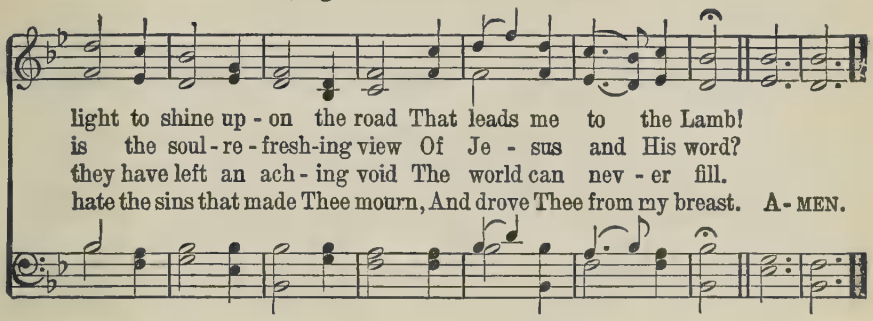

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my
dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my
Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

158 Oh, For a Closer Walk.

William Cowper. *Balerma. C. M.* Robt. Simpson.

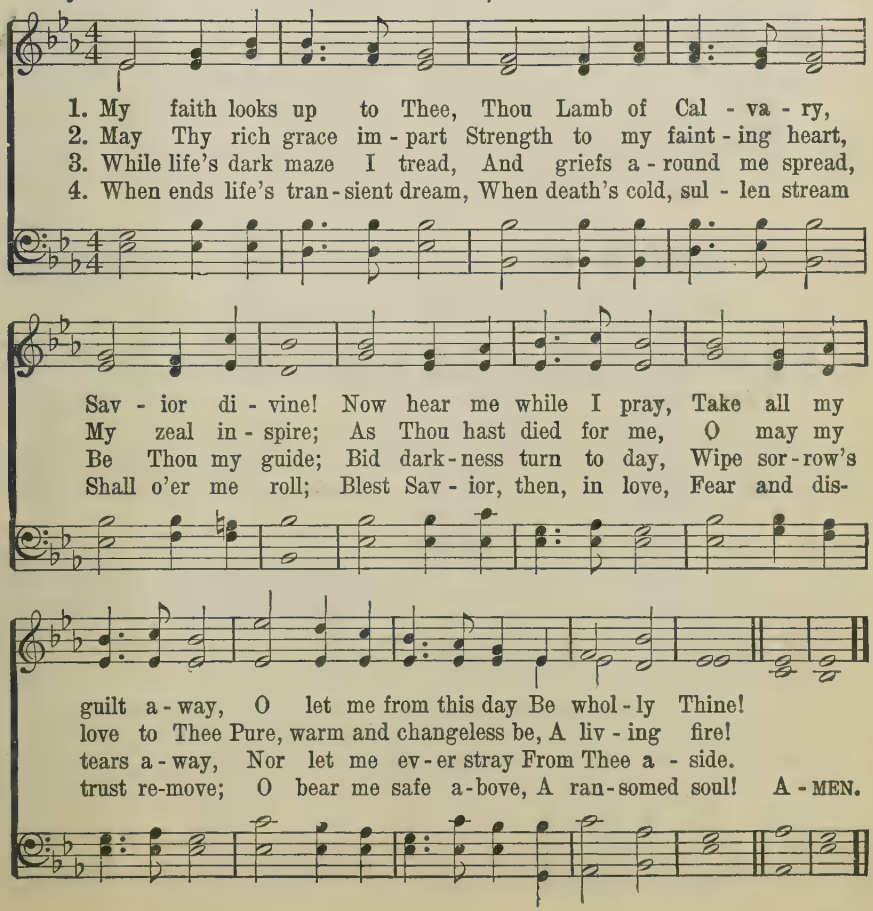

1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless-ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace-ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still! But
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest; I

Oh, For a Closer Walk.


light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A - MEN.

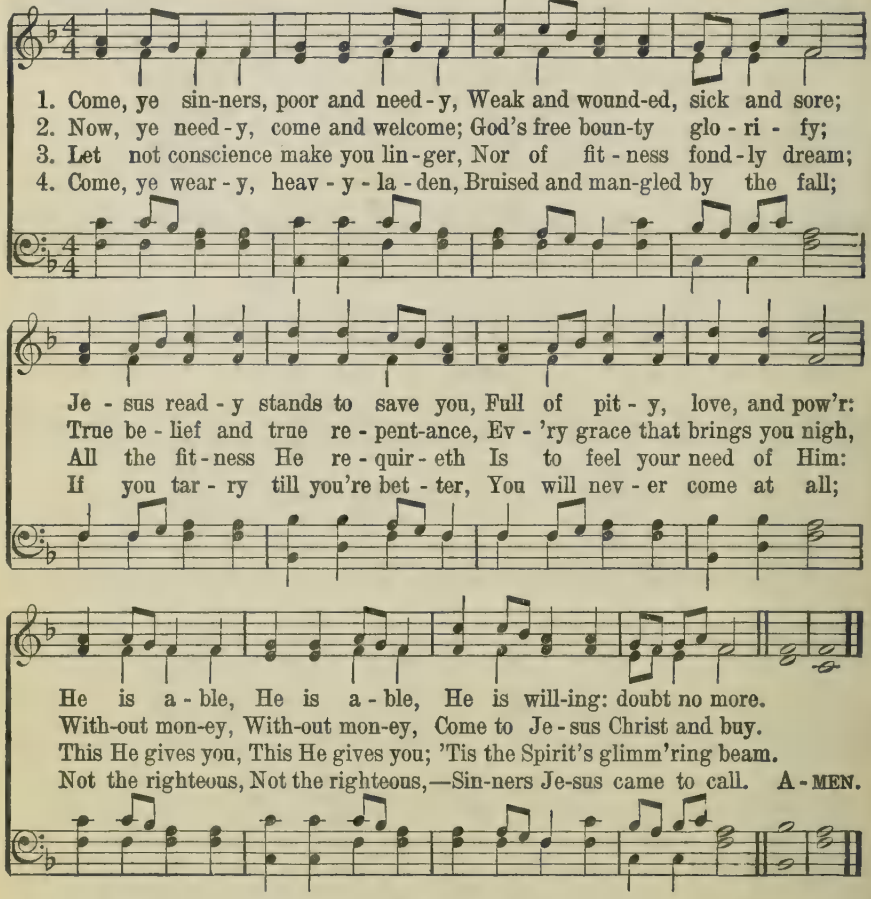
159 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran - somed soul! A - MEN.

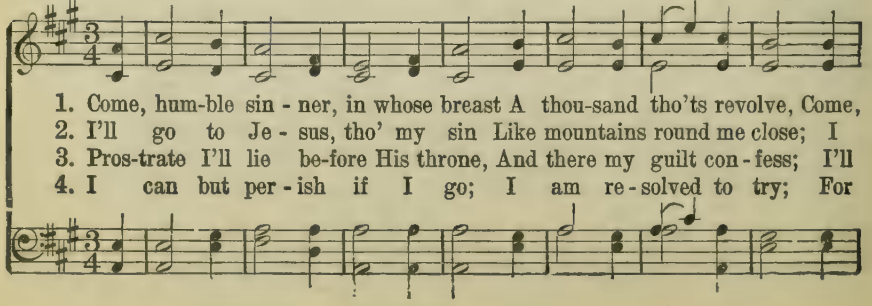
160 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. *Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

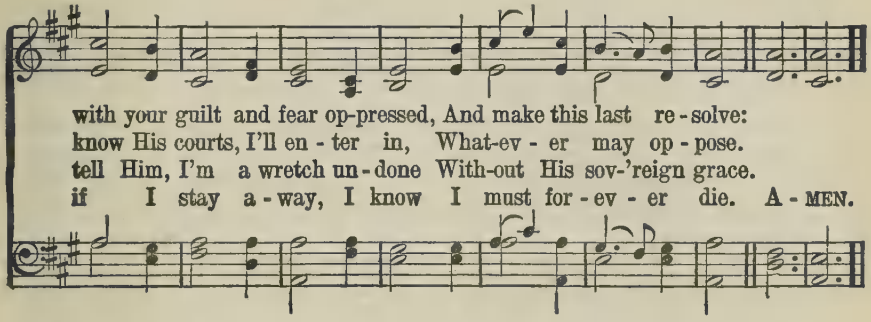

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him:
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
With-out mon-ey, With-out mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call. A-MEN.

161 Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones. *Balerma. C. M.* Arr. by Robert Simpson.

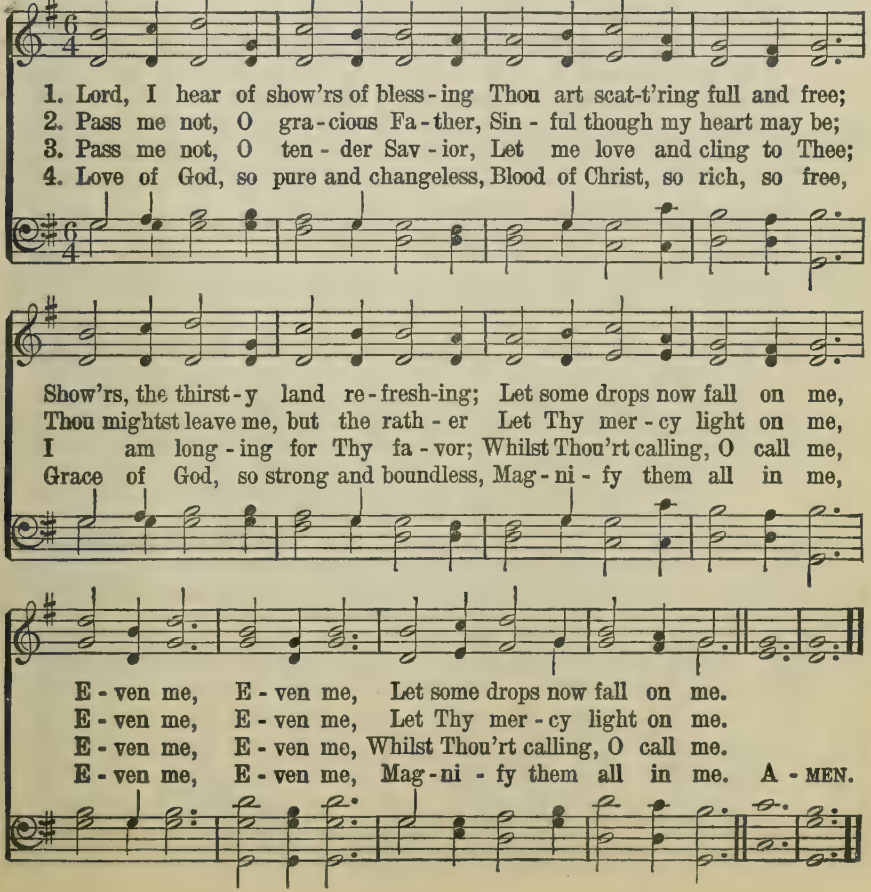

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve, Come,
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Like mountains round me close; I
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try; For

Come, Humble Sinner.


with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:
know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
tell Him, I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sov-'reign grace.
if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die. A-MEN.

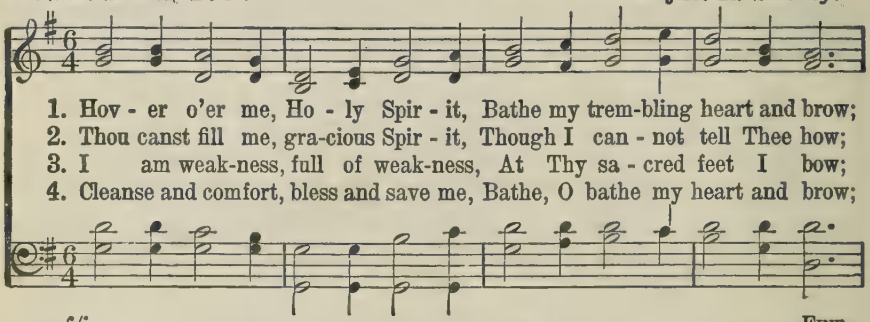
162 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

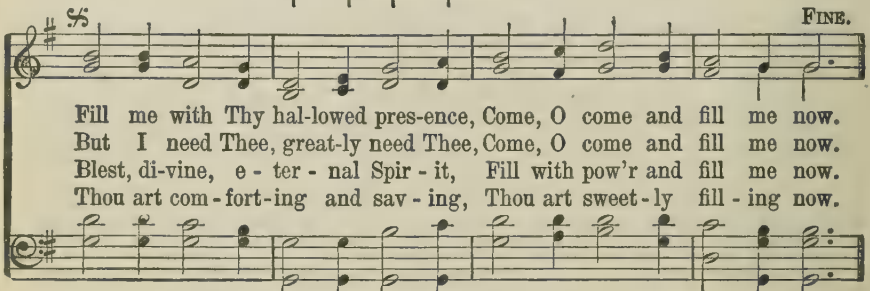
Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. A-MEN.

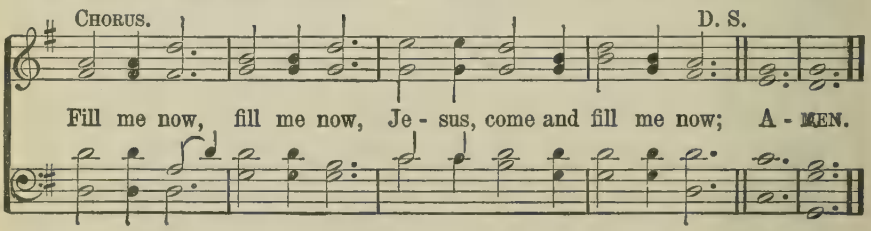
163 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.

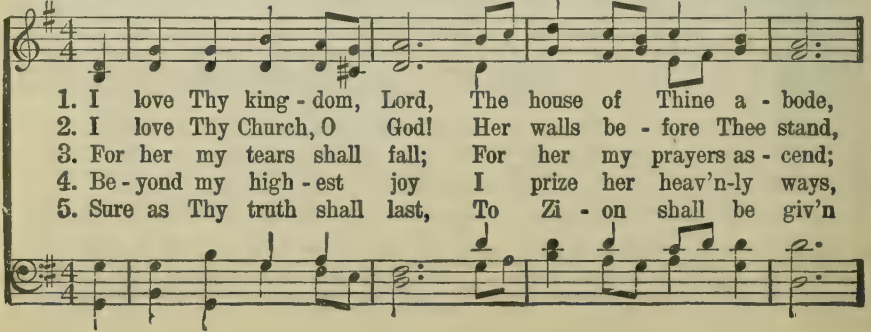

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;


Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

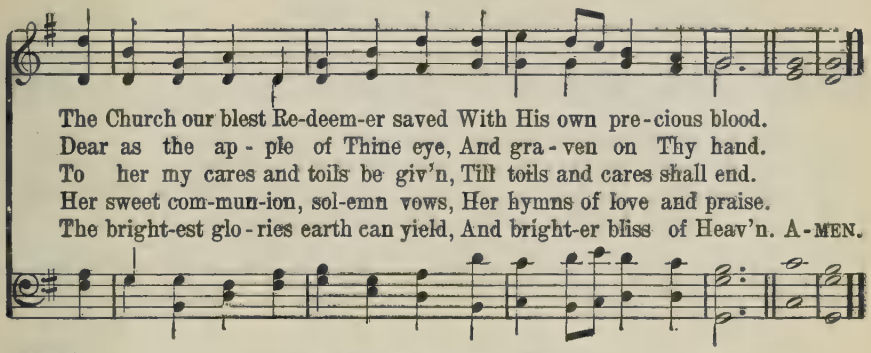
D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



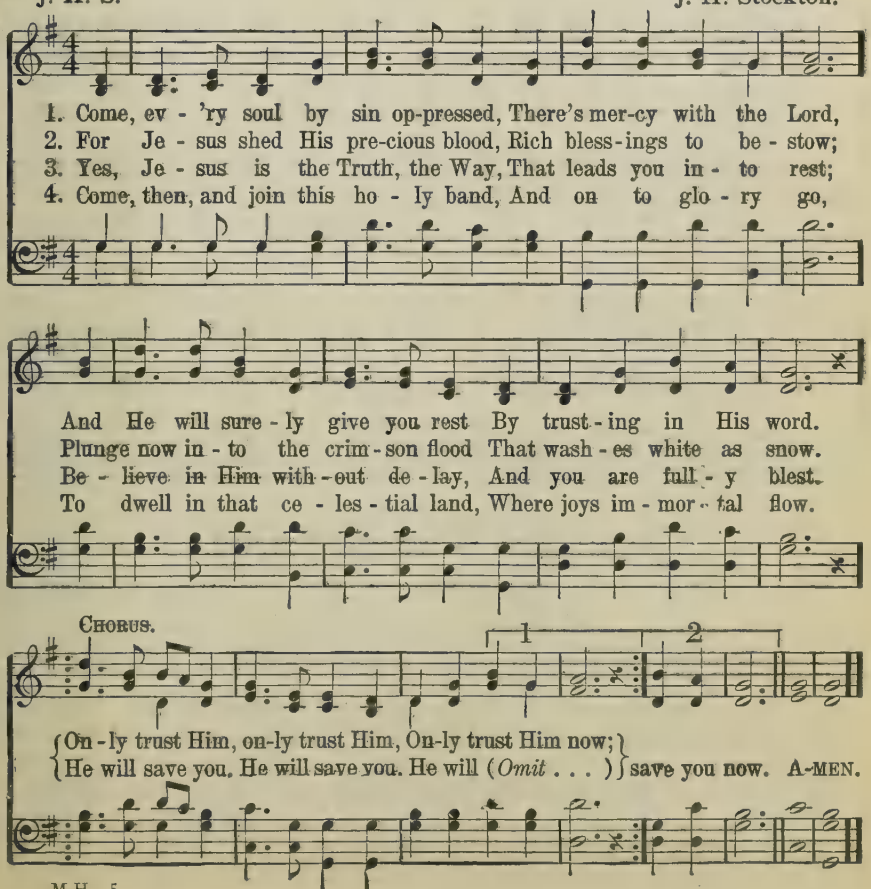
164 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

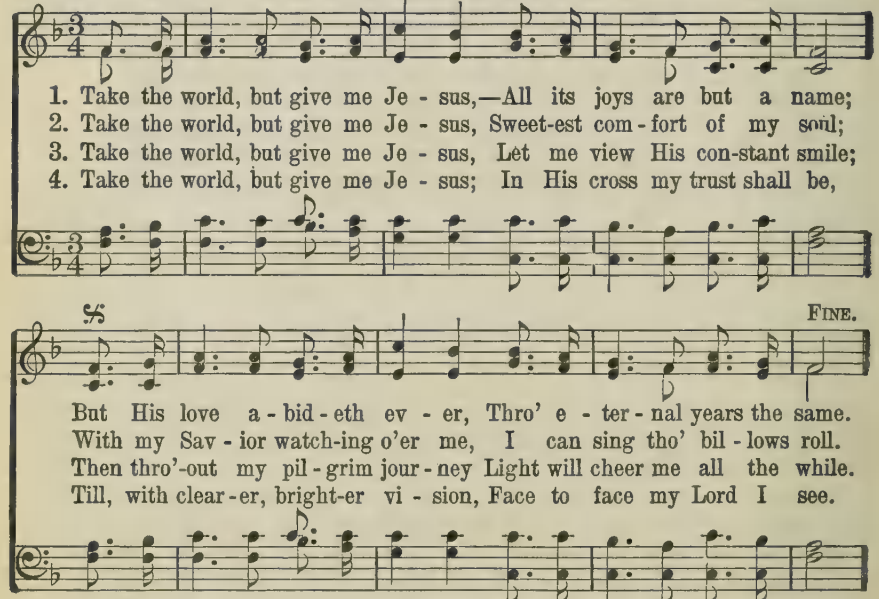

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

165 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
{On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;}
{He will save you. He will save you. He will (*Omit . . .*)} save you now. A-MEN.

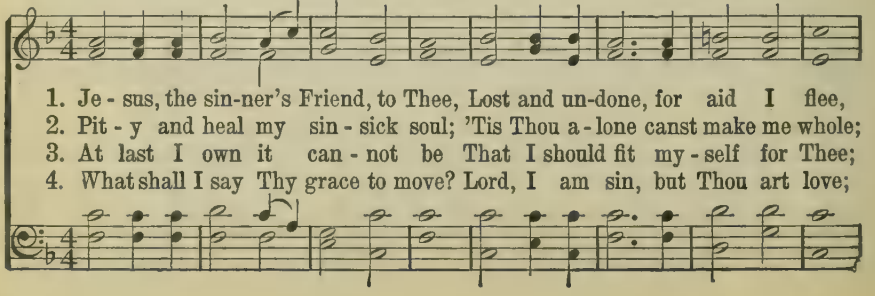
166 Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Jno. R. Sweney.

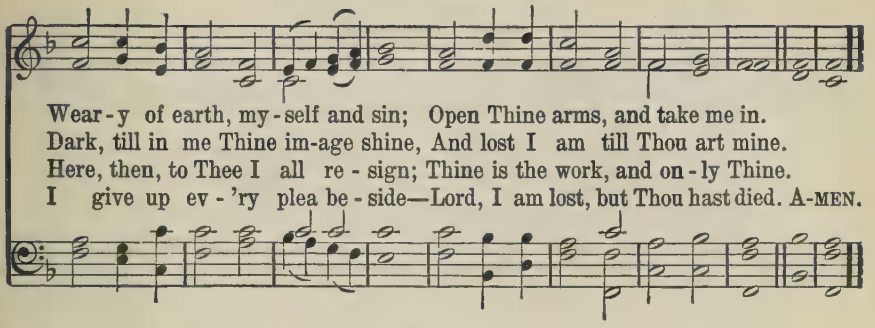

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,
FINE.
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.
D.S.—Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.

167 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.


1. Je - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.


Wear-y of earth, my-self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im-age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re-sign; Thine is the work, and on-ly Thine.
I give up ev-'ry plea be-side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.

168 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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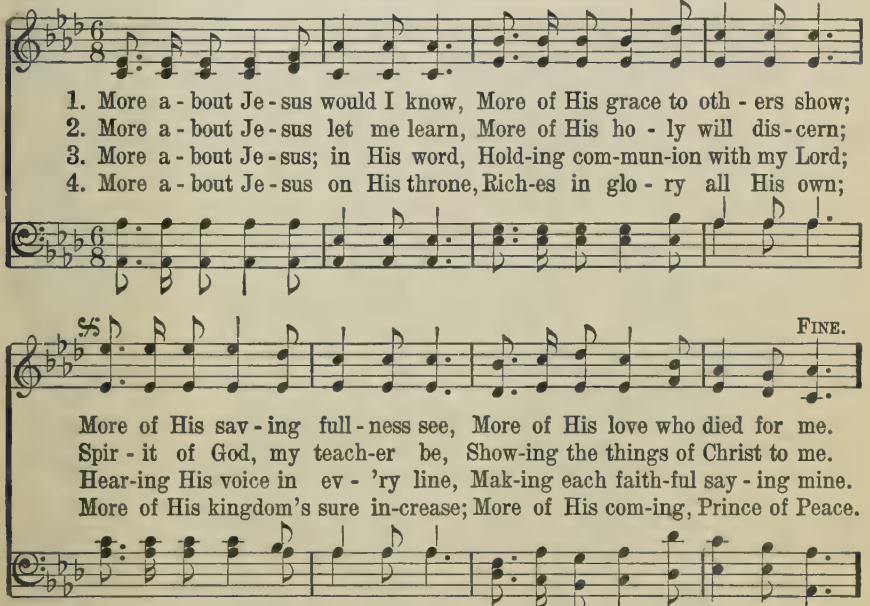
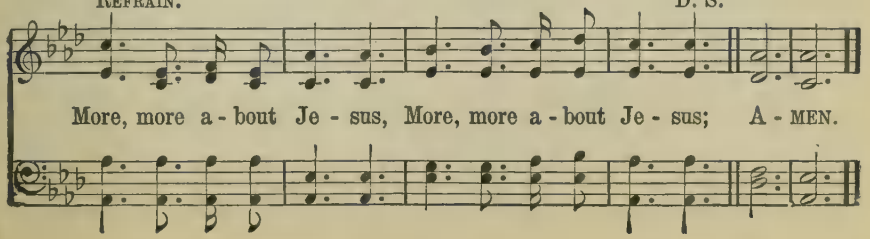
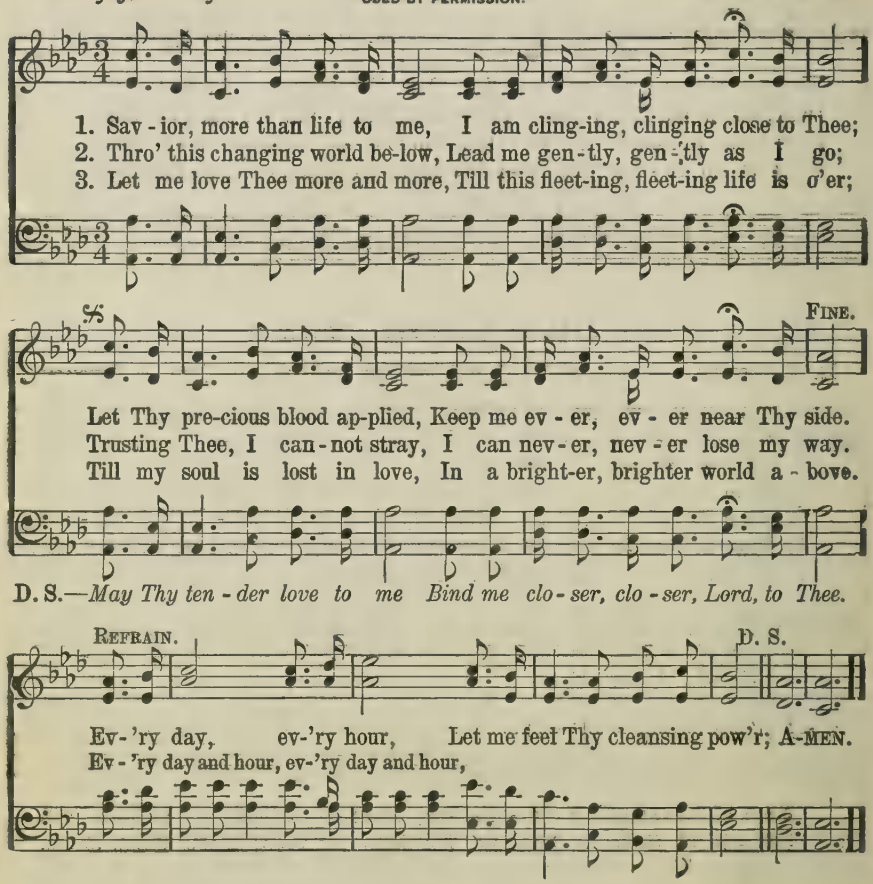
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
FINE.
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—*More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

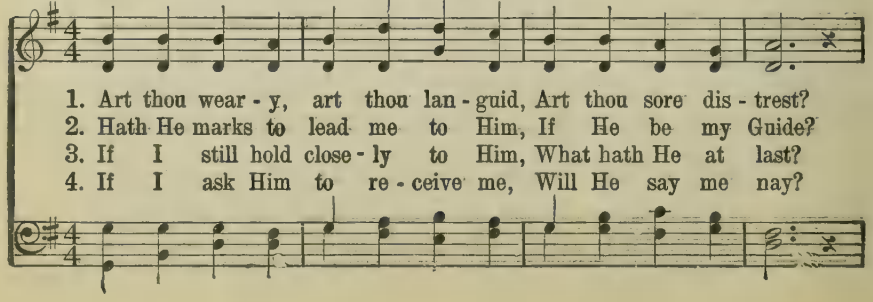


169 Savior, More Than Life.

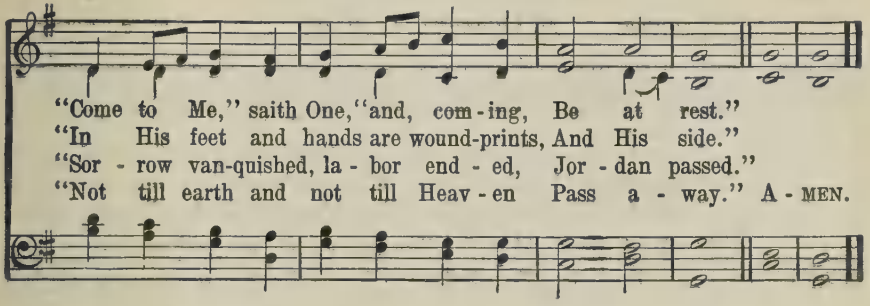
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A - MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

170 Art Thou Weary?

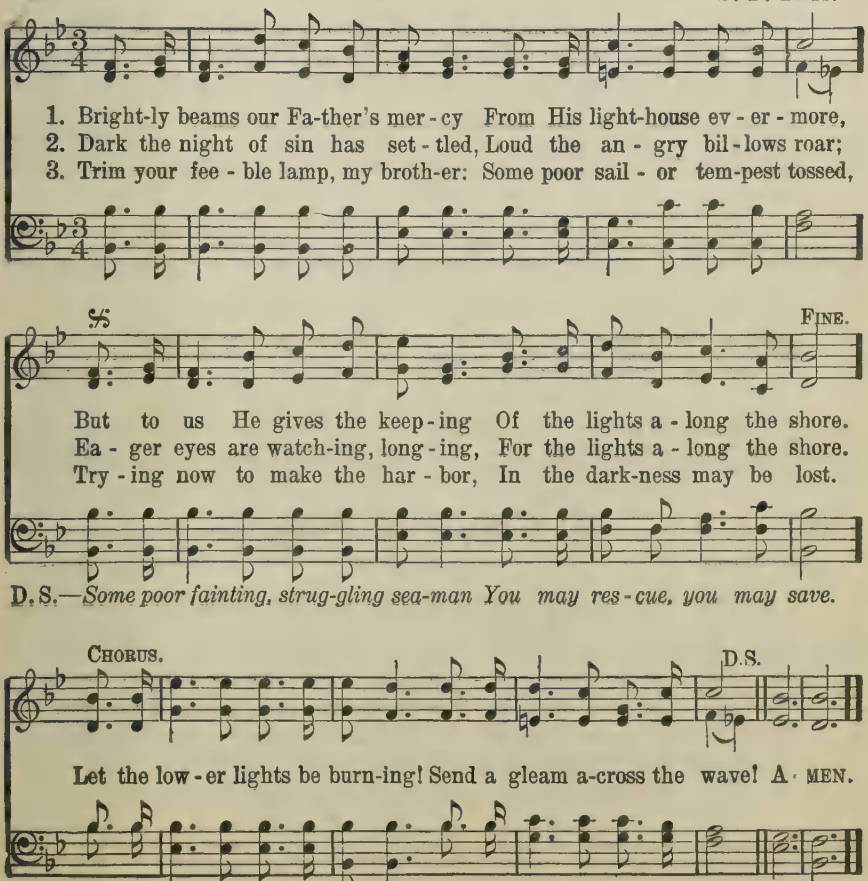
John M. Neale. *Stephanos.* 8. 5. 8. 3. Henry W. Baker.


1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

Art Thou Weary?

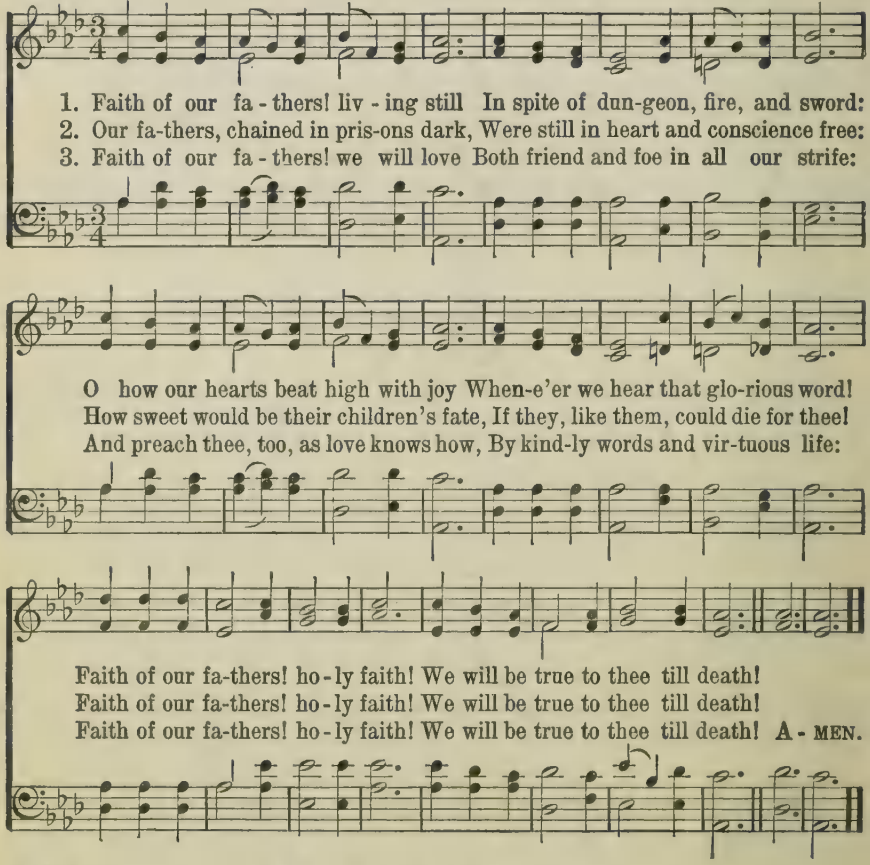

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a-way." A-MEN.

171 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

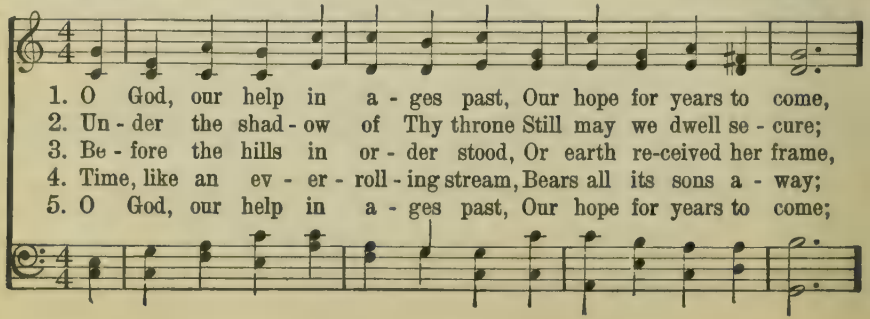
172 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.

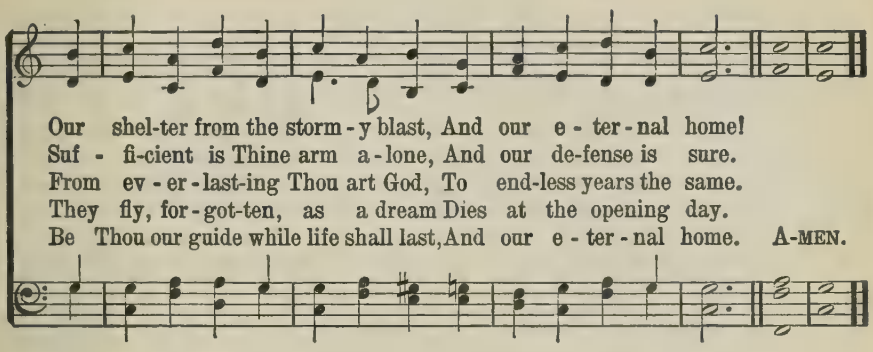

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

173 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.

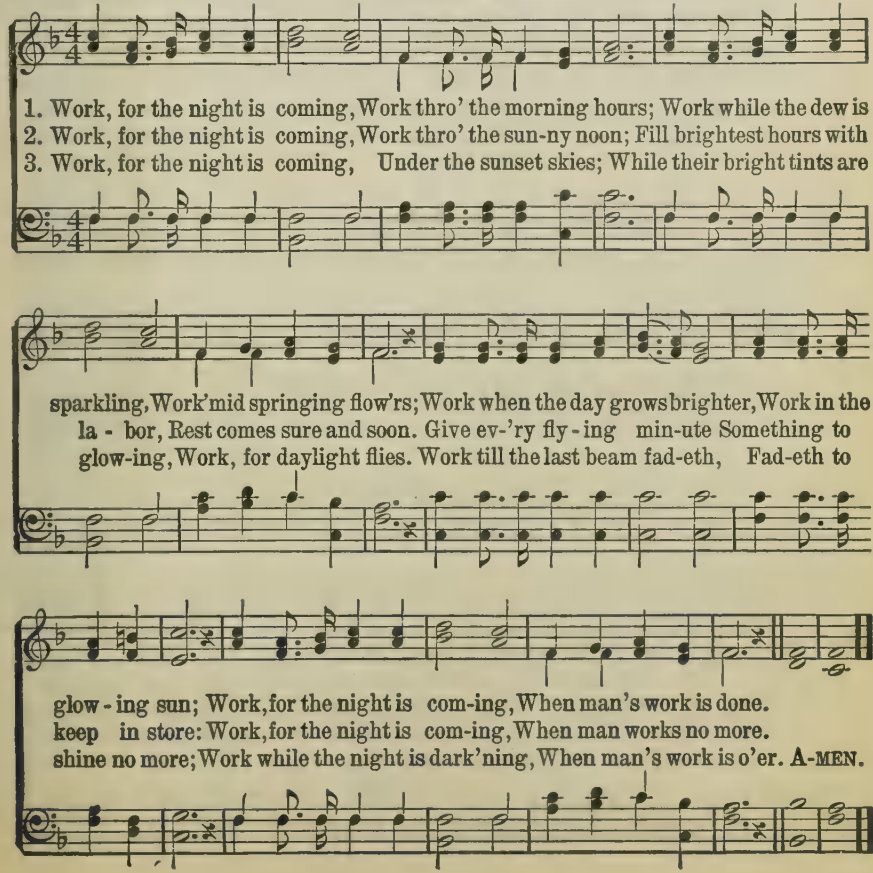

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God, Our Help.

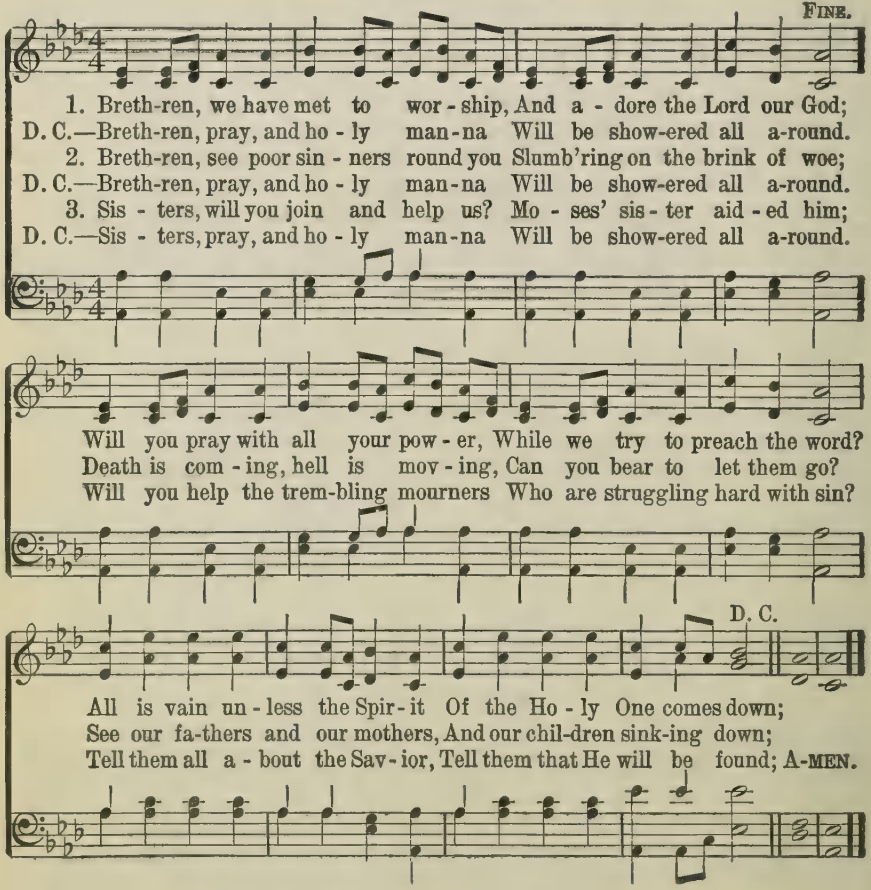

Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home!
Suf-fi-cient is Thine arm a-lone, And our de-fense is sure.
From ev-er-last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
They fly, for-got-ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e-ter-nal home. A-MEN.

174 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Coghill. *Work Song.* 7s. 6s. D. Lowell Mason.

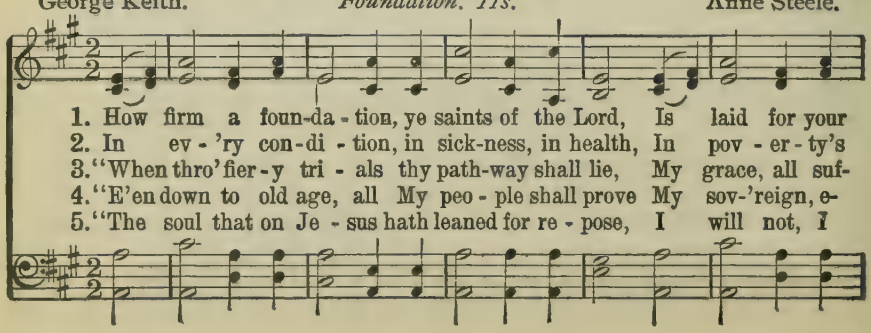

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are
sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to
glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

175 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship.

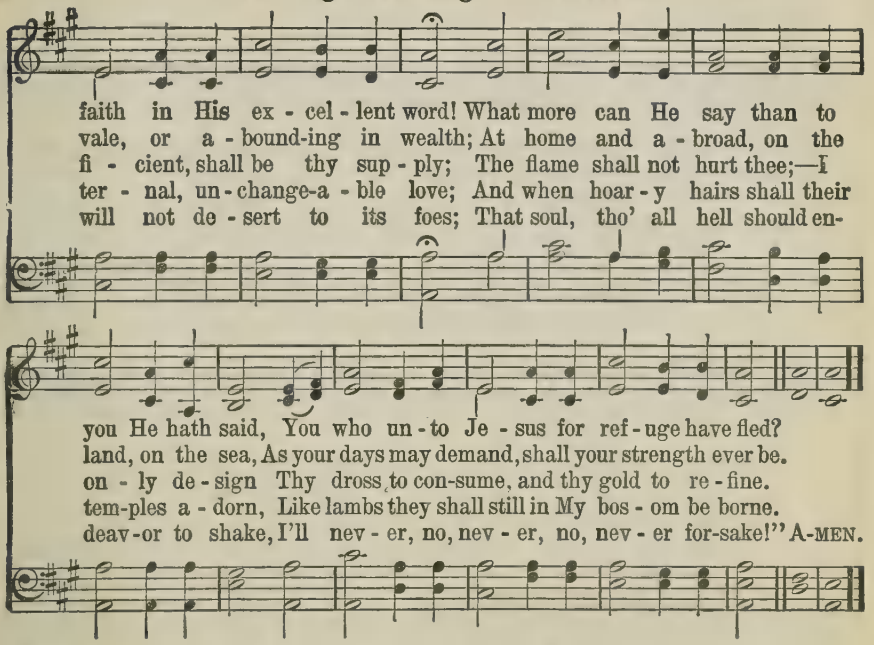
Geo. Atkins. *Holy Manna. 8s. 7s.* Arr.

FINE.
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
D. C.—Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
3. Sis-ters, will you join and help us? Mo-ses' sis-ter aid-ed him;
D. C.—Sis-ters, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem-bling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
D. C.
All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Ho-ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
Tell them all a-bout the Sav-ior, Tell them that He will be found; A-MEN.

176 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.

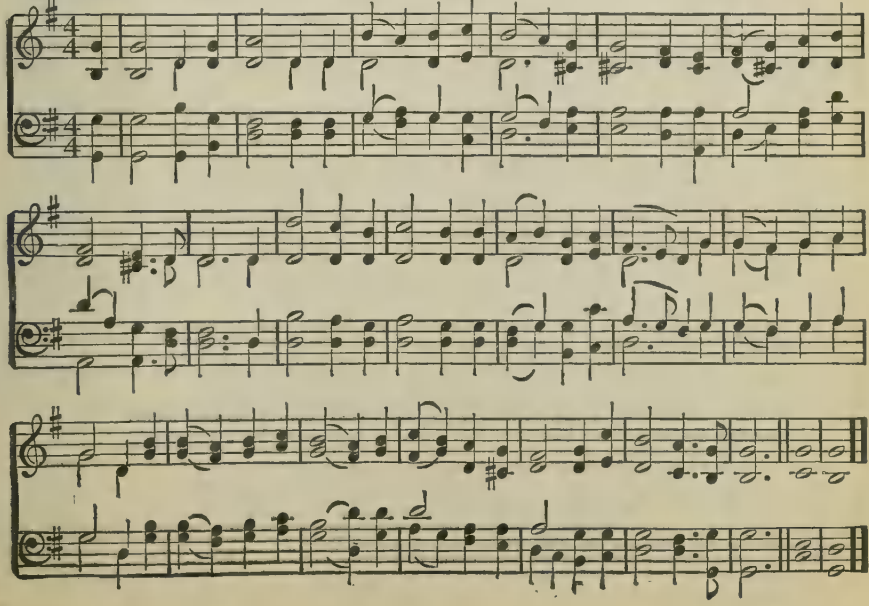

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

How Firm a Foundation.


faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.

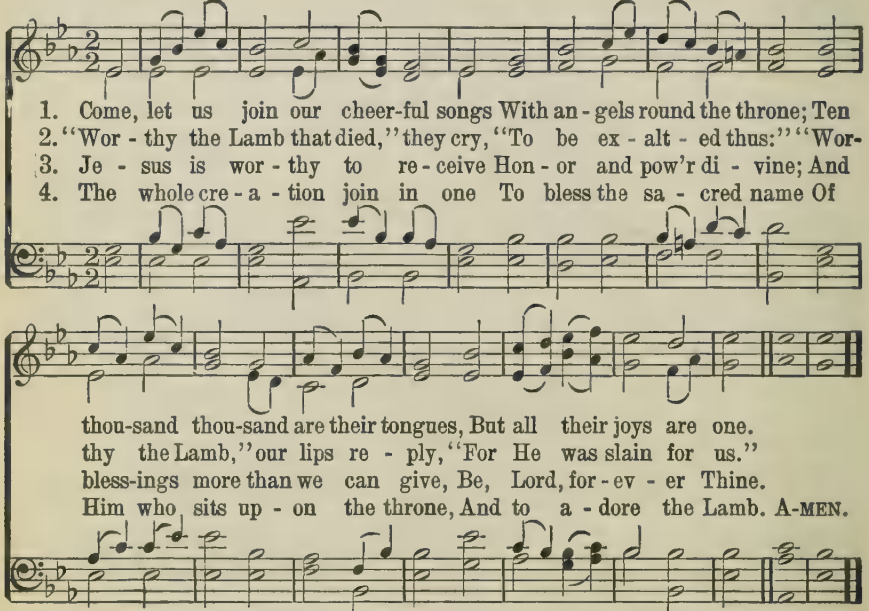
177 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.



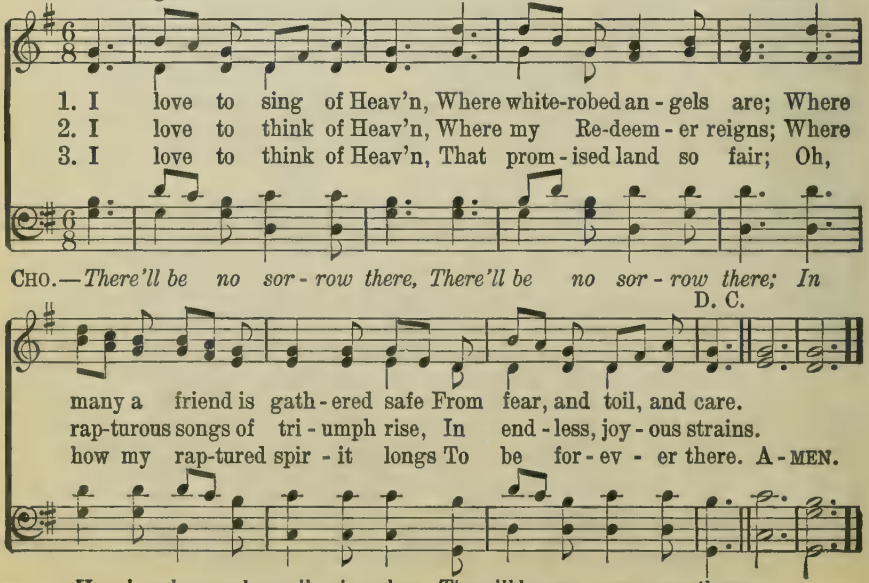
178 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts. *Warwick. C. M.* Samuel Stanley.


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Wor-
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; And
4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one To bless the sa - cred name Of
thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb. A-MEN.

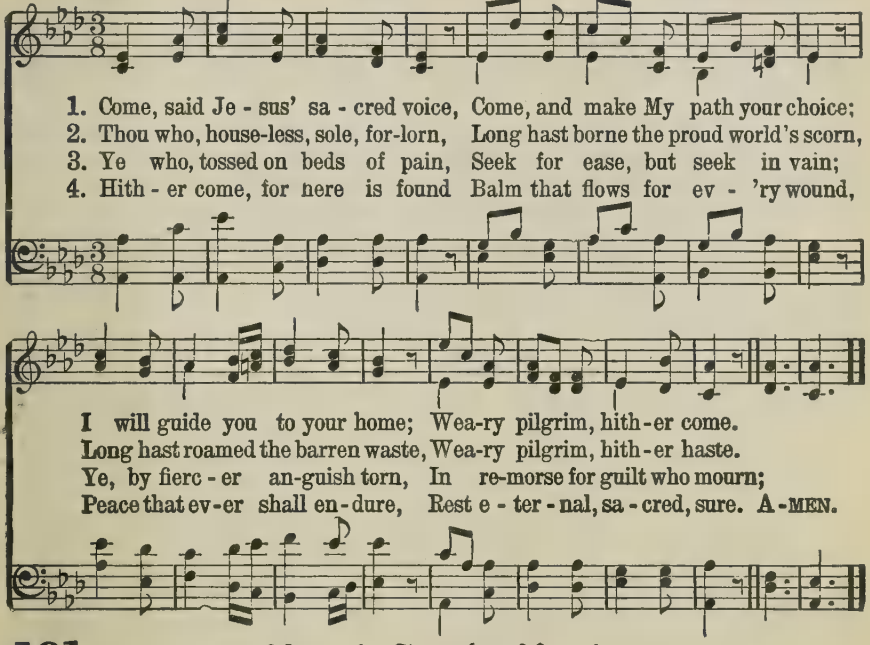
179 I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

L. Hartsough. *Dunbar. S. M.* Chas. W. Dunbar.


1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns; Where
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair; Oh,
CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In
D. C.
many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
rap-turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
how my rap-tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there. A - MEN.
Heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

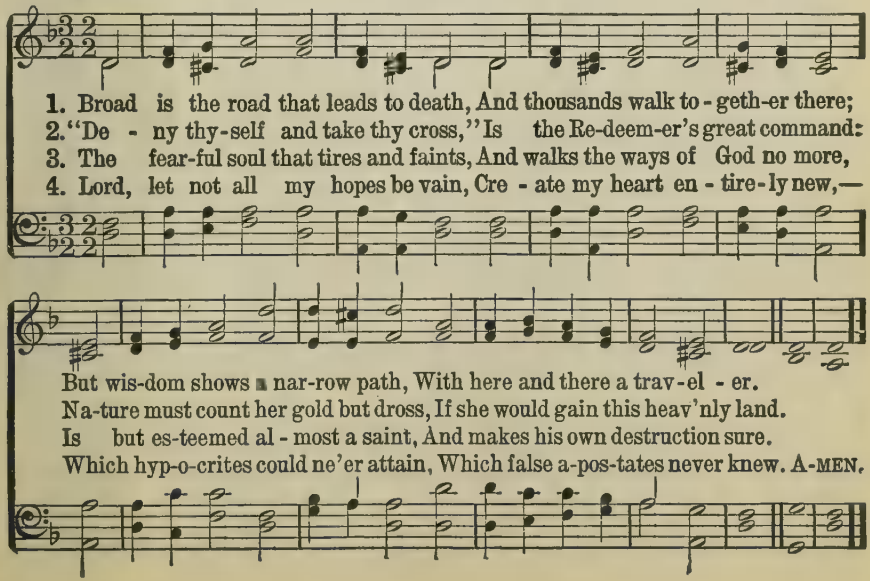
180 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7. Xavier Schnyder.


1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

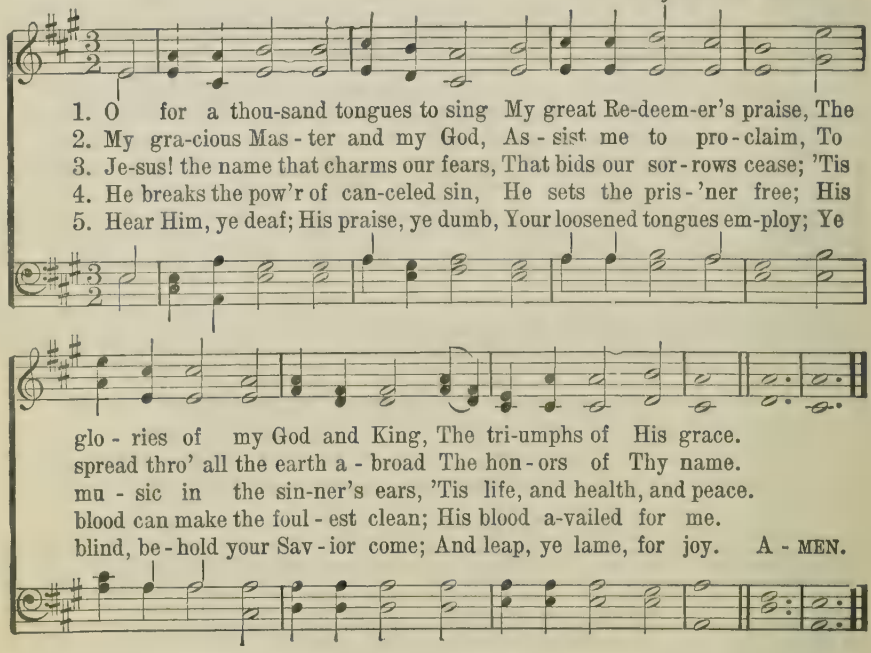
181 Broad Is the Road.

Isaac Watts. *Windham. L. M.* Daniel Read.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire-ly new,—
But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates never knew. A-MEN.

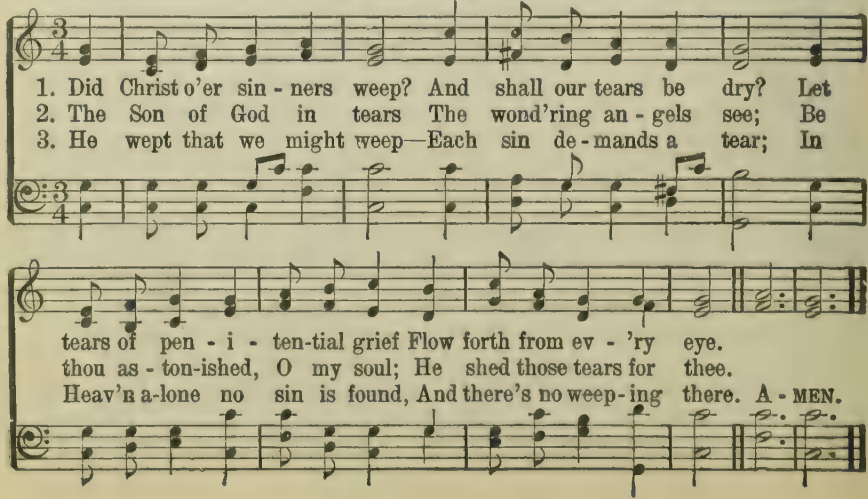
182 O for a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye
glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

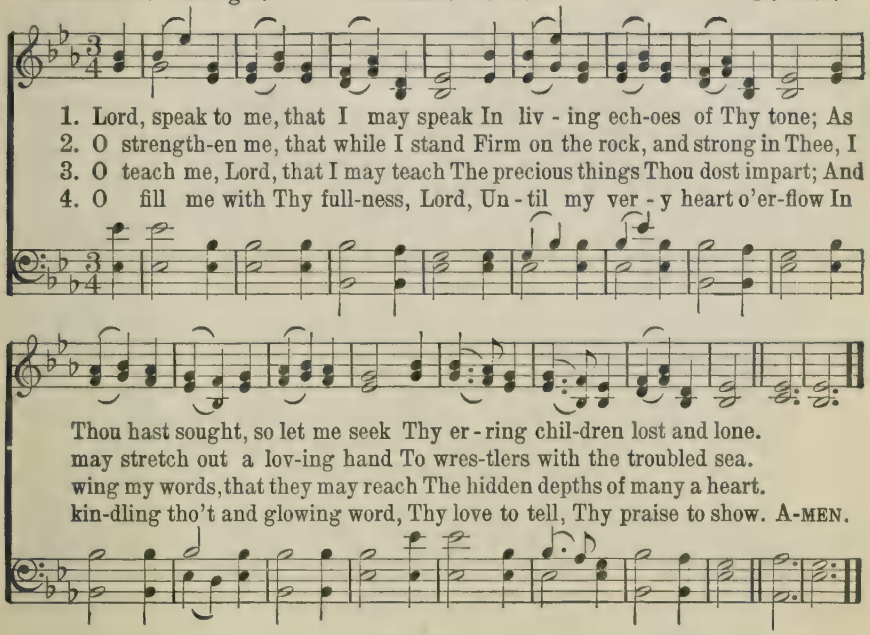
183 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.


1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In
tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
Heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A-MEN.

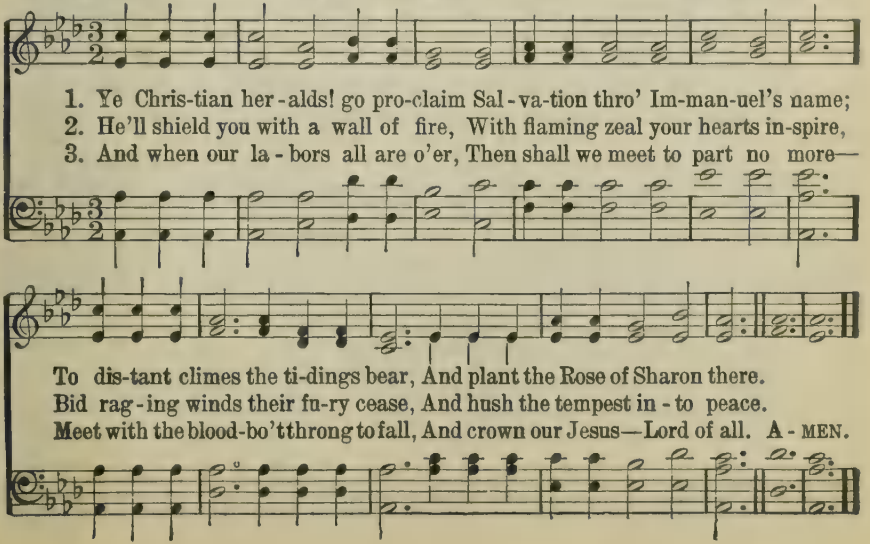
184 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.

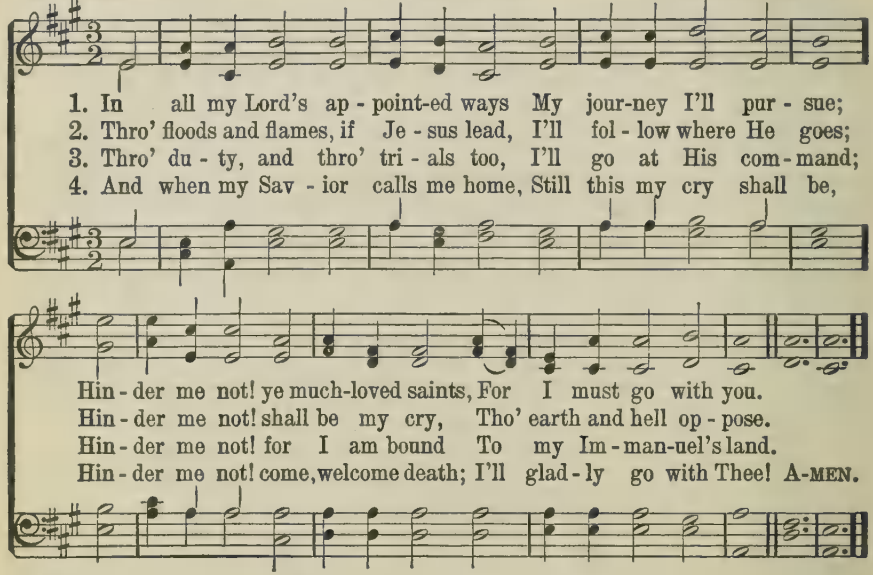

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In
Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

185 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.

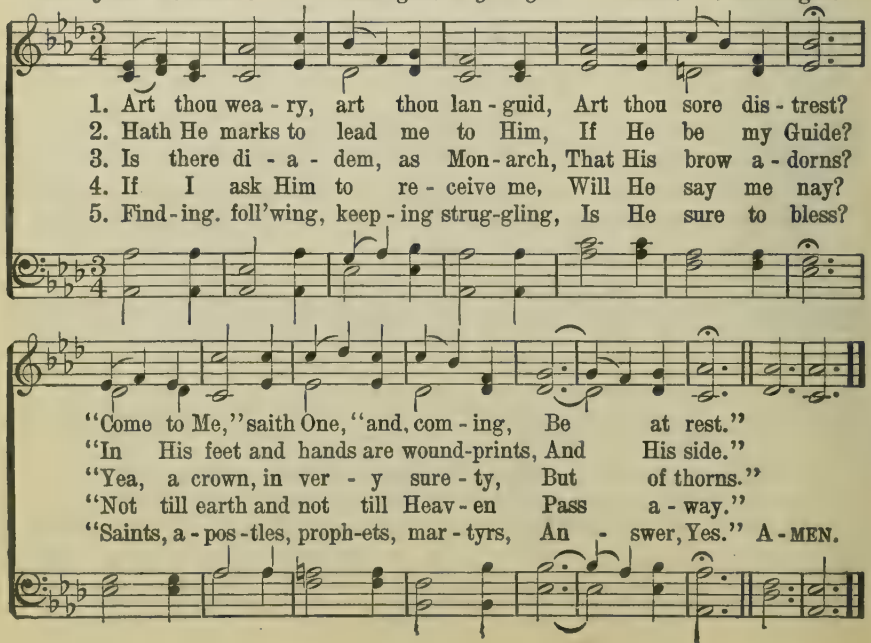

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

186 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.

1. In all my Lord's ap - point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ty, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com - mand;
4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,
Hin - der me not! ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
Hin - der me not! for I am bound To my Im - man-uel's land.
Hin - der me not! come, welcome death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee! A - MEN.

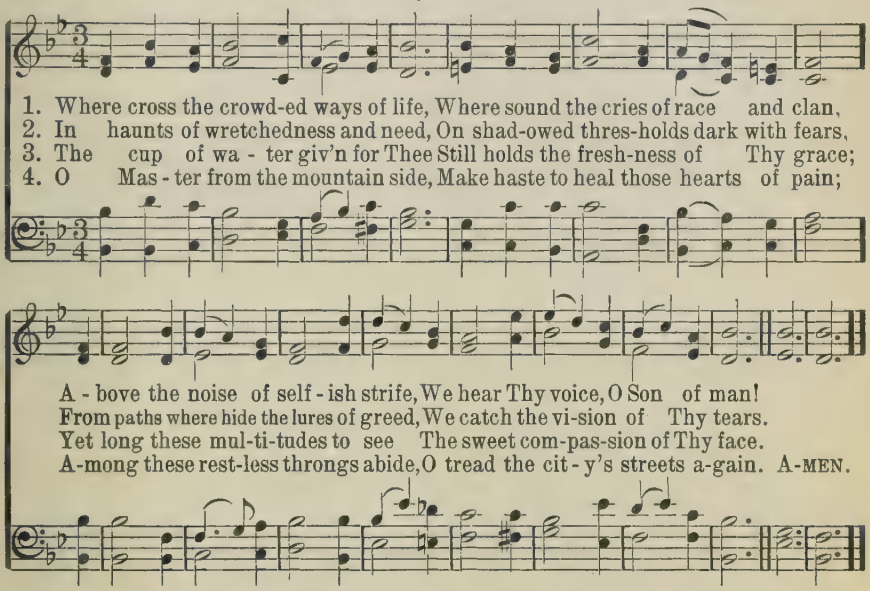
187 Art Thou Weary?

Rev. John M. Neale. *Bullinger. 8.5.8.3.* Rev. W. Bullinger.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
5. Find - ing. foll'wing, keep - ing strug-gling, Is He sure to bless?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
"Not till earth and not till Heav - en Pass a - way."
"Saints, a - pos - tles, proph-ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, Yes." A - MEN.

188 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

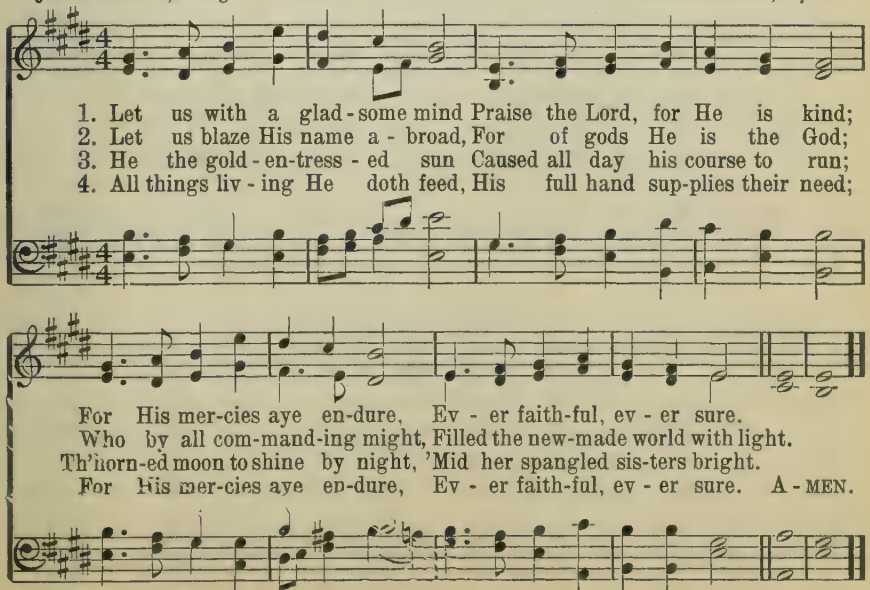
Frank Mason North. *Germany.* *L. M.* Arr. from Beethoven.


1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shad-owed thres-holds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas - ter from the mountain side, Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi-sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul-ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
A-mong these rest-less throngs abide, O tread the cit - y's streets a-gain. A-MEN.

189 Let Us With a Gladsome Mind.

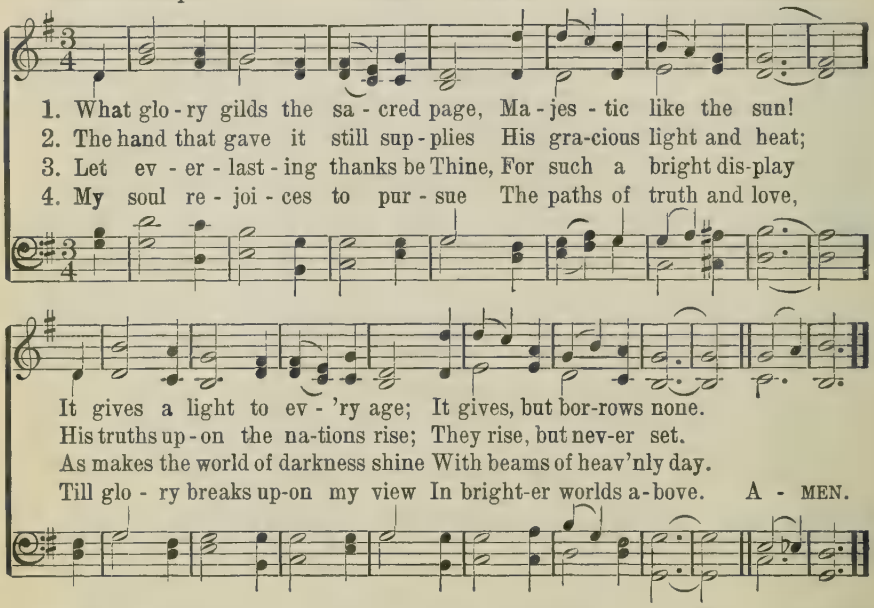
Innocents. 7, 7, 7, 7.

John Milton, 1623. Altered. Arr. from Handel, 1728.


1. Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
2. Let us blaze His name a - broad, For of gods He is the God;
3. He the gold - en-tress - ed sun Caused all day his course to run;
4. All things liv - ing He doth feed, His full hand sup-plies their need;
For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.
Who by all com-mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light.
Th'horn-ed moon to shine by night, 'Mid her spangled sis-ters bright.
For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

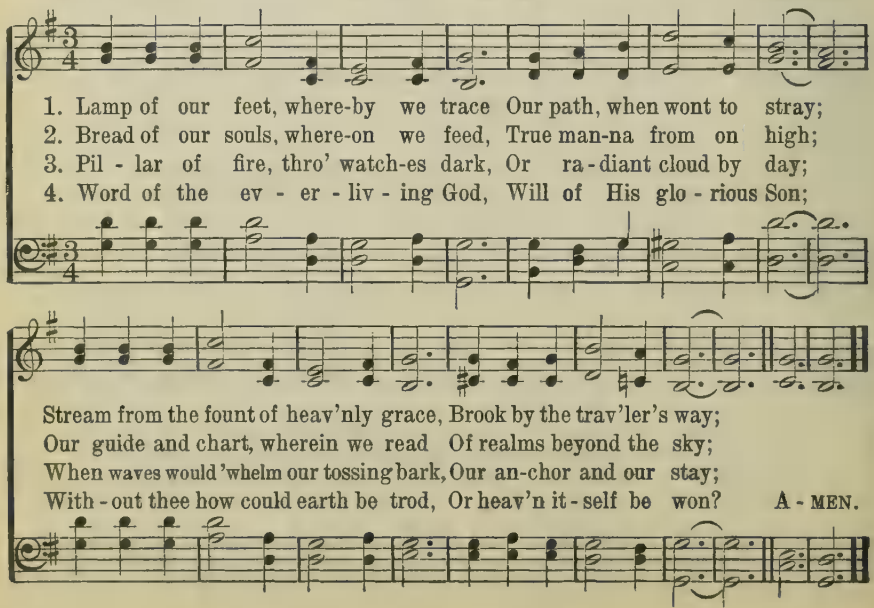
190 What Glory Gilds the Sacred Page.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* William Gardiner.


1. What glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun!
2. The hand that gave it still sup - plies His gra-cious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis-play
4. My soul re - joi - ces to pur - sue The paths of truth and love,
It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor-rows none.
His truths up - on the na-tions rise; They rise, but nev-er set.
As makes the world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
Till glo - ry breaks up-on my view In bright-er worlds a-bove. A - MEN.

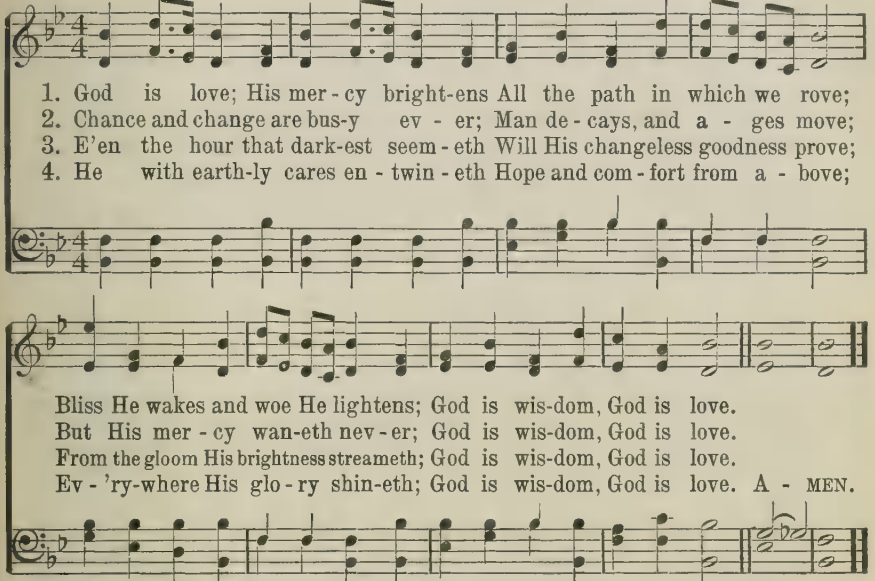
191 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Bernard D. Barton. *Lambeth. C. M.* A. Schulthes.


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra-diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and our stay;
With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won? A - MEN.

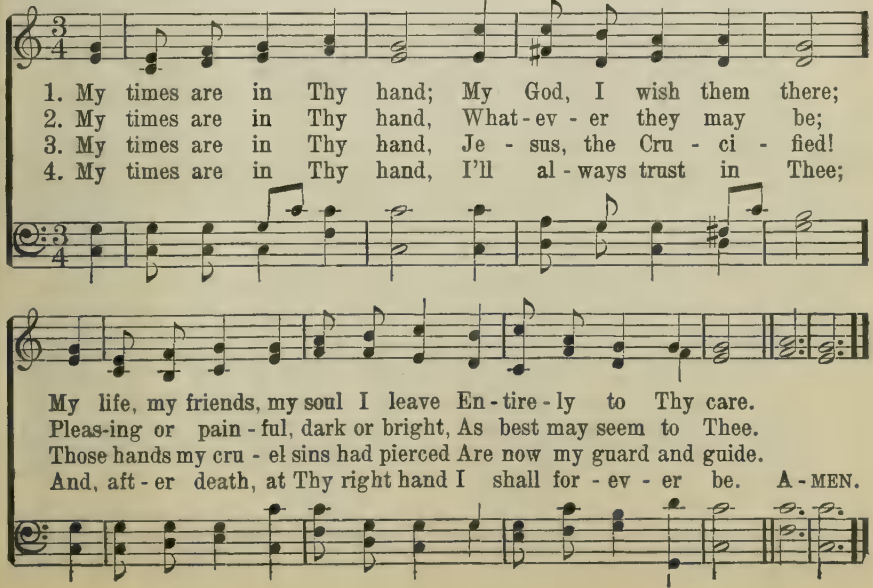
192 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens.

J. Bowring. *Wilmot.* Carl Marie von Weber.


1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

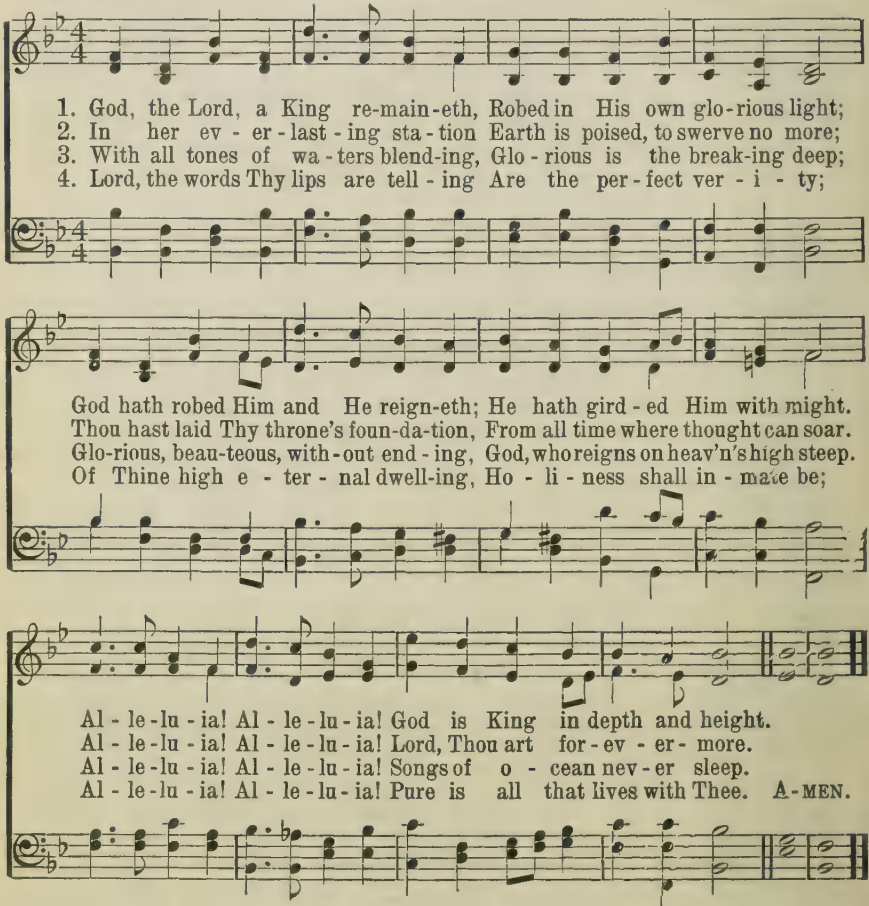
193 My Times Are In Thy Hand.

William F. Floyd. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.


1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied!
4. My times are in Thy hand, I'll al - ways trust in Thee;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas-ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
Those hands my cru - el sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.
And, aft - er death, at Thy right hand I shall for - ev - er be. A - MEN.

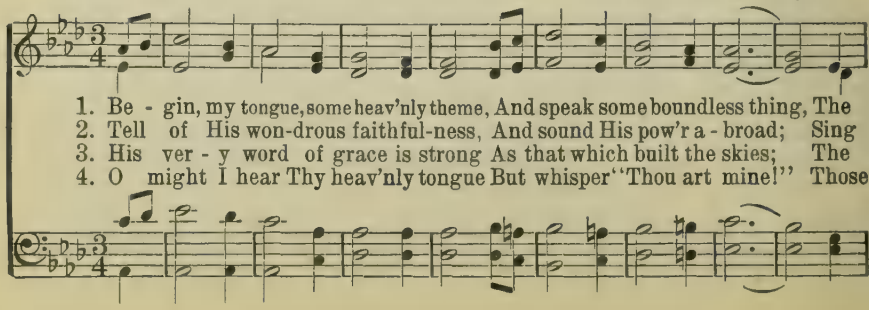
194 God, the Lord, a King Remaineth.

John Keble. *Regent Square.* Henry Smart.

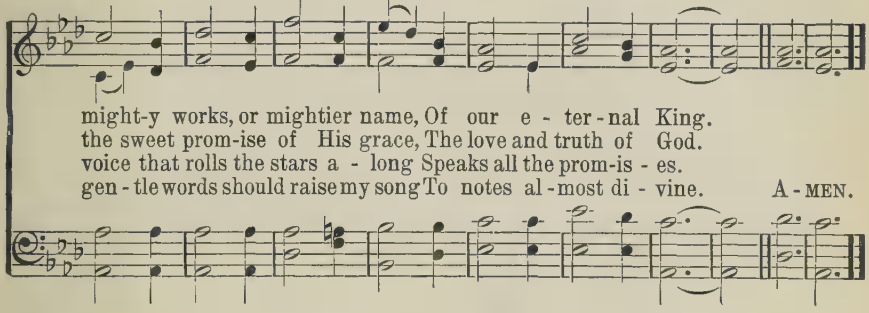

1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;
2. In her ev - er - last - ing sta - tion Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
3. With all tones of wa - ters blend-ing, Glo - rious is the break-ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;
God hath robed Him and He reign-eth; He hath gird - ed Him with might.
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foun-da-tion, From all time where thought can soar.
Glo-rious, beau-teous, with - out end - ing, God, who reigns on heav'n's high steep.
Of Thine high e - ter - nal dwell-ing, Ho - li - ness shall in - mate be;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, Thou art for - ev - er - more.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Songs of o - cean nev - er sleep.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that lives with Thee. A-MEN.

195 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.

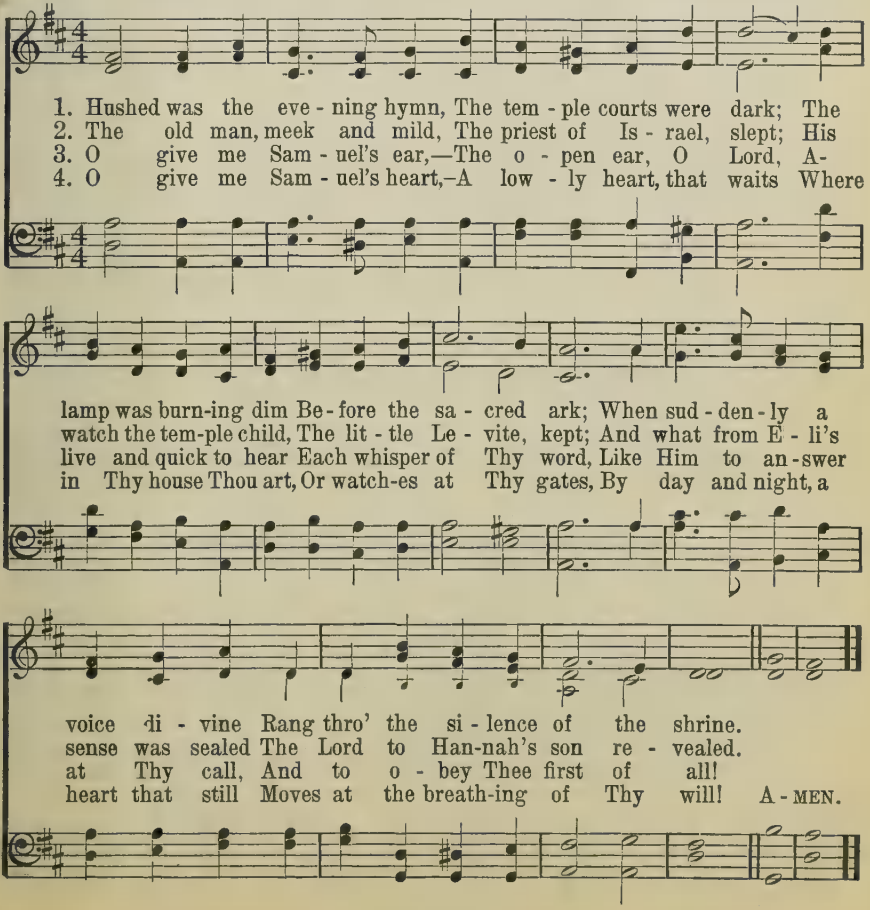
Isaac Watts. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing, The
2. Tell of His won-drous faithful-ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad; Sing
3. His ver - y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The
4. O might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue But whisper "Thou art mine!" Those

Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme.


might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.
the sweet prom-ise of His grace, The love and truth of God.
voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom-is - es.
gen - tle words should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine. A - MEN.

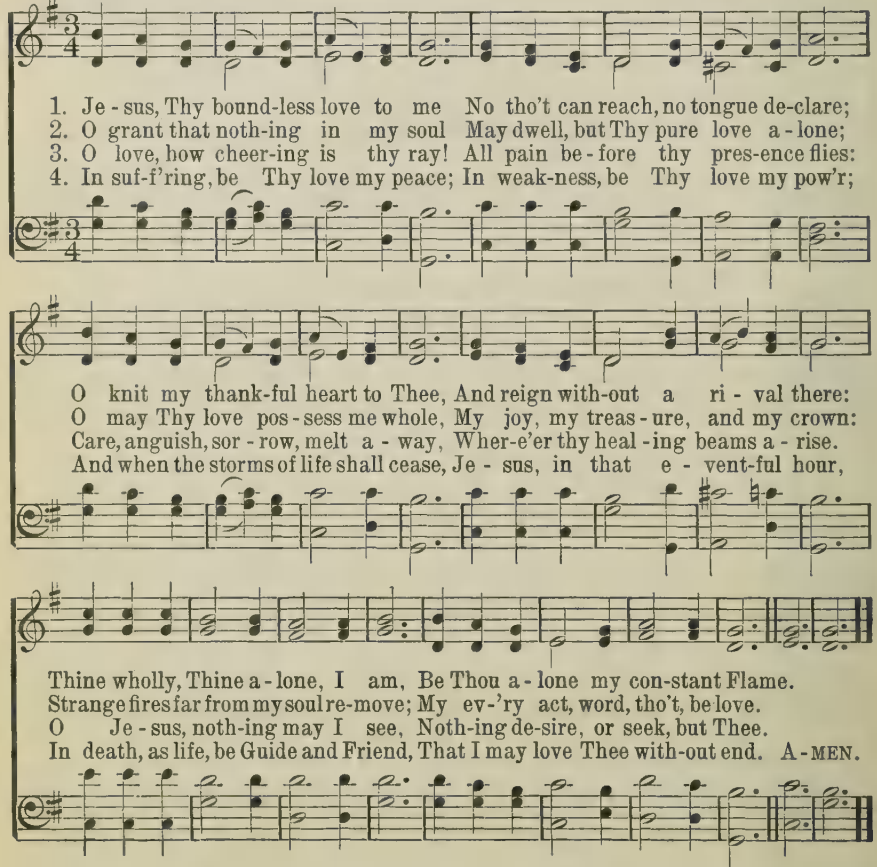
196 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

James D. Burns. *Samuel.* Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael, slept; His
3. O give me Sam - uel's ear,—The o - pen ear, O Lord, A-
4. O give me Sam - uel's heart,—A low - ly heart, that waits Where
lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den - ly a
watch the tem-ple child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And what from E - li's
live and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word, Like Him to an - swer
in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-es at Thy gates, By day and night, a
voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
sense was sealed The Lord to Han-nah's son re - vealed.
at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all!
heart that still Moves at the breath-ing of Thy will! A - MEN.

197 Jesus, Thy Boundless Love To Me.

Paul Gerhardt. Translated by John Wesley.

St. Catherine.

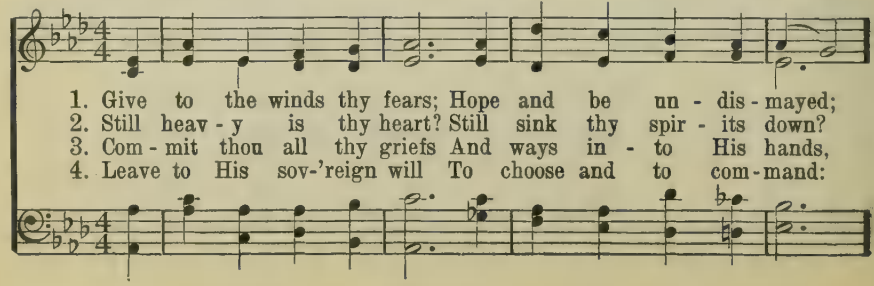
Henri F. Hemy and James G. Walton.

1. Je - sus, Thy bound-less love to me No tho't can reach, no tongue de-clare;
2. O grant that noth-ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a - lone;
3. O love, how cheer-ing is thy ray! All pain be - fore thy pres-ence flies:
4. In suf-f'ring, be Thy love my peace; In weak-ness, be Thy love my pow'r;
O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee, And reign with-out a ri - val there:
O may Thy love pos - sess me whole, My joy, my treas - ure, and my crown:
Care, anguish, sor - row, melt a - way, Wher-e'er thy heal - ing beams a - rise.
And when the storms of life shall cease, Je - sus, in that e - vent-ful hour,
Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am, Be Thou a - lone my con-stant Flame.
Strange fires far from my soul re-move; My ev-'ry act, word, tho't, be love.
O Je - sus, noth-ing may I see, Noth-ing de-sire, or seek, but Thee.
In death, as life, be Guide and Friend, That I may love Thee with-out end. A - MEN.

198 Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

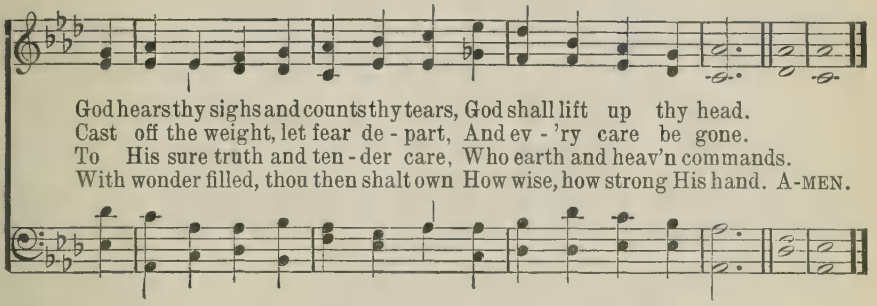
Paulus Gerhardt. Translated by John Wesley.

Schumann. S. M.

Cantica Laudis.

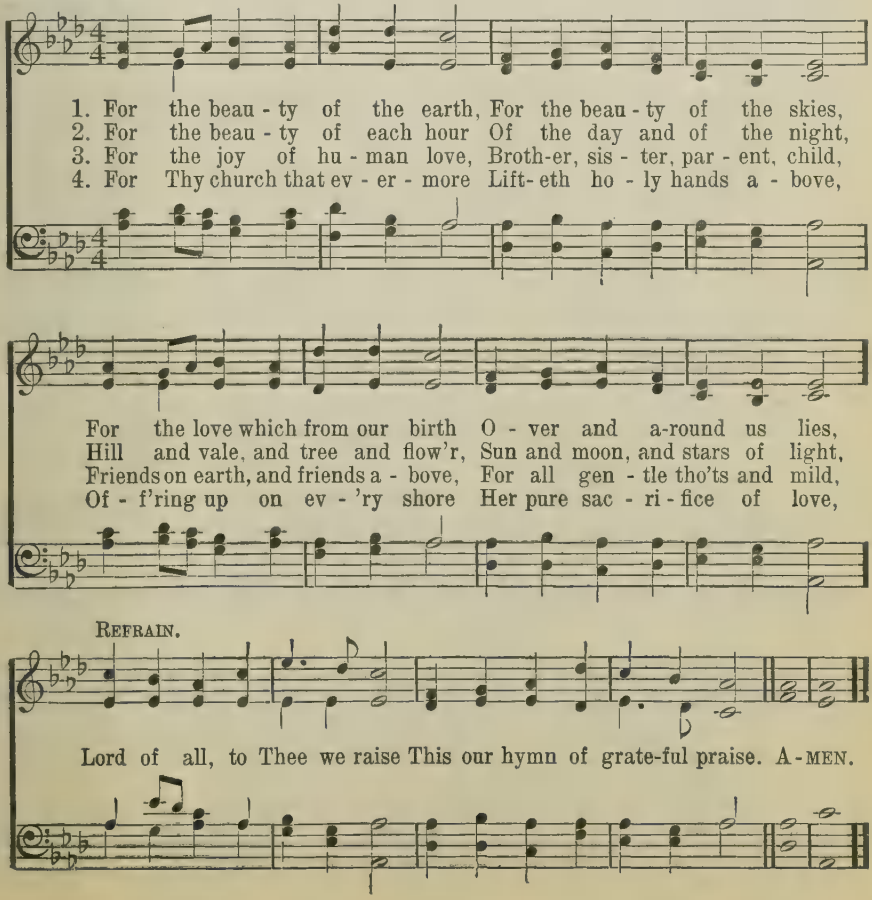

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un - dis - mayed;
2. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sink thy spir - its down?
3. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,
4. Leave to His sov-'reign will To choose and to com - mand:

Give to the Winds Thy Fears.


God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
Cast off the weight, let fear de - part, And ev - 'ry care be gone.
To His sure truth and ten - der care, Who earth and heav'n commands.
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand. A-MEN.

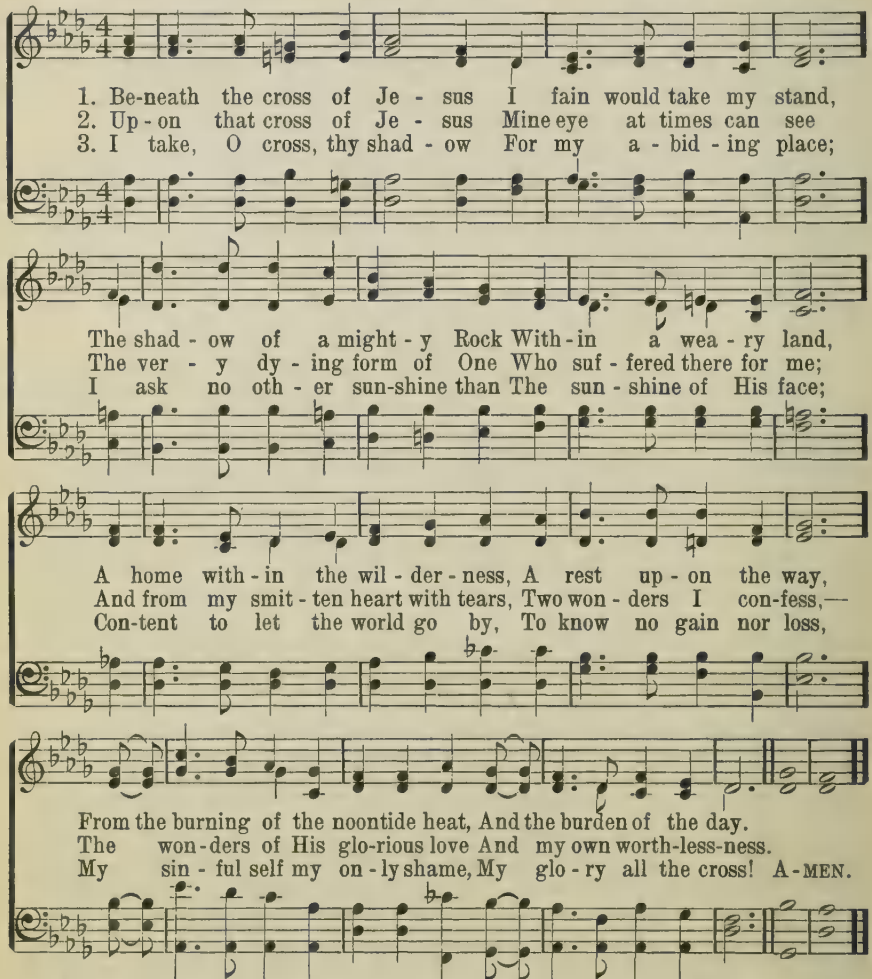
199 For the Beauty of the Earth.

Folliott S. Pierpoint. *Dix.* Arranged from Conrad Kocher.


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth-er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy church that ev - er - more Lift-eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a-round us lies,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle tho'ts and mild,
Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,
REFRAIN.
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-MEN.

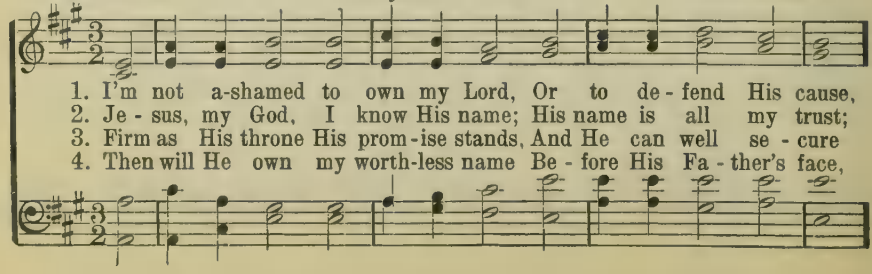
200 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. *St. Christopher.* Frederick C. Maker.

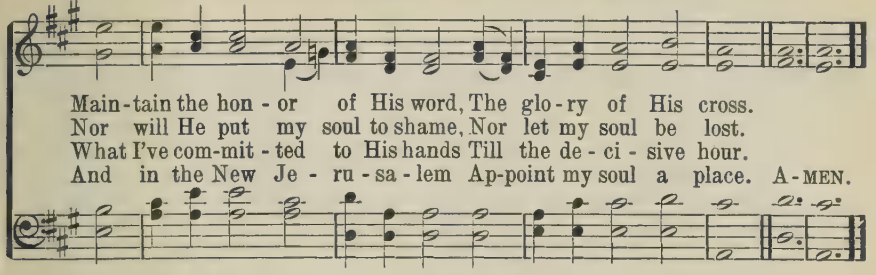

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land,
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears, Two won - ders I con-fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burning of the noontide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won-ders of His glo-rious love And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross! A - MEN.

201 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

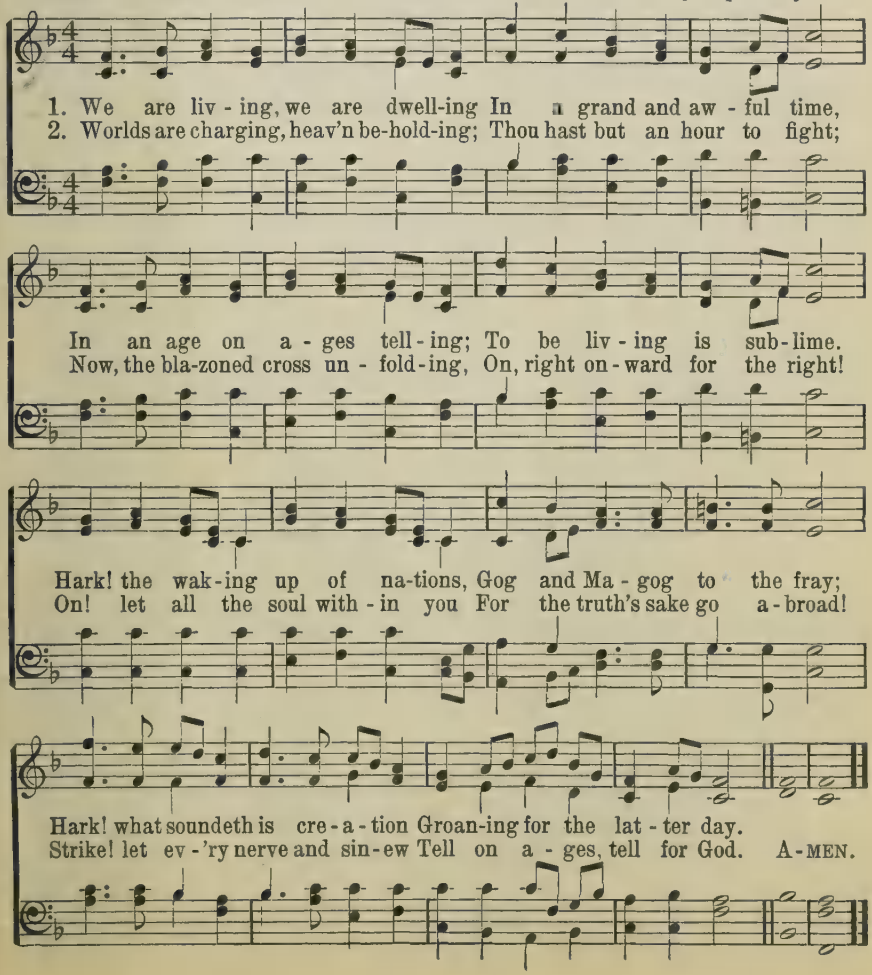
Isaac Watts. *Denfield. C. M.* Carl Glasser.


1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom - ise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,

I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

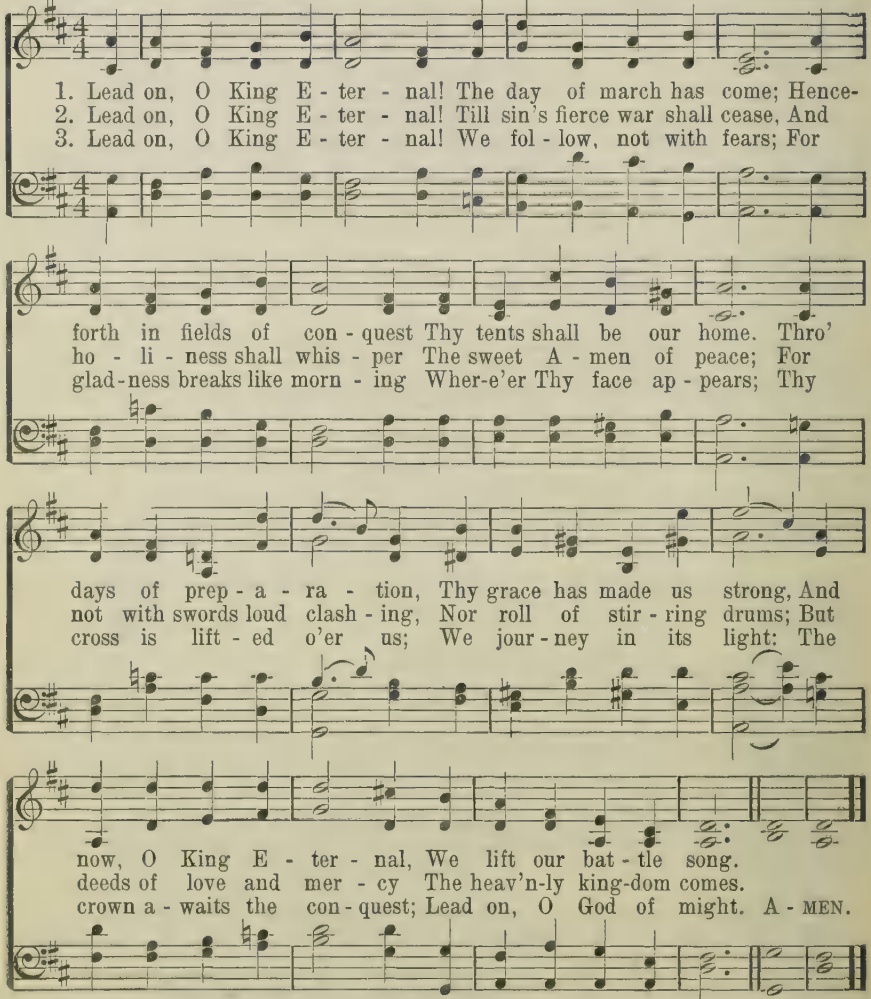

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.
What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point my soul a place. A-MEN.

202 We Are Living, We Are Dwelling.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. *Austria.* Franz Joseph Haydn.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell-ing In a grand and aw - ful time,
2. Worlds are charging, heav'n be-hold-ing; Thou hast but an hour to fight;
In an age on a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub-lime.
Now, the bla-zoned cross un - fold-ing, On, right on-ward for the right!
Hark! the wak-ing up of na-tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
On! let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake go a-broad!
Hark! what soundeth is cre-a-tion Groan-ing for the lat - ter day.
Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin-ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God. A-MEN.

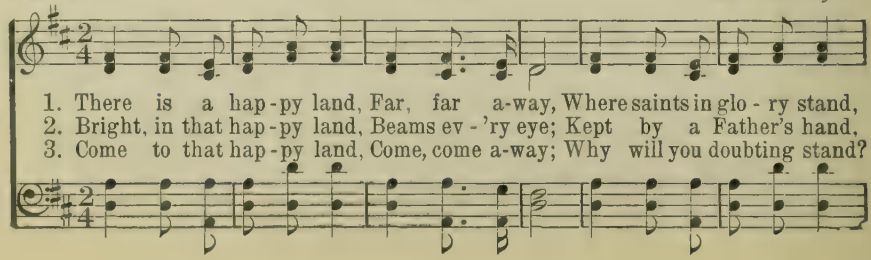
203 Lead On, O King Eternal!

Ernest W. Schurtleff. *Lancashire.* 7s. 6s. D. Henry Smart.

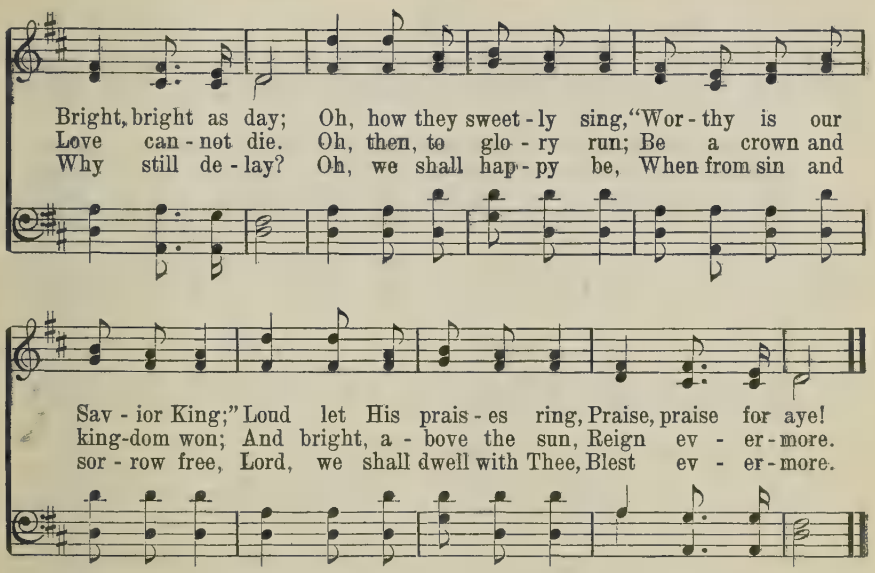

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come; Hence-
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! We fol - low, not with fears; For
forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro'
ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For
glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy
days of prep - a - ra - tion, Thy grace has made us strong, And
not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums; But
cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light; The
now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

204 Happy Land.

Old Melody.

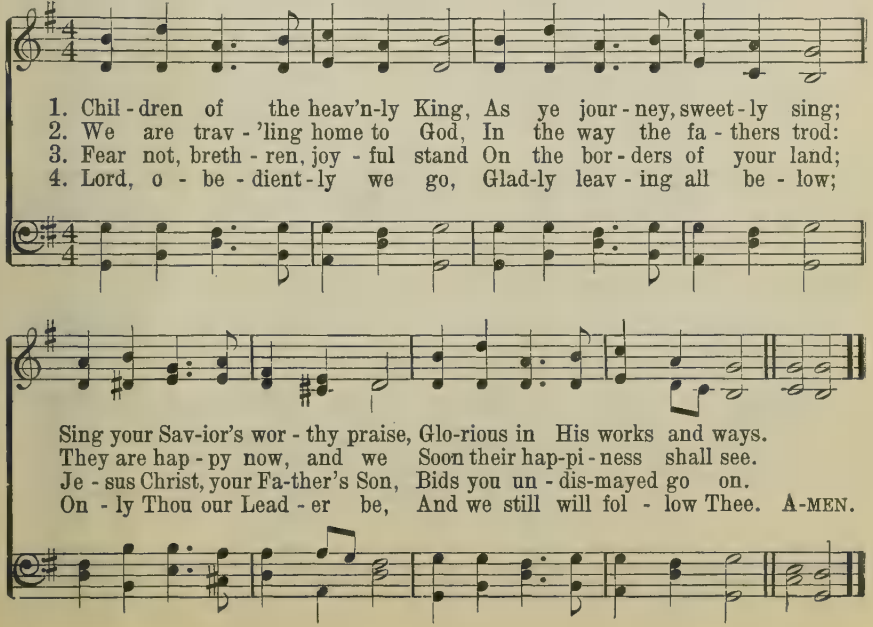

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?

Happy Land.

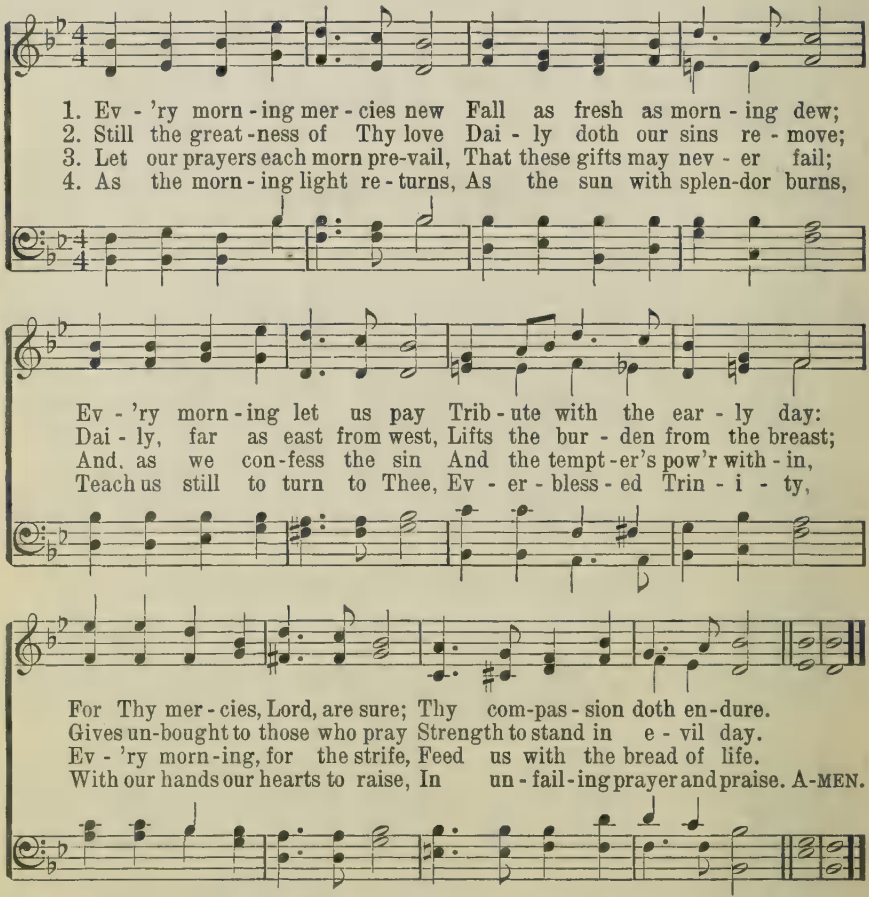

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our
Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Sav - ior King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more.

205 Children of the Heavenly King.

Rev. John Cennick. *Pleyel's Hymn.* 7s. Arr. from Ignace Pleyel.

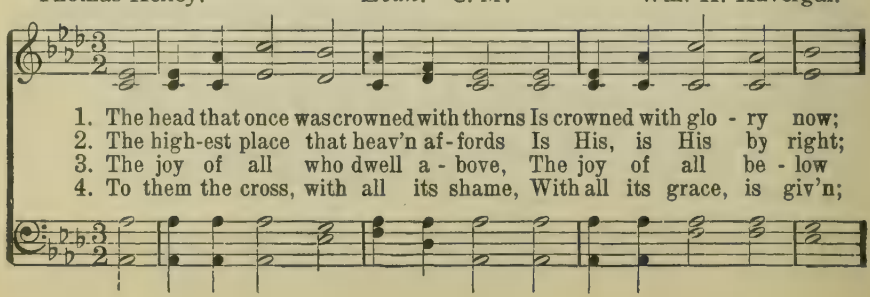

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod:
3. Fear not, breth - ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
4. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Sav-ior's wor - thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap-pi - ness shall see.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

206 Every Morning Mercies New.

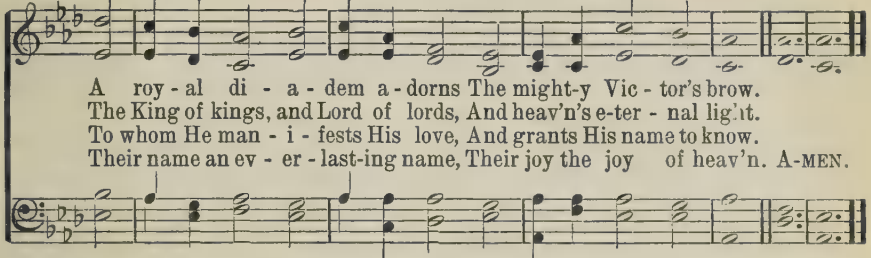
Greville Phillimore. *Kelso.* Edward J. Hopkins.

1. Ev - 'ry morn - ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew;
2. Still the great - ness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move;
3. Let our prayers each morn pre-vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail;
4. As the morn - ing light re - turns, As the sun with splen-dor burns,
Ev - 'ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day:
Dai - ly, far as east from west, Lifts the bur - den from the breast;
And, as we con-fess the sin And the tempt - er's pow'r with - in,
Teach us still to turn to Thee, Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty,
For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas - sion doth en-dure.
Gives un-bought to those who pray Strength to stand in e - vil day.
Ev - 'ry morn - ing, for the strife, Feed us with the bread of life.
With our hands our hearts to raise, In un - fail - ing prayer and praise. A-MEN.

207 The Head That Once Was Crowned.

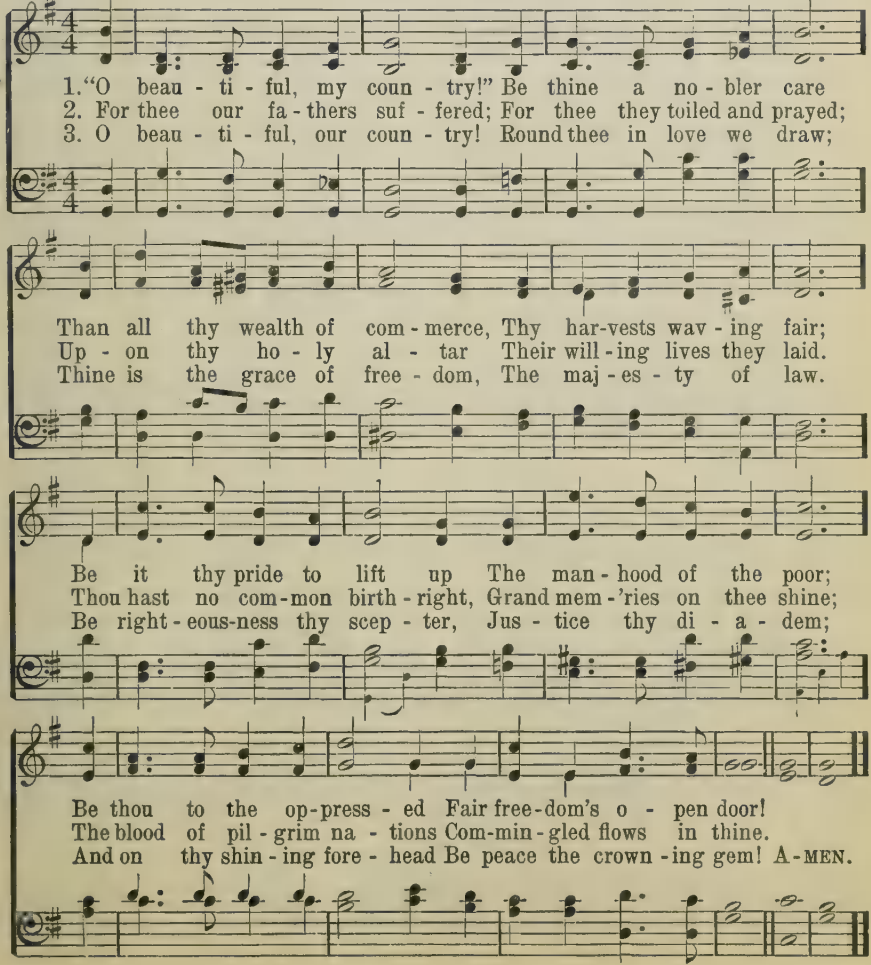
Thomas Kelley. *Evan. C. M.* Wm. H. Havergal.


1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high-est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low
4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;

The Head That Once Was Crowned.

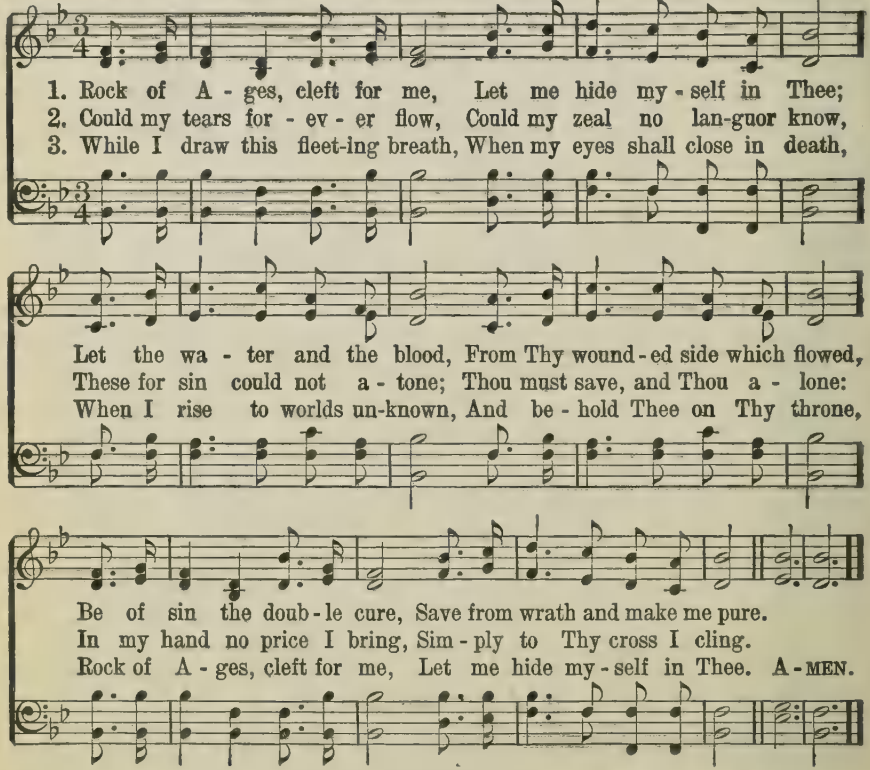

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e-ter - nal light.
To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
Their name an ev - er - last-ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n. A-MEN.

208 O Beautiful, My Country!

Frederick L. Hosmer. *Salve Domine.* Lawrence W. Watson.

1."O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try!" Be thine a no - bler care
2. For thee our fa - thers suf - fered; For thee they toiled and prayed;
3. O beau - ti - ful, our coun - try! Round thee in love we draw;
Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har-vests wav - ing fair;
Up - on thy ho - ly al - tar Their will - ing lives they laid.
Thine is the grace of free - dom, The maj - es - ty of law.
Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;
Thou hast no com-mon birth - right, Grand mem - 'ries on thee shine;
Be right - eous-ness thy scep - ter, Jus - tice thy di - a - dem;
Be thou to the op-press - ed Fair free-dom's o - pen door!
The blood of pil - grim na - tions Com-min - gled flows in thine.
And on thy shin - ing fore - head Be peace the crown - ing gem! A-MEN.

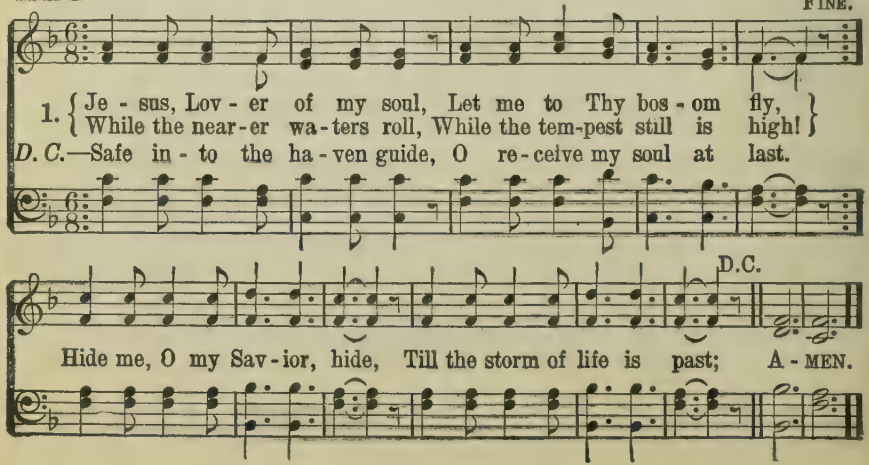
209 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

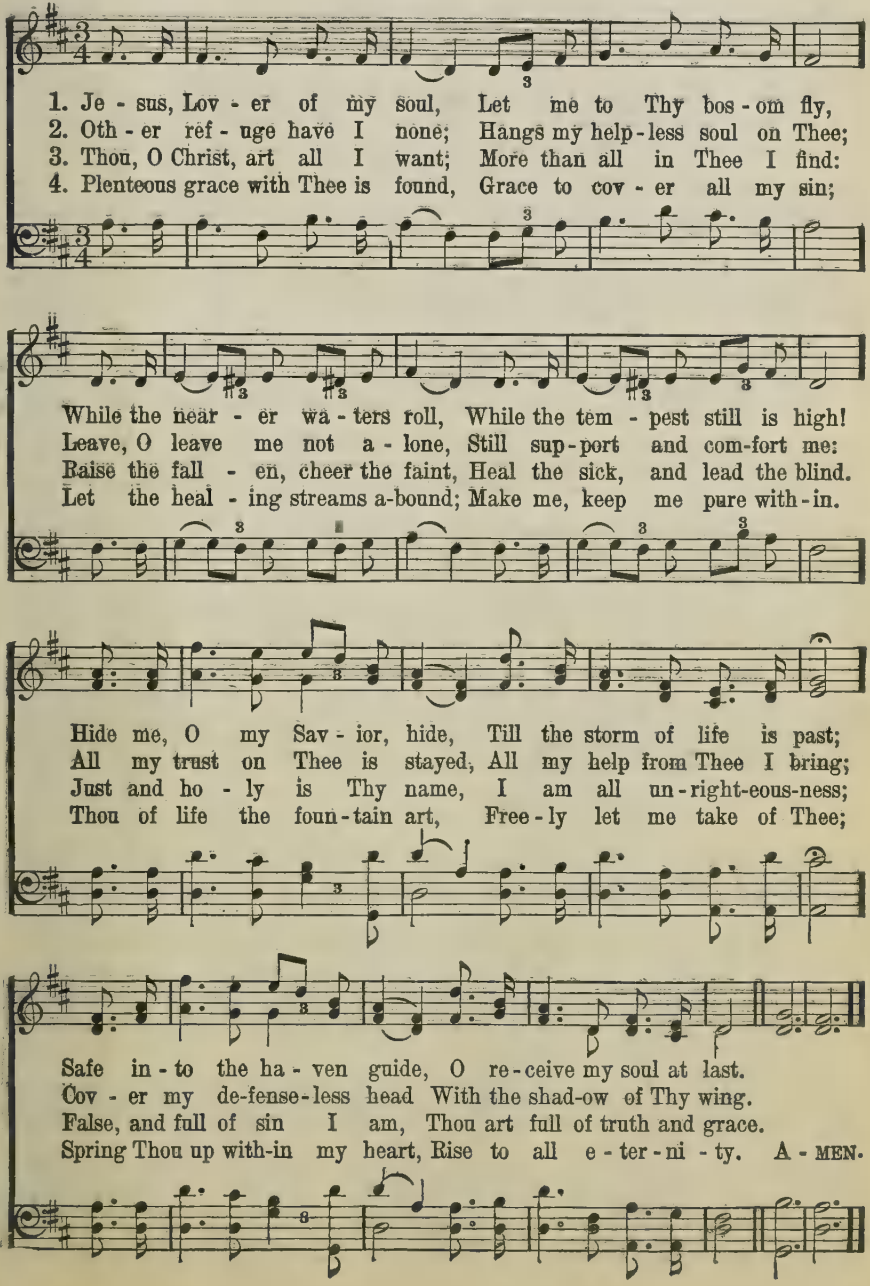
210

Martyn. 7s. D. Simeon B. Marsh.

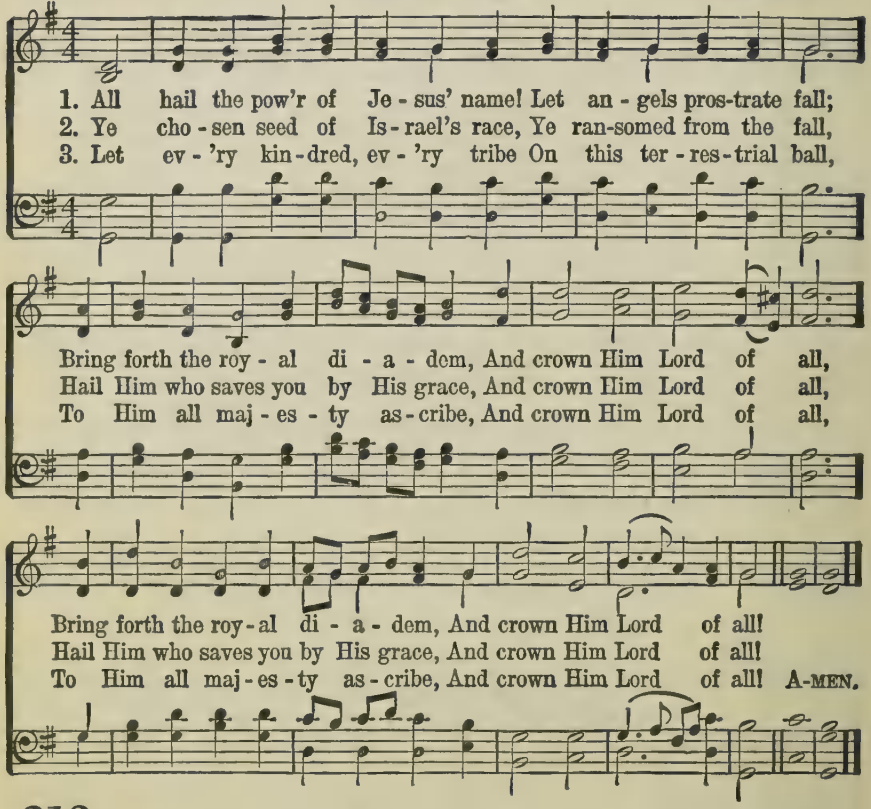

FINE.
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

211 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.

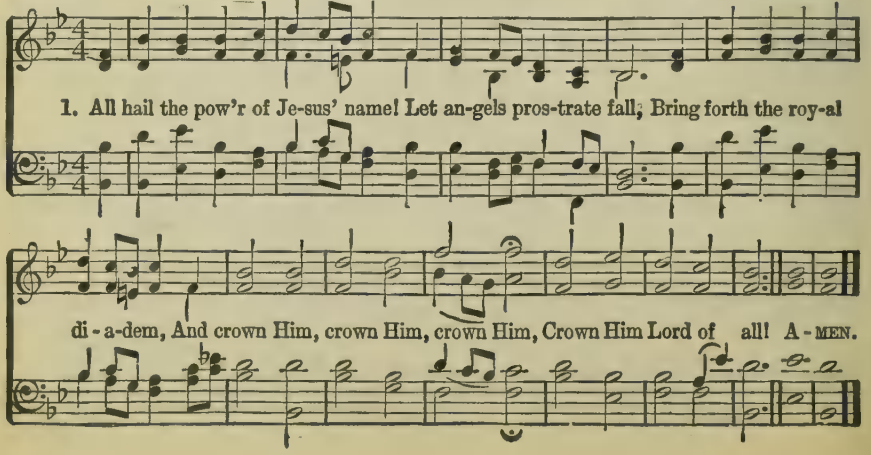

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

212 All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

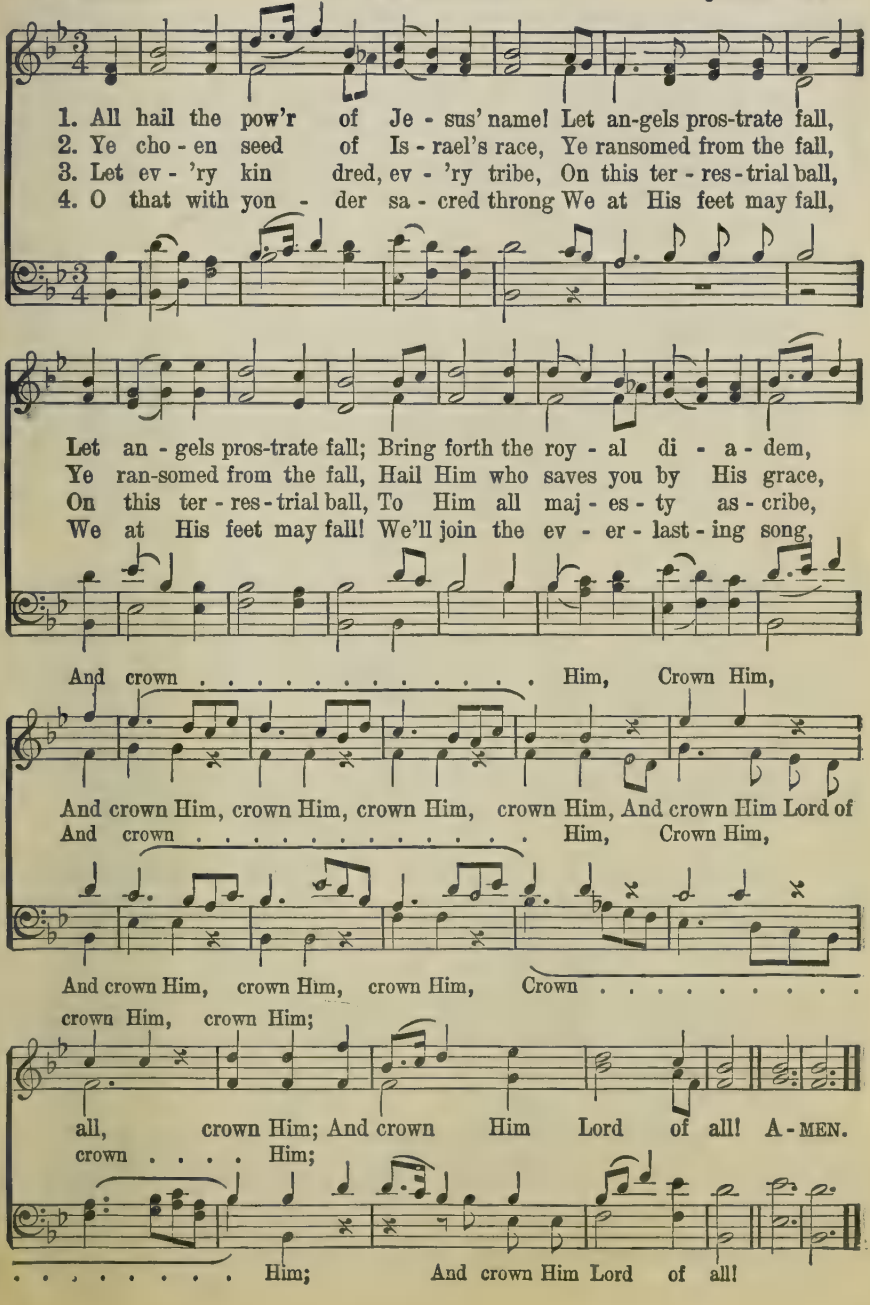
213

Miles' Lane. C. M. William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

214 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown . . . . Him;
. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

215 Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

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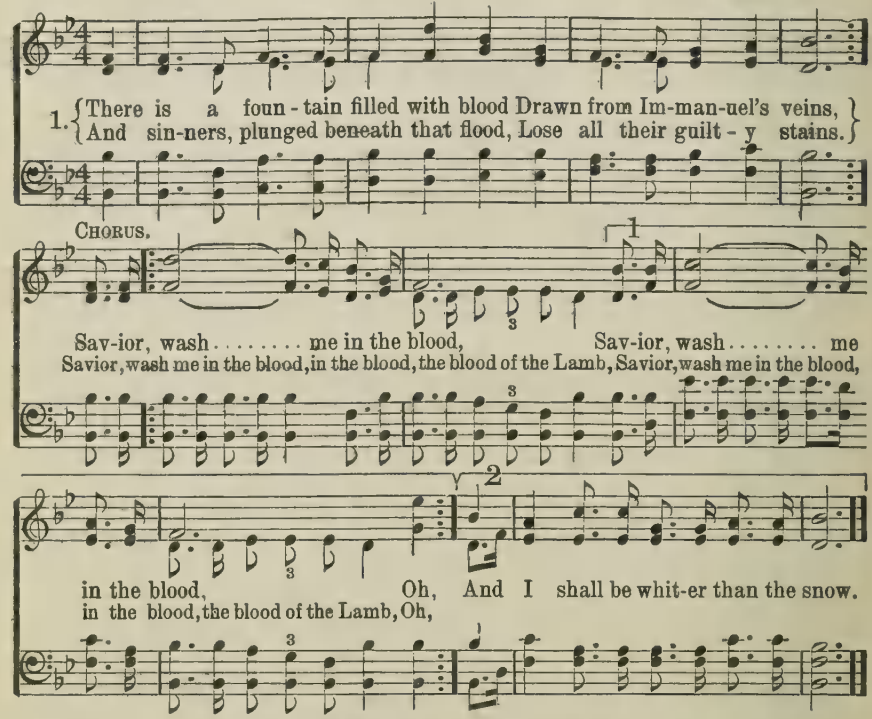
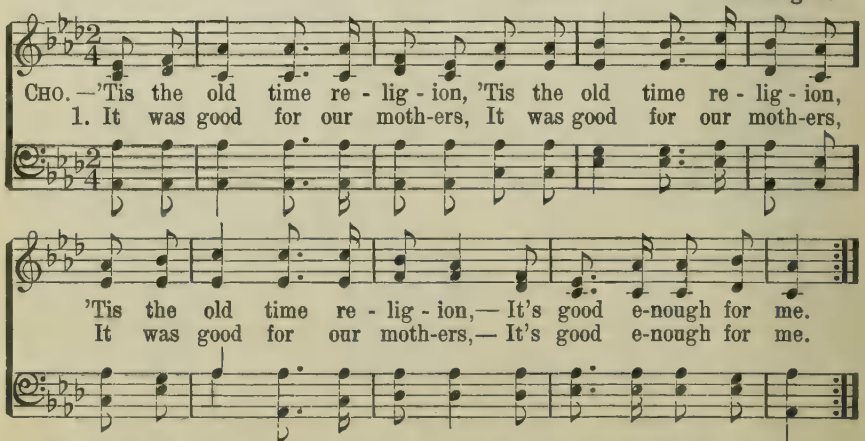
E. O. Excell.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Chorus.
Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me in the blood, Sav-ior, wash . . . . . me
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,
in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

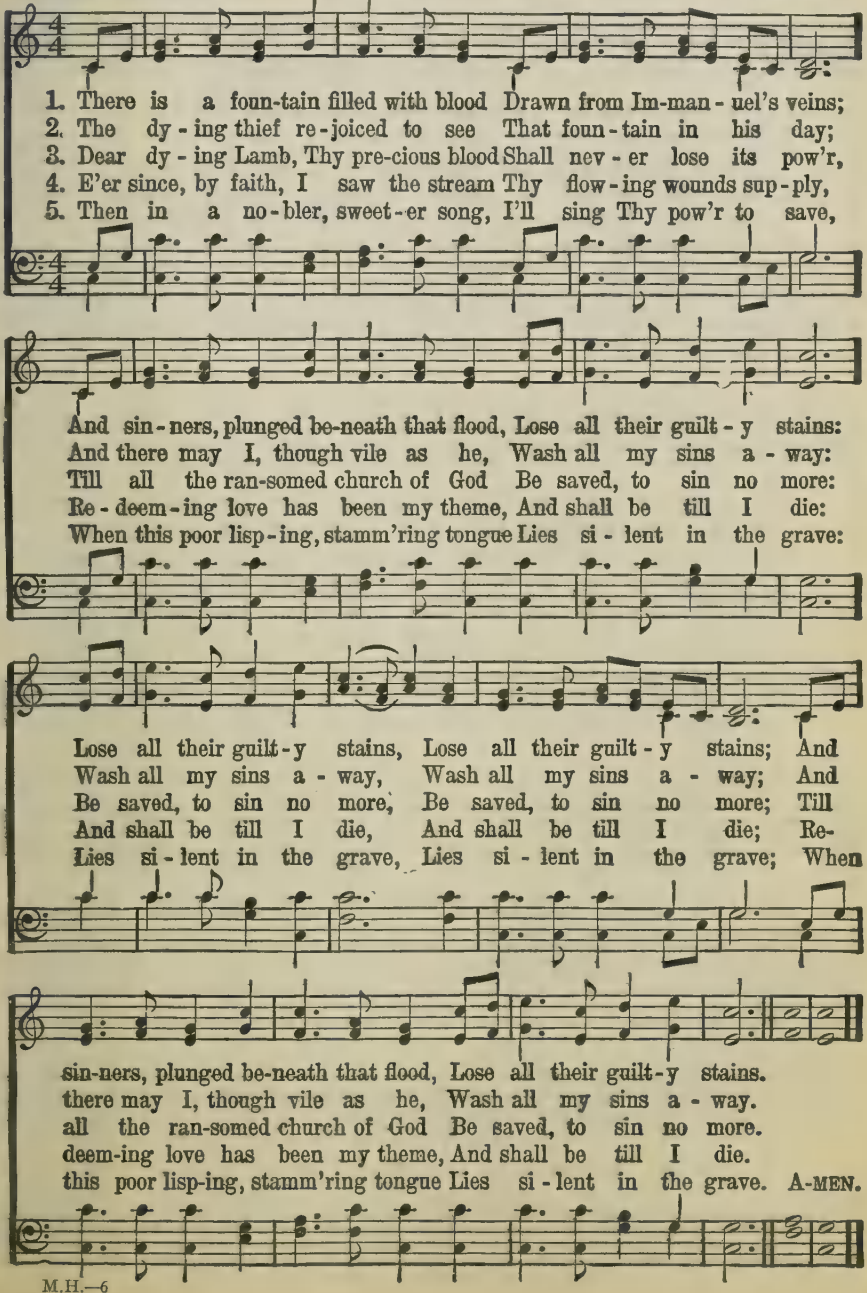
216 Old Time Religion.

Arranged.


Cho.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,— It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers,— It's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has sav-ed our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It can take us all to heaven.

217 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

218 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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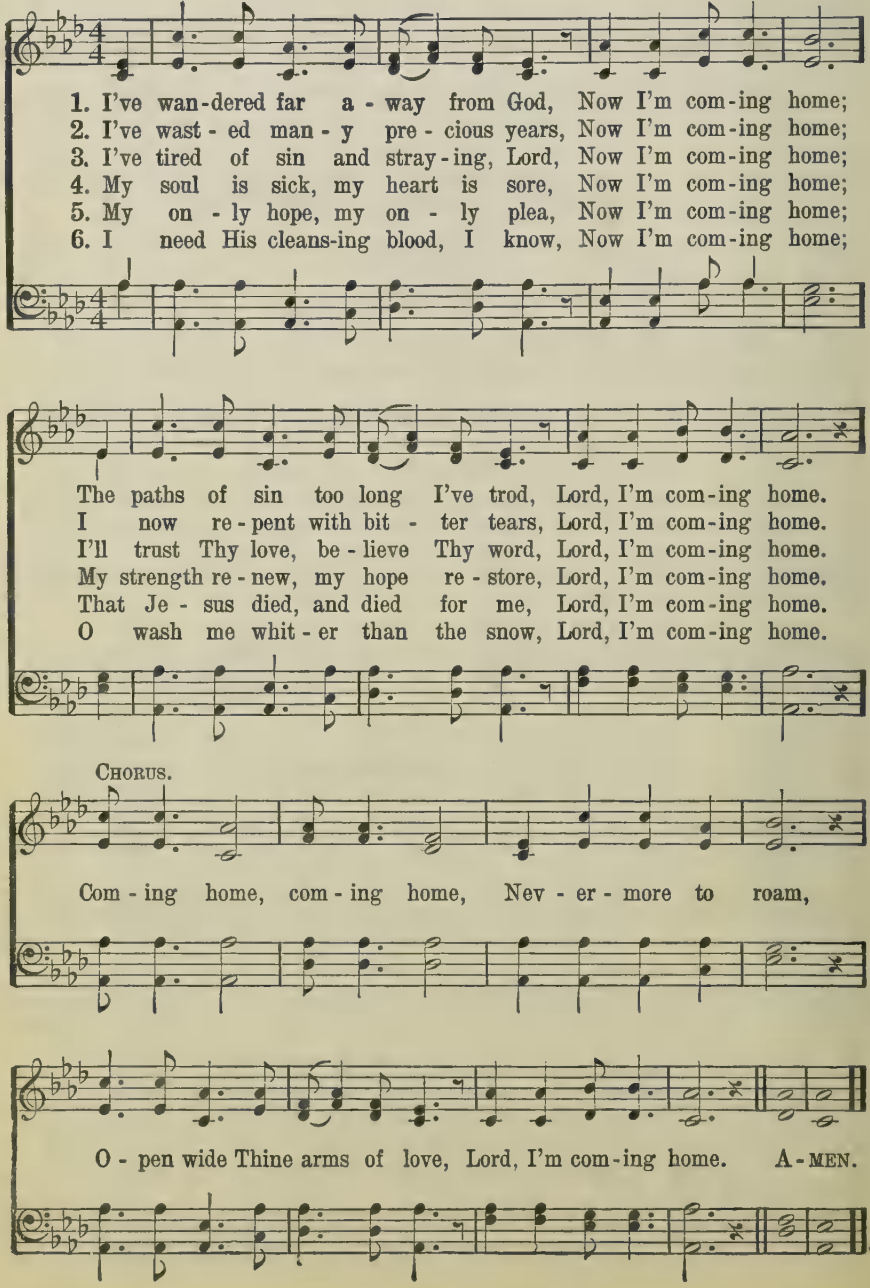
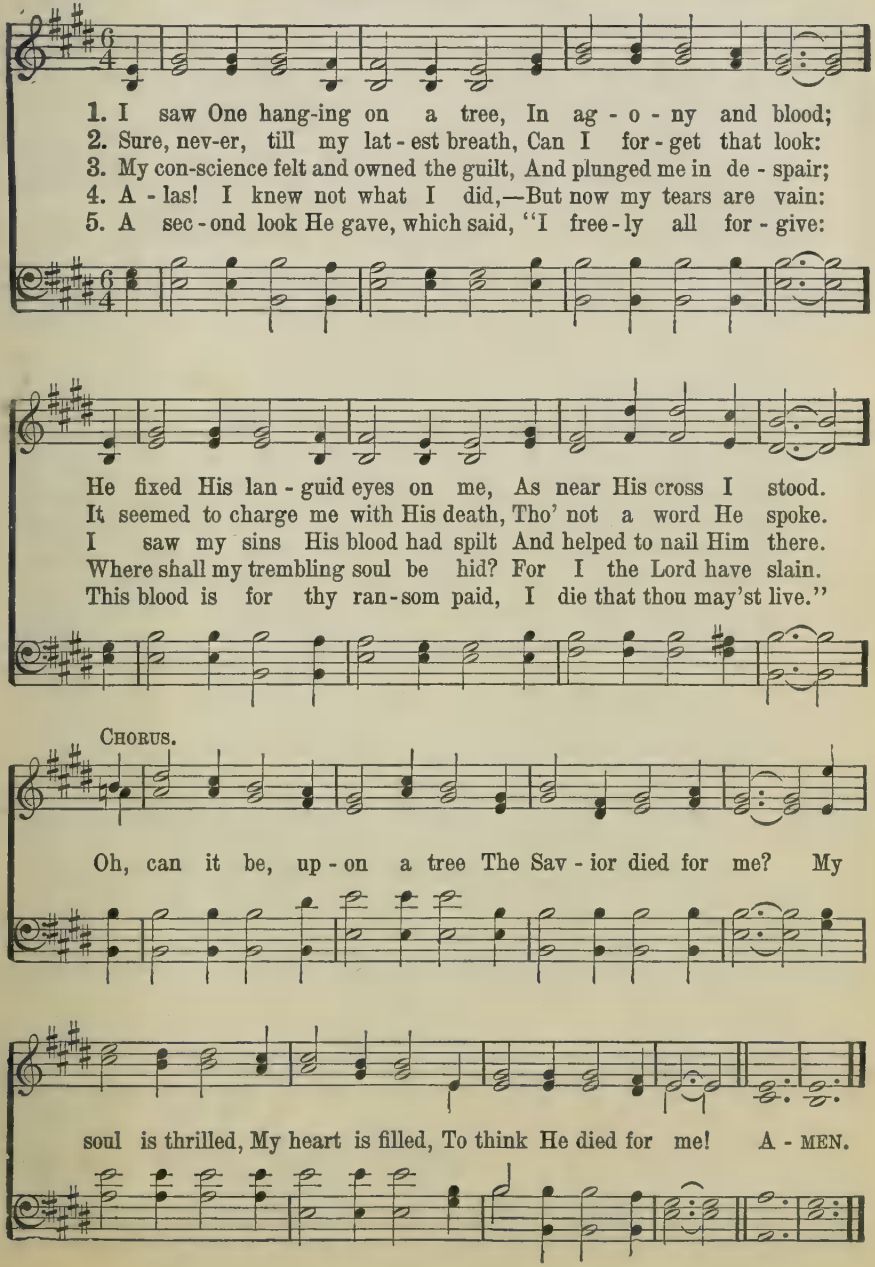

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A-MEN.

219 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
CHORUS.
Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My
soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

220 He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

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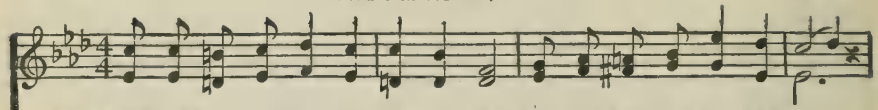
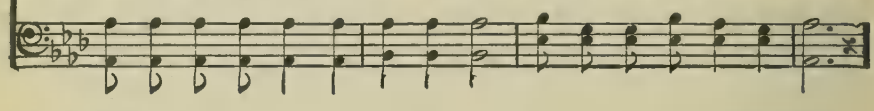
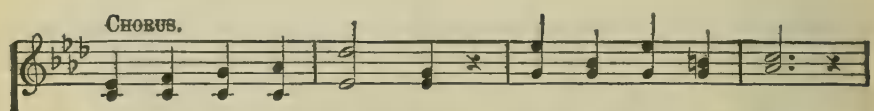


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

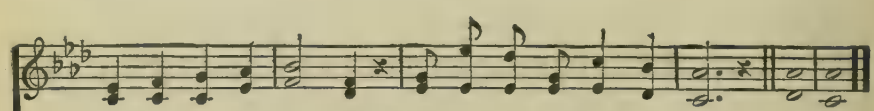
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



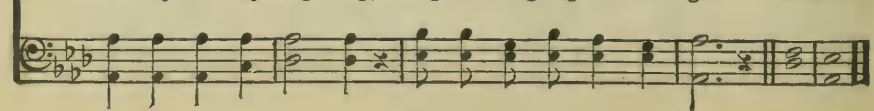
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



221 My Savior's Love.

C. H. G.

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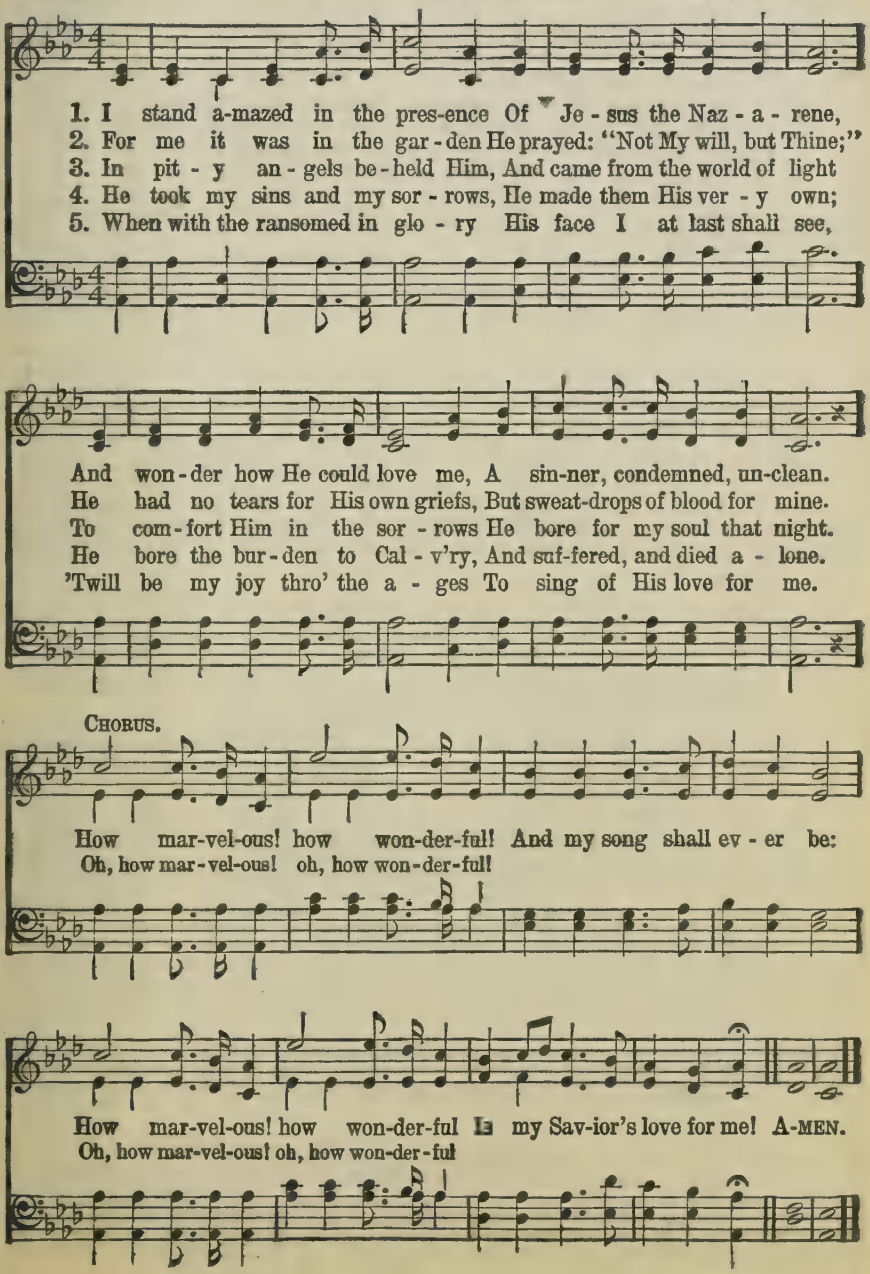
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,
And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.
Chorus.
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel-ous! oh, how won - der-ful!
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-men.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful

224 I Am Praying For You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

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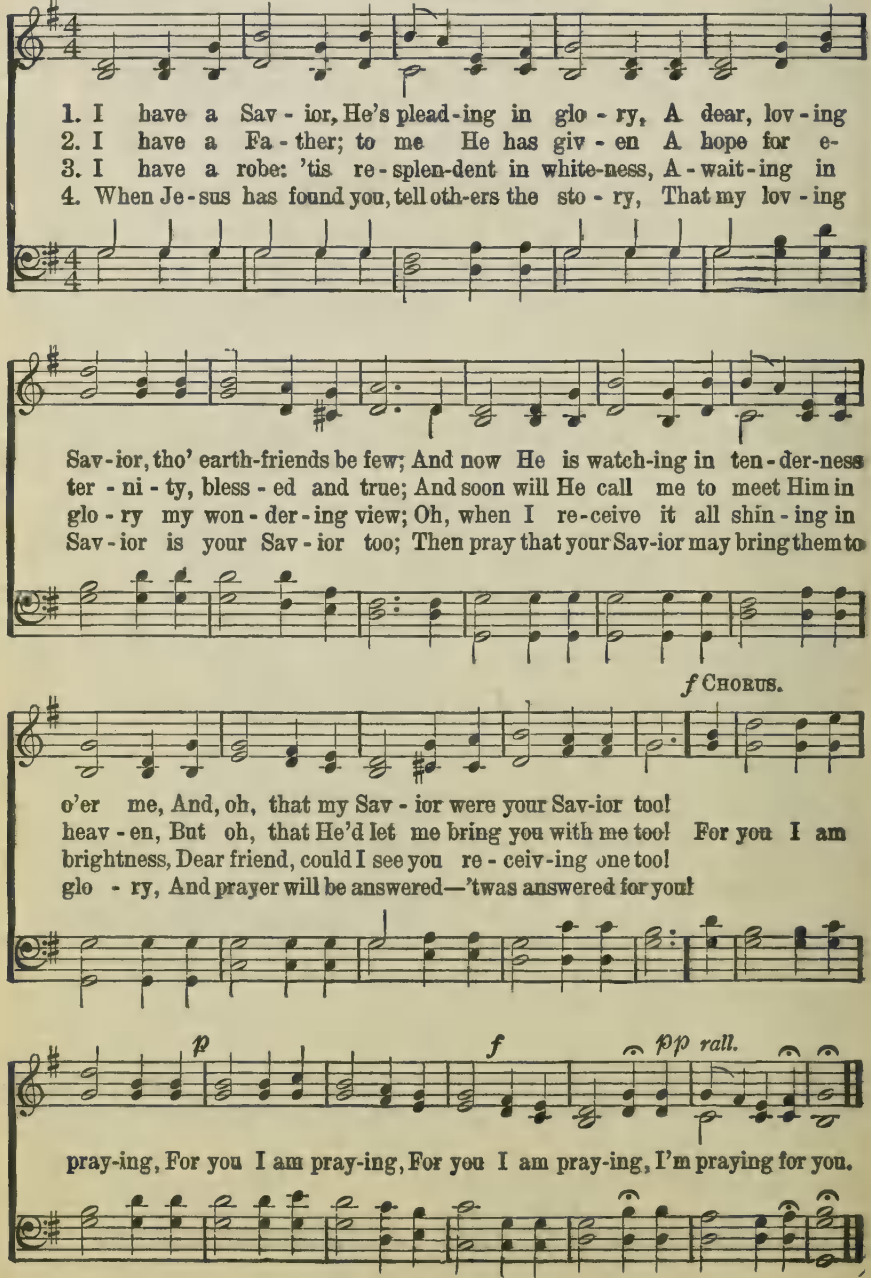
1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen-dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Sav - ior, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to
f CHORUS.
o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav-ior too!
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!
p
f
pp rall.
pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm praying for you.

225 Throw Out the Life-Line.

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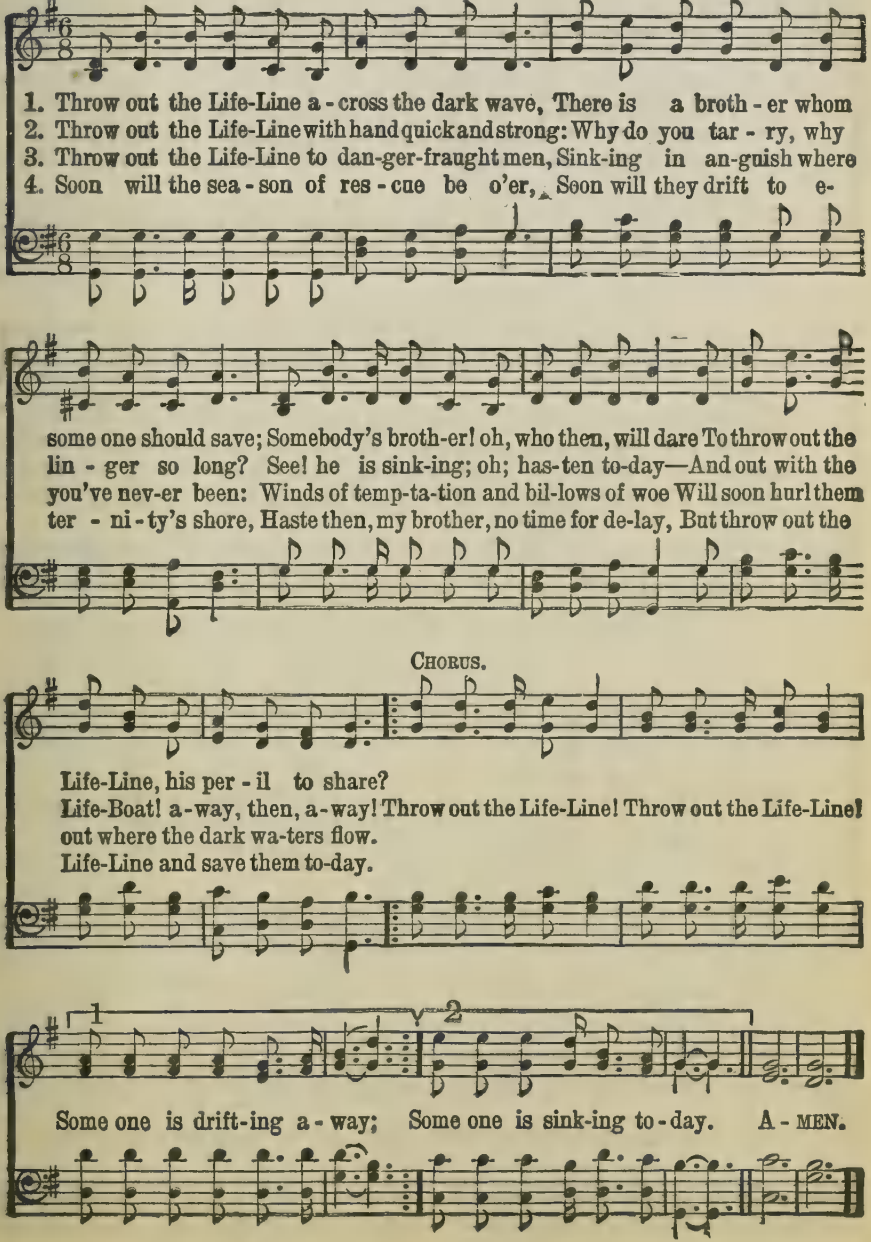
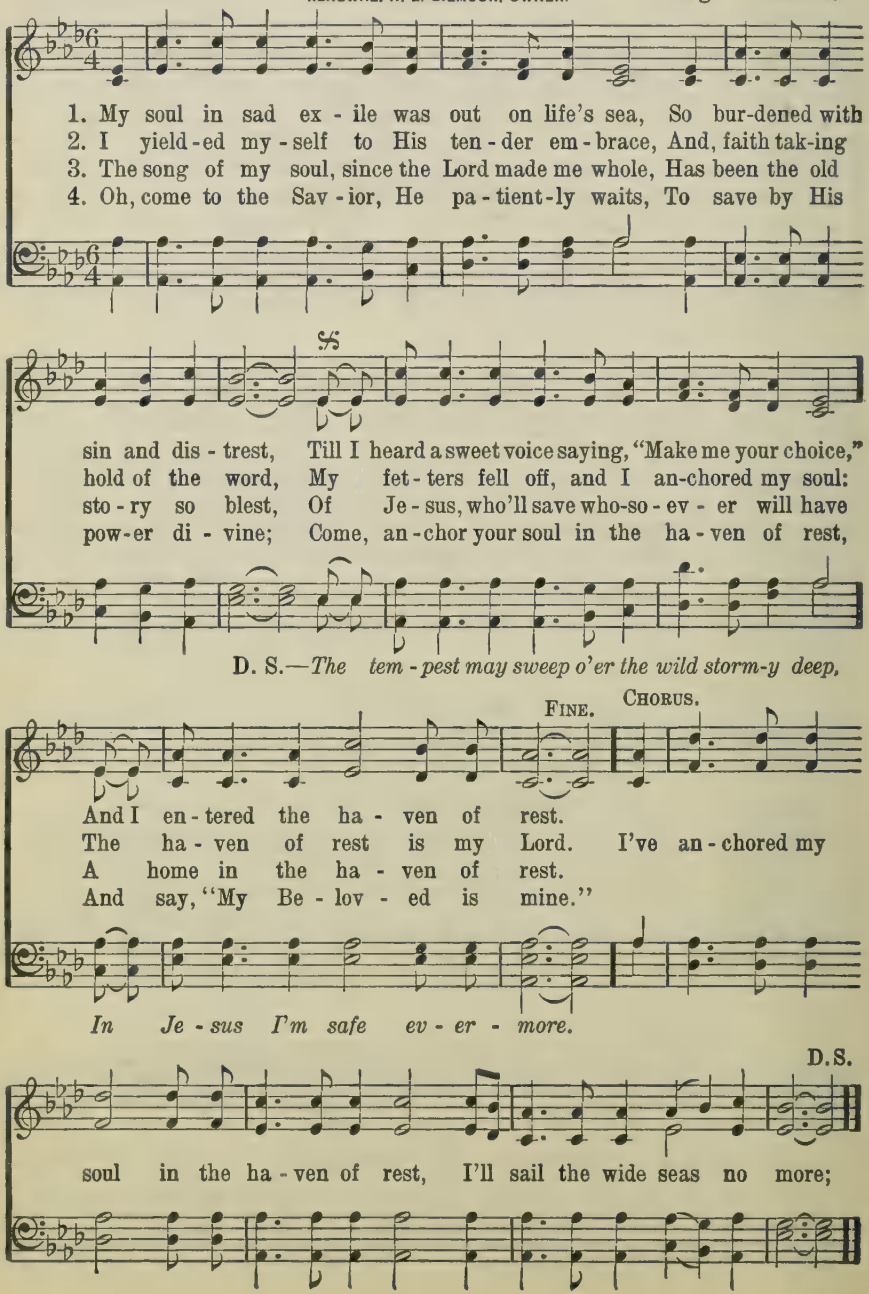
Edward S. Ufford. E. S. Ufford.
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the
CHORUS.
Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.
1
2
Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.

226 The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER. George D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His
sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an-chored my soul:
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will have
pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,
D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,
FINE.
CHORUS.
And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
D.S.
soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

227 Nothing Between.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

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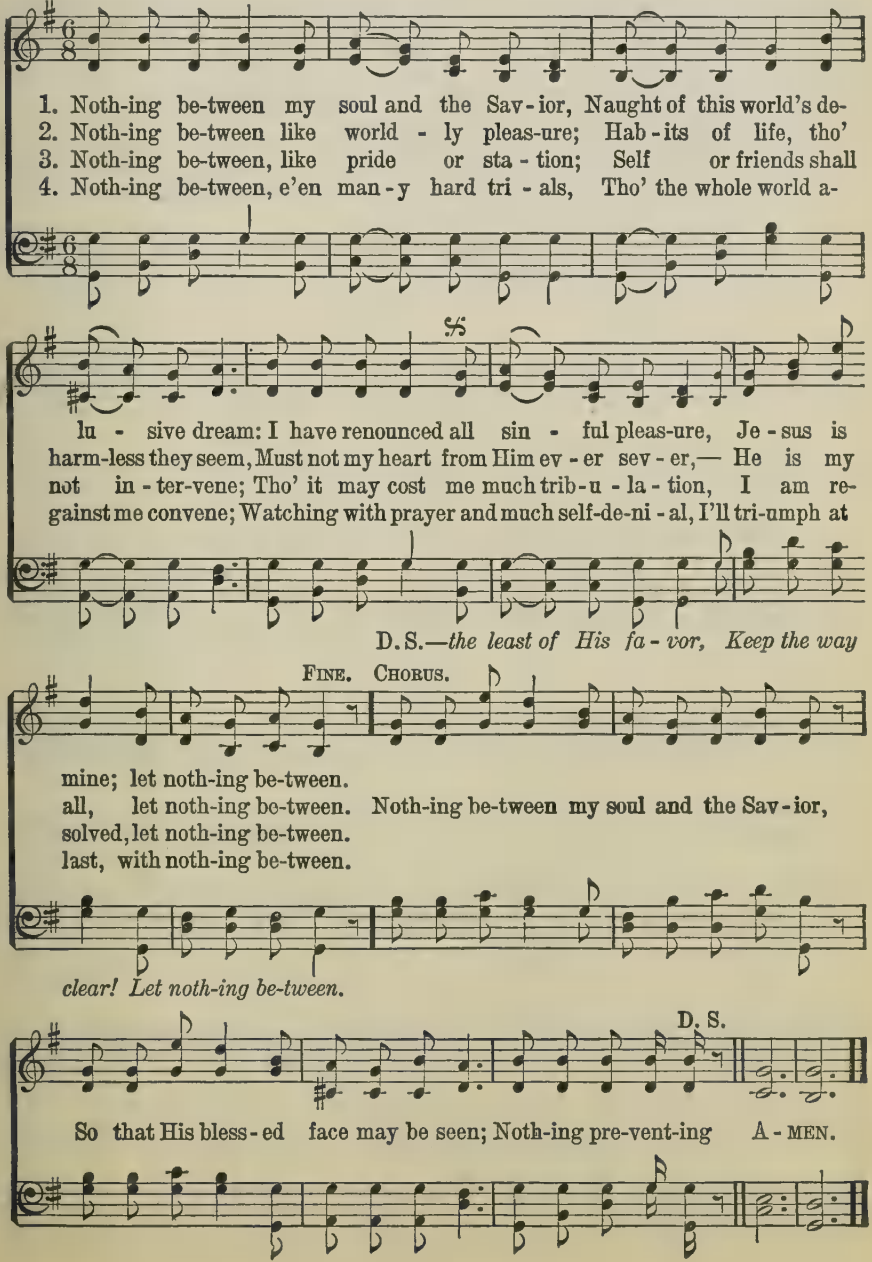
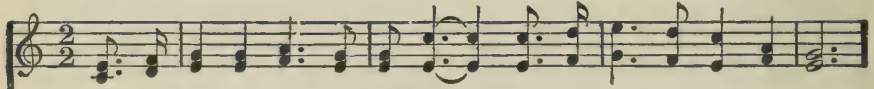
Arr. by F. A. Clark.

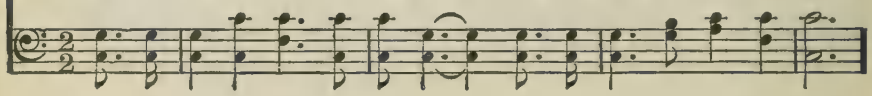

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-
lu - sive dream: I have renounced all sin - ful pleas-ure, Je-sus is
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,— He is my
not in - ter-vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u - la - tion, I am re-
against me convene; Watching with prayer and much self-de-ni - al, I'll tri-umph at
D. S.—*the least of His fa - vor, Keep the way*
FINE. CHORUS.
mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior,
solved, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.
clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.
D. S.
So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing A - MEN.

Rest For the Weary.

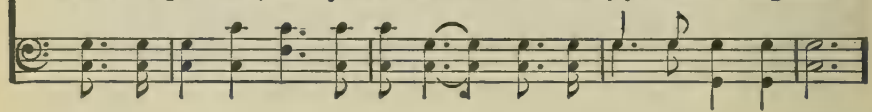
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;

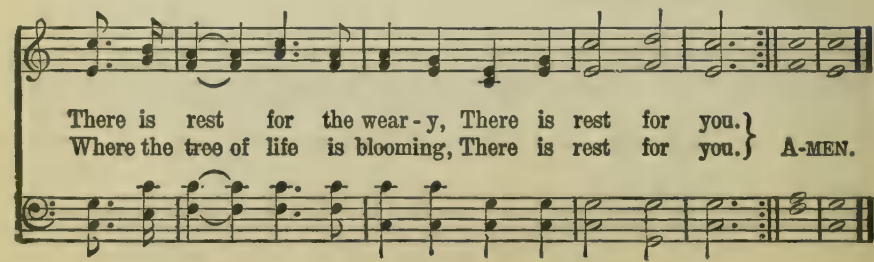


There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.



CHORUS.

{There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.}
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.} A-MEN.

229 Pardon On Calvary.

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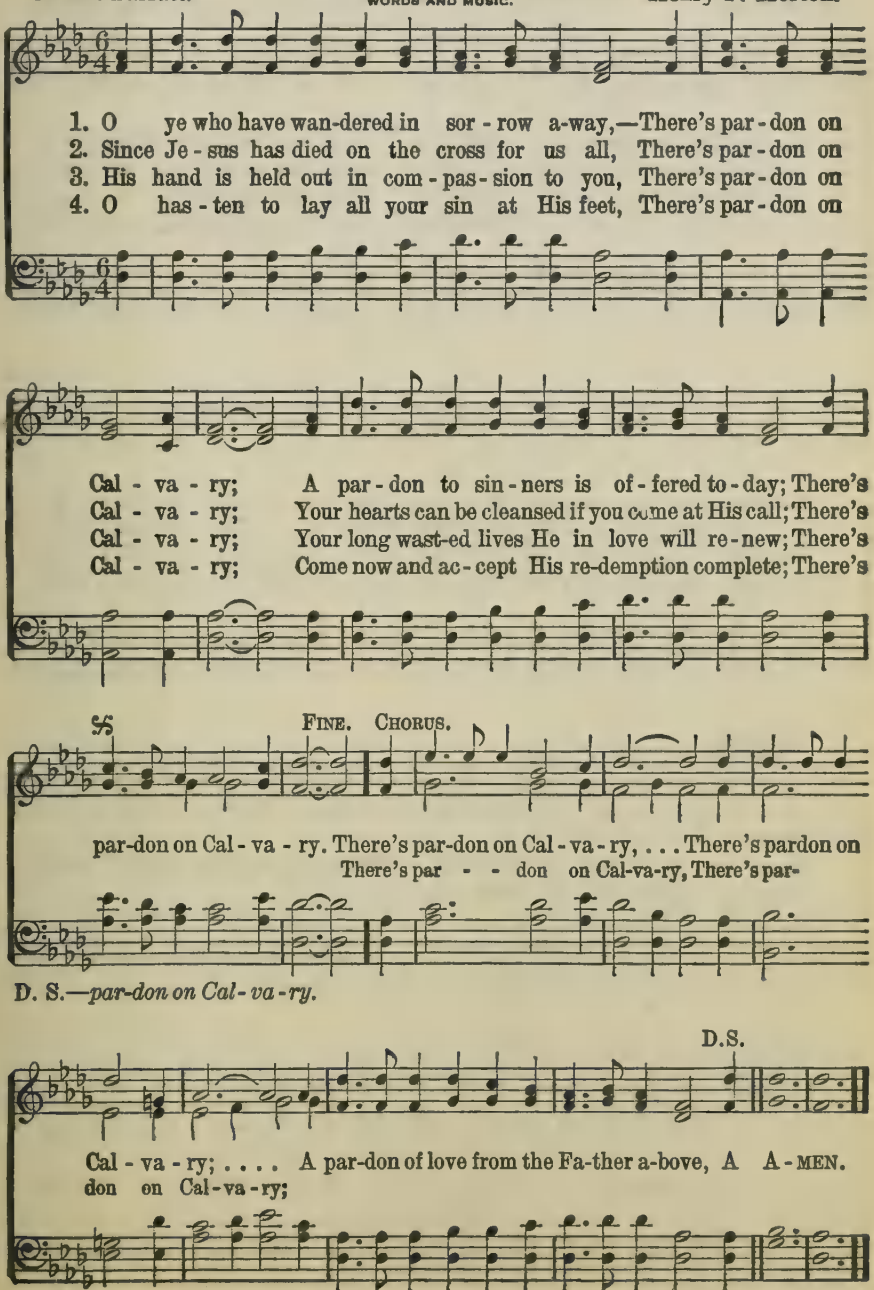
1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on
Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your long wast-ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re-demption complete; There's
FINE. CHORUS.
par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's pardon on
There's par - - don on Cal-va-ry, There's par-
D. S.—par-don on Cal - va - ry.
D.S.
Cal - va - ry; . . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther a-bove, A A - MEN.
don on Cal-va-ry;

230 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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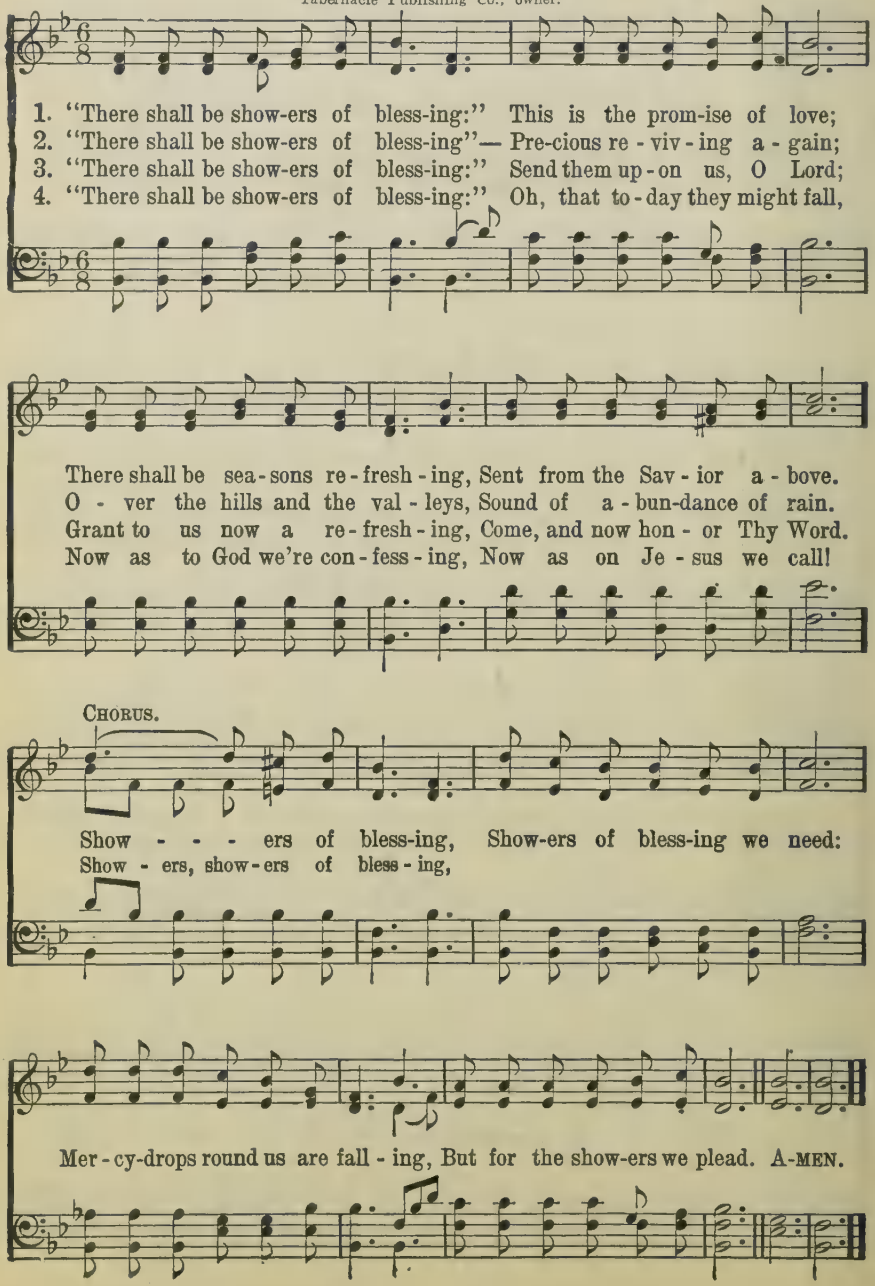
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show-ers of bless - ing,
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

231 Some Sweet Day.

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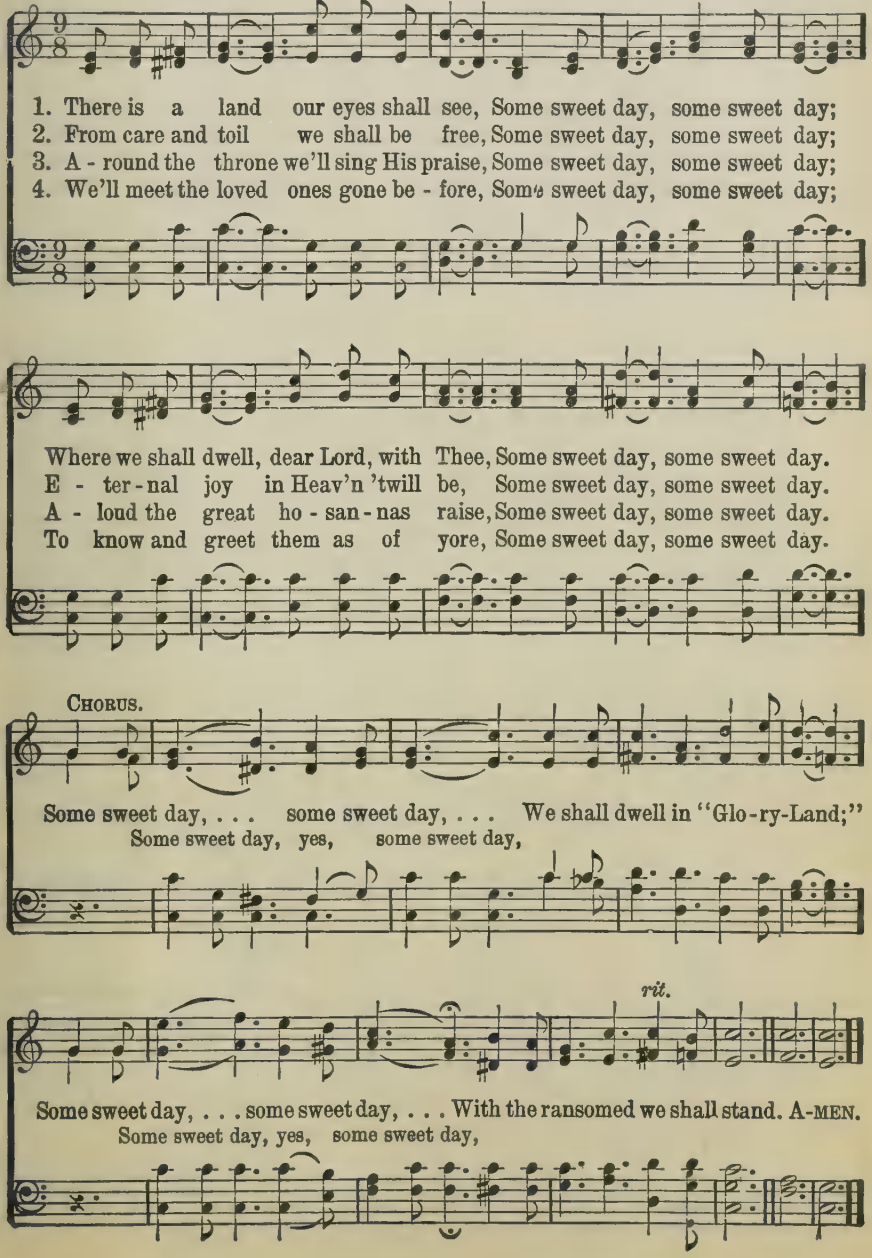
1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
E - ter - nal joy in Heav'n 'twill be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
A - loud the great ho - san - nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
CHORUS.
Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo-ry-Land;"
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,
rit.
Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the ransomed we shall stand. A-MEN.
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,

232 No Night There.

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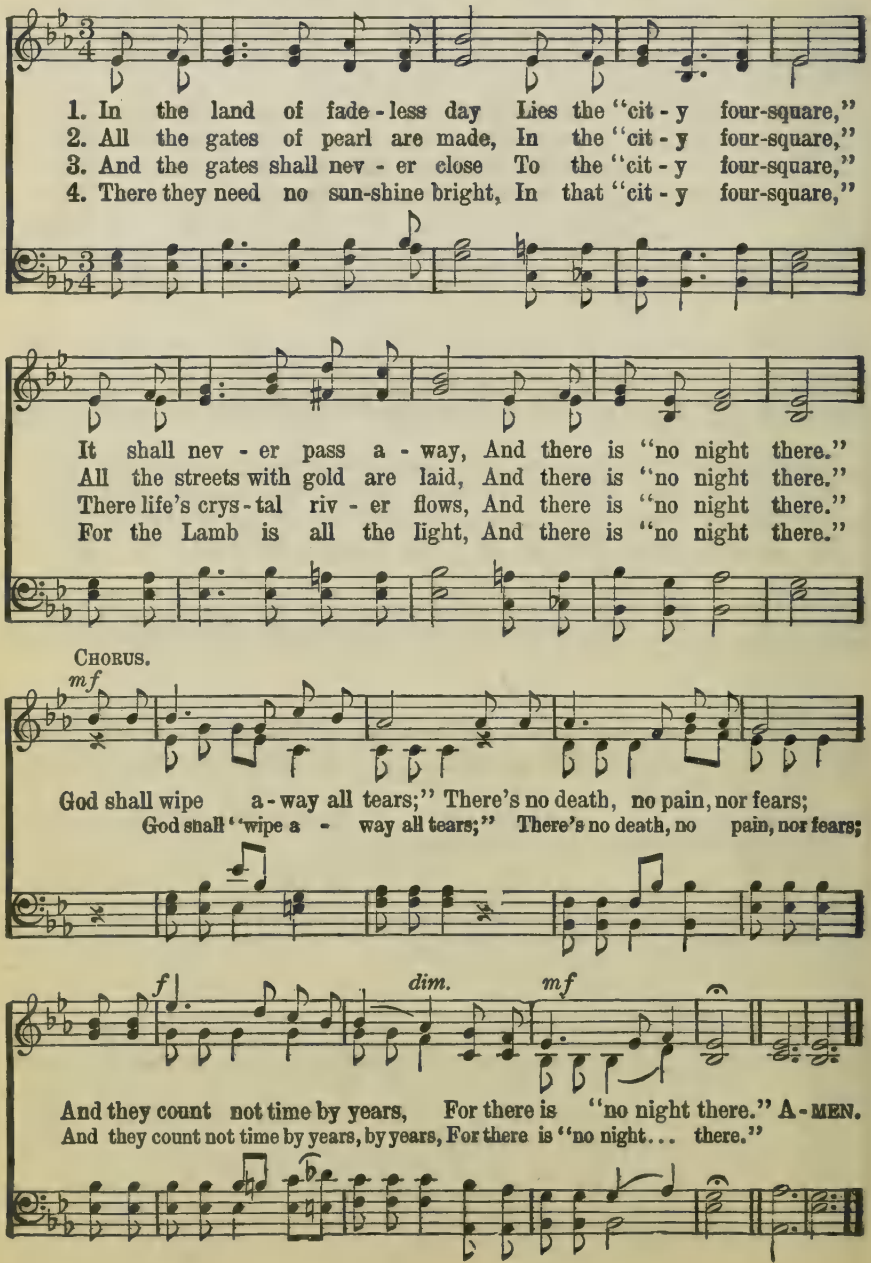
1. In the land of fade - less day Lies the "cit - y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit - y four-square,"
It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."
Chorus.
mf
God shall wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
f
dim.
mf
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there." A - men.
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

233 Saved By Grace.

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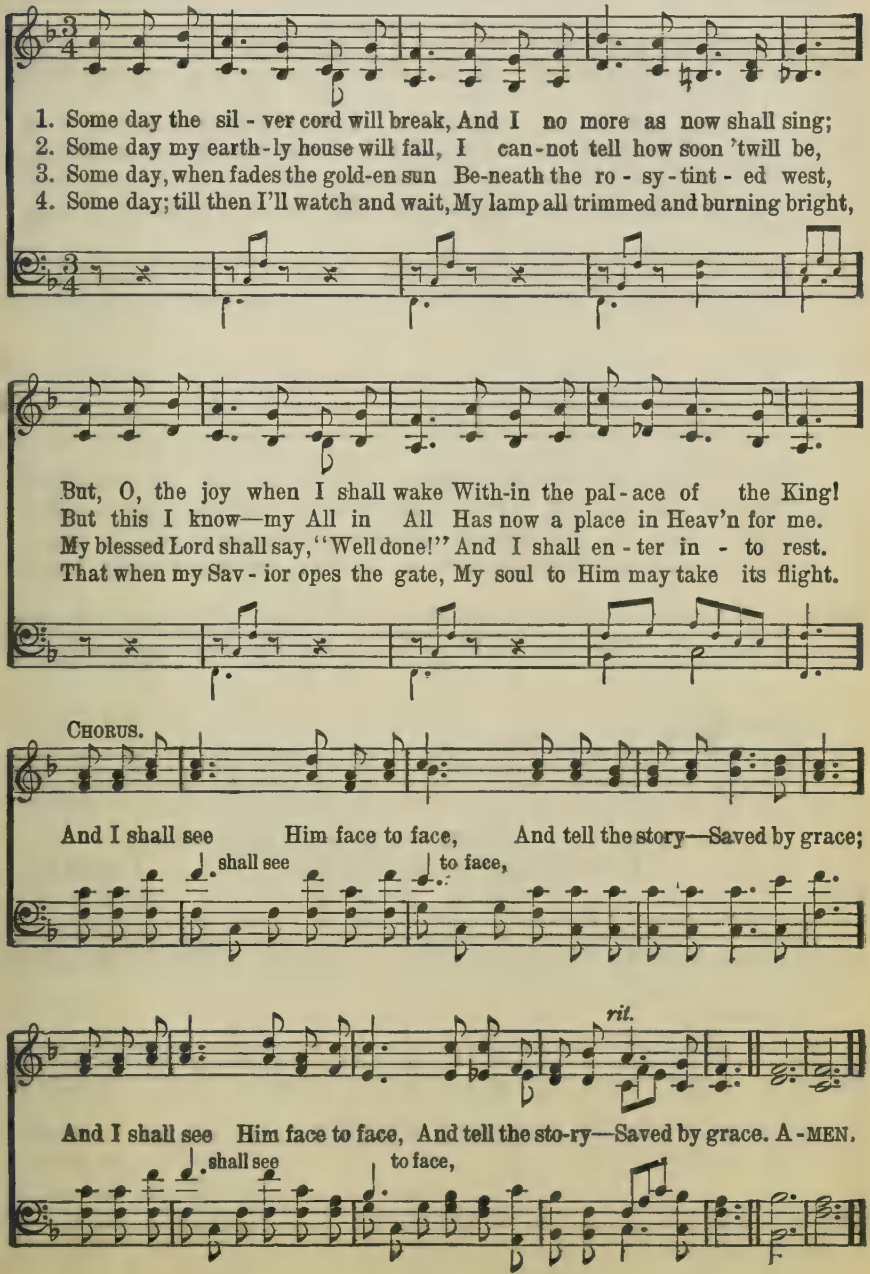
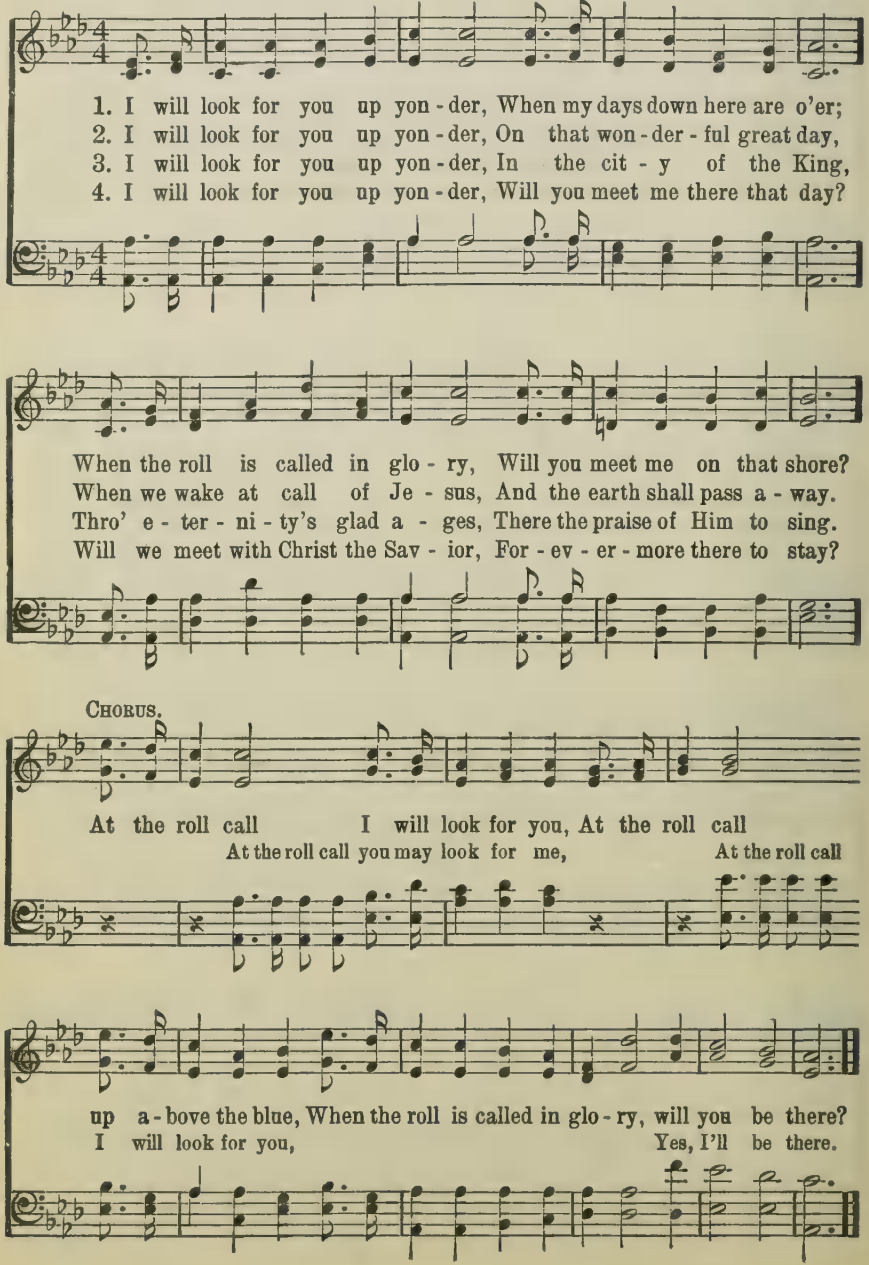

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;
shall see
to face,
rit.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry—Saved by grace. A - MEN.
shall see
to face,

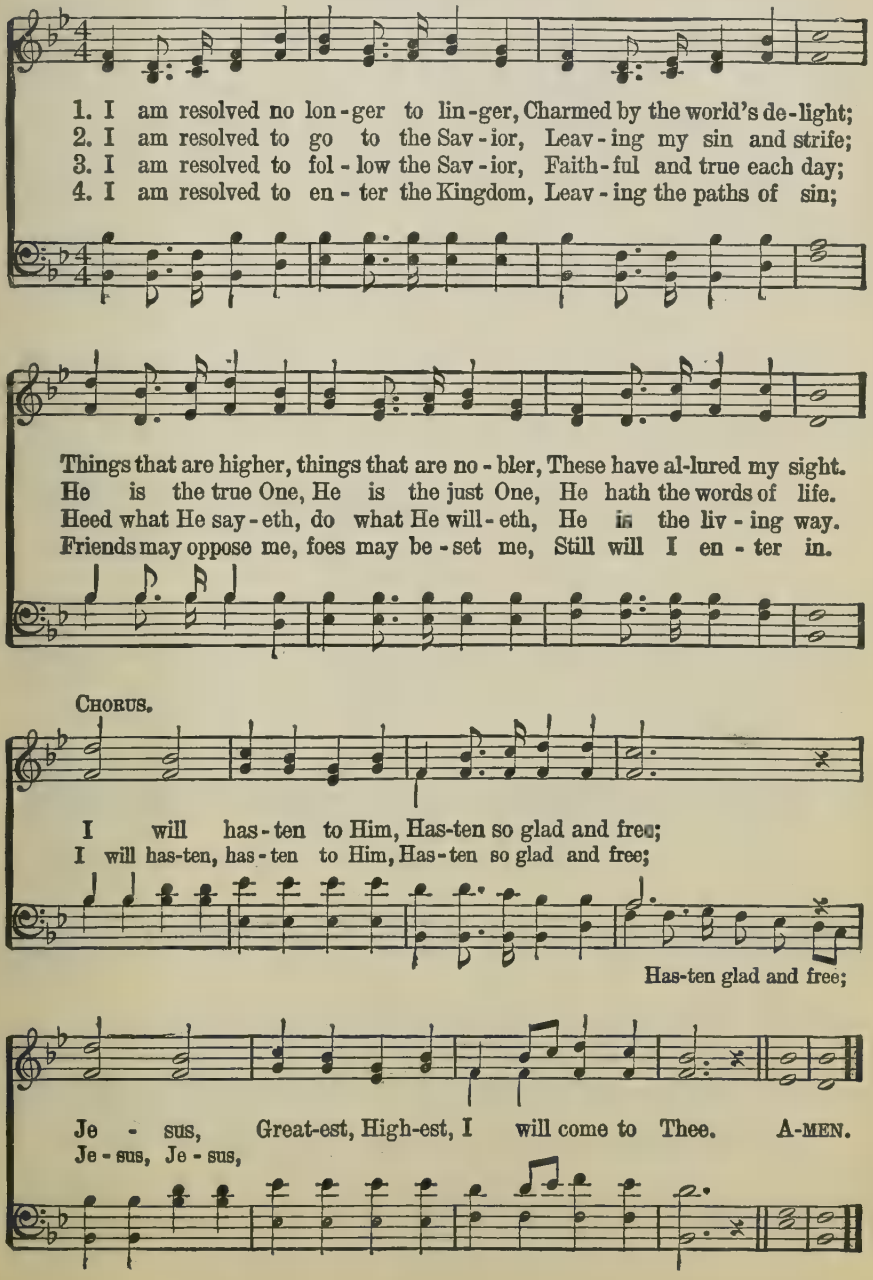
234 At the Roll Call.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. B. D. Ackley.


1. I will look for you up yon - der, When my days down here are o'er;
2. I will look for you up yon - der, On that won - der - ful great day,
3. I will look for you up yon - der, In the cit - y of the King,
4. I will look for you up yon - der, Will you meet me there that day?
When the roll is called in glo - ry, Will you meet me on that shore?
When we wake at call of Je - sus, And the earth shall pass a - way.
Thro' e - ter - ni - ty's glad a - ges, There the praise of Him to sing.
Will we meet with Christ the Sav - ior, For - ev - er - more there to stay?
CHORUS.
At the roll call I will look for you, At the roll call
At the roll call you may look for me, At the roll call
up a - bove the blue, When the roll is called in glo - ry, will you be there?
I will look for you, Yes, I'll be there.

235 I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY FILLMORE BROS. CO. RENEWAL J. H. Fillmore.


1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;
Things that are higher, things that are no-bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.
Chorus.
I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
Has-ten glad and free;
Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-men.
Je-sus, Je-sus,

236 Man of Sorrows.

B. B. McK.

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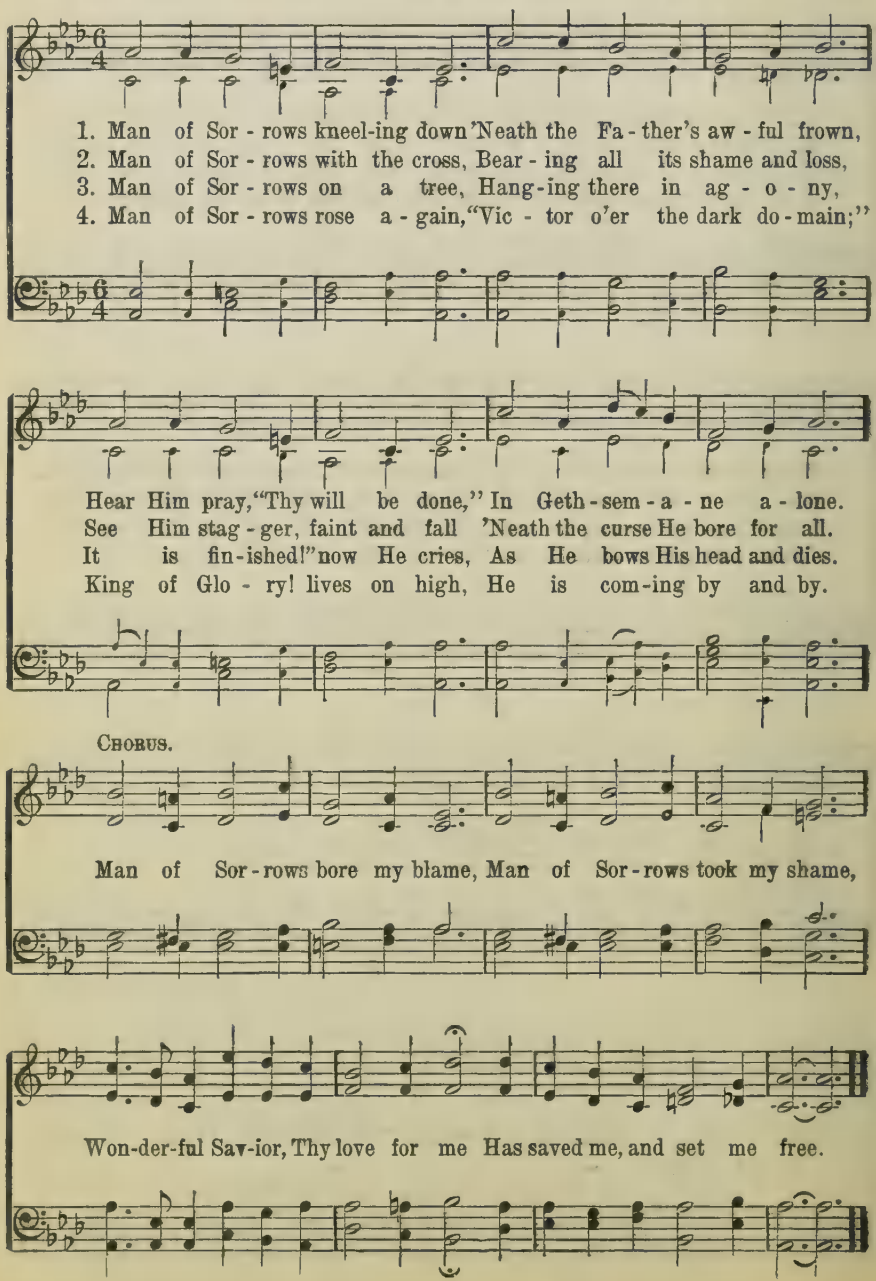
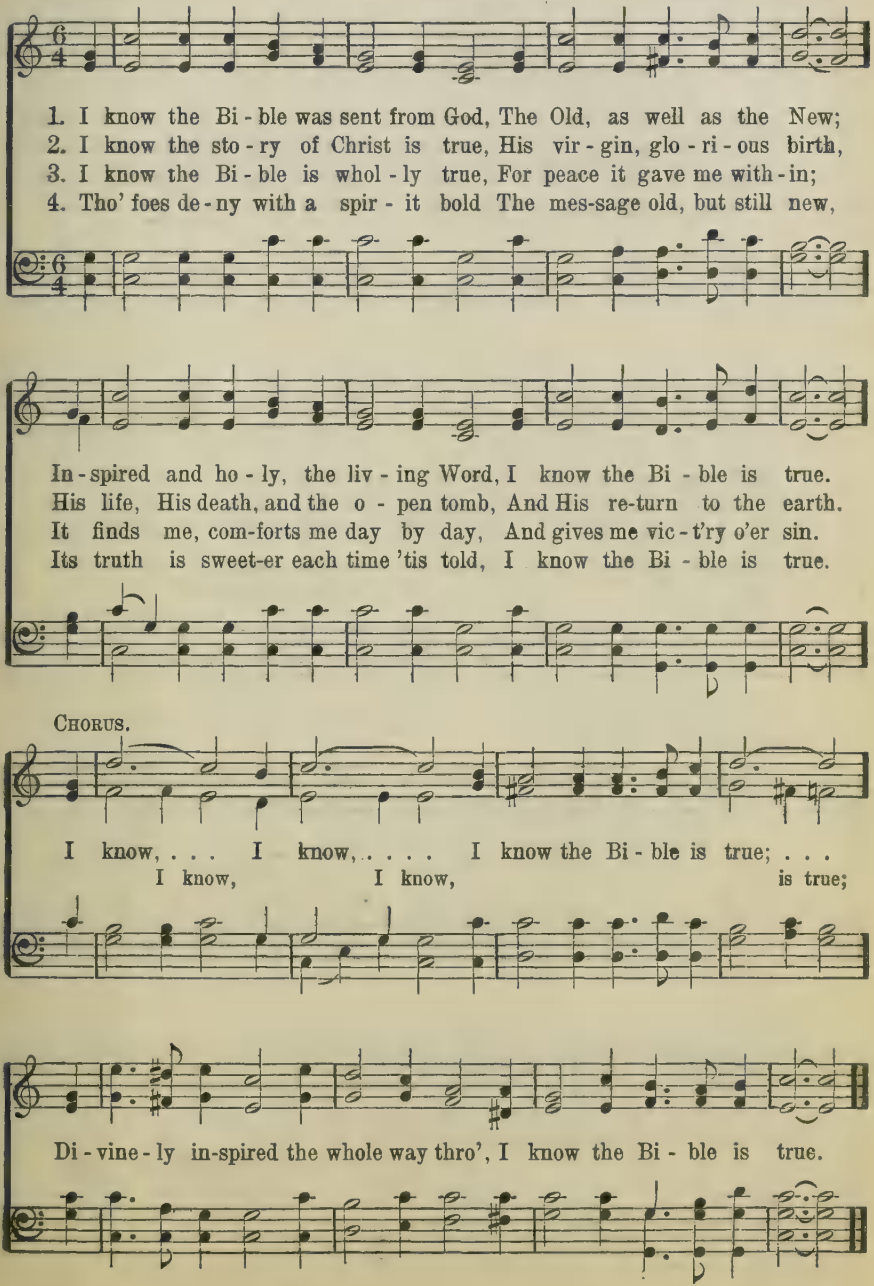

1. Man of Sor - rows kneel-ing down 'Neath the Fa - ther's aw - ful frown,
2. Man of Sor - rows with the cross, Bear - ing all its shame and loss,
3. Man of Sor - rows on a tree, Hang - ing there in ag - o - ny,
4. Man of Sor - rows rose a - gain, "Vic - tor o'er the dark do - main;"
Hear Him pray, "Thy will be done," In Geth - sem - a - ne a - lone.
See Him stag - ger, faint and fall 'Neath the curse He bore for all.
It is fin - ished!" now He cries, As He bows His head and dies.
King of Glo - ry! lives on high, He is com - ing by and by.
Chorus.
Man of Sor - rows bore my blame, Man of Sor - rows took my shame,
Won - der - ful Sav - ior, Thy love for me Has saved me, and set me free.

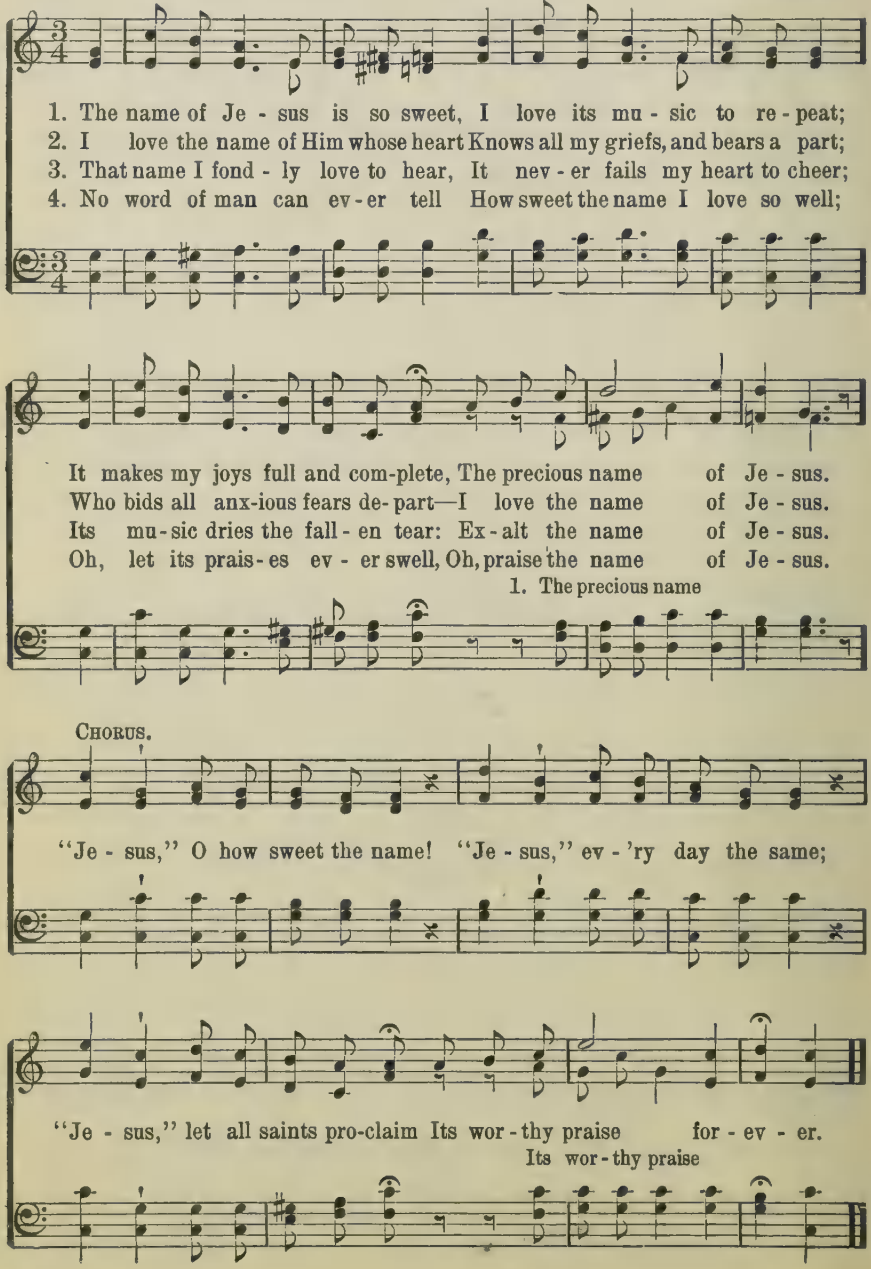
237 I Know the Bible Is True.

Gene Routh. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. B. B. McKinney.


1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes-sage old, but still new,
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re-turn to the earth.
It finds me, com-forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet-er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.
CHORUS.
I know, . . . I know, ... I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
I know, I know, is true;
Di - vine - ly in-spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.

238 The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Renewal secured. E. S. Lorenz.


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;
It makes my joys full and com-plete, The precious name of Je - sus.
Who bids all anx-ious fears de-part—I love the name of Je - sus.
Its mu-sic dries the fall - en tear: Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Oh, let its prais-es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the name of Je - sus.
1. The precious name
Chorus.
"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same;
"Je - sus," let all saints pro-claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
Its wor - thy praise

239 Near the Cross.

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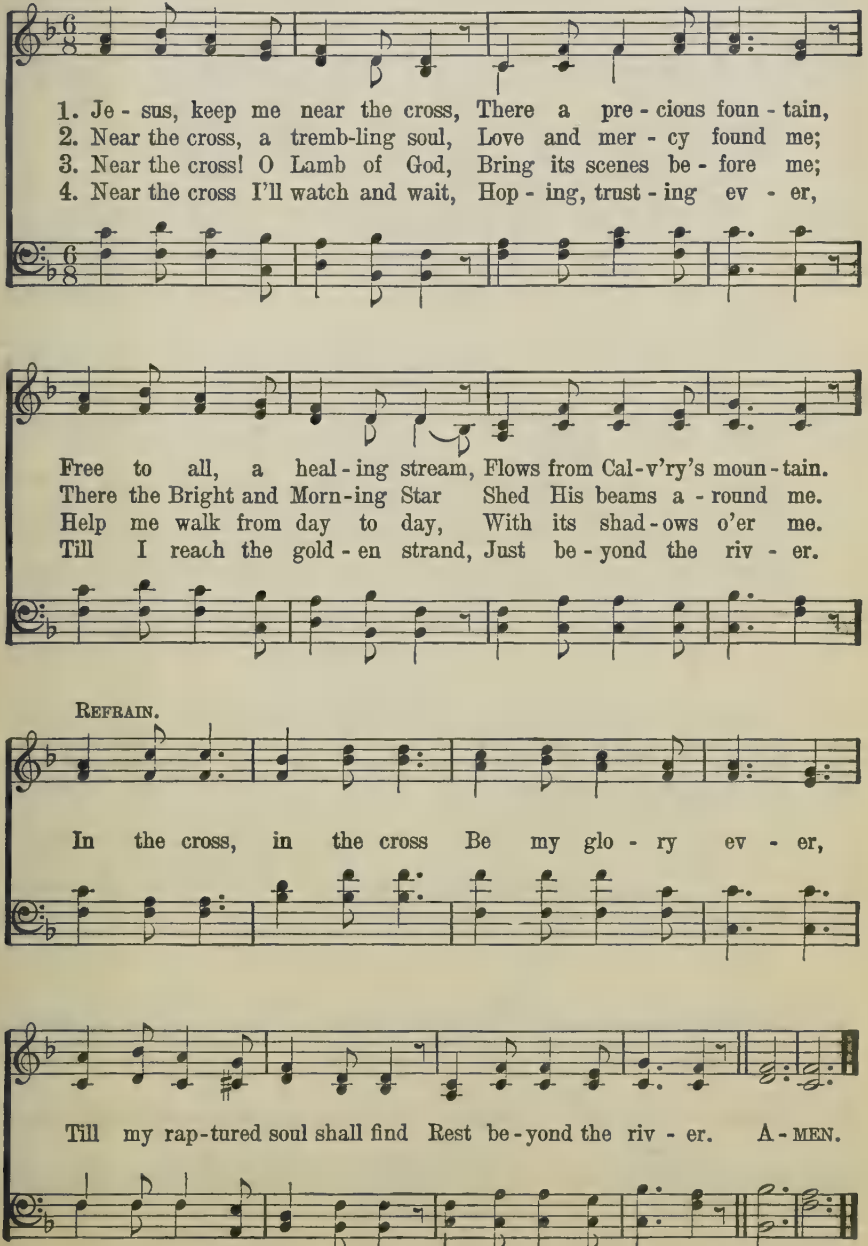
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
REFRAIN.
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

A. C. F.

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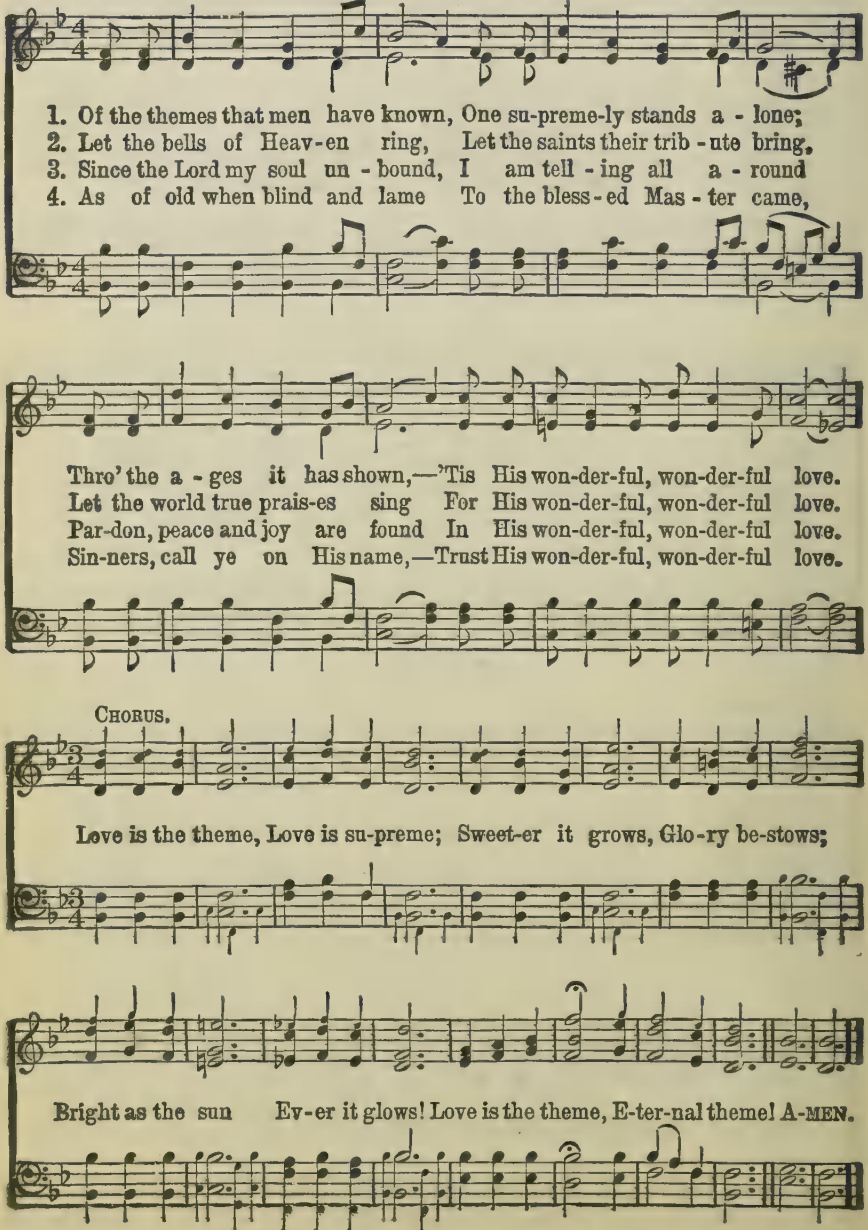
Albert C. Fisher.


1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came,
Thro' the a - ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
CHORUS.
Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;
Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.

241 Beautiful River.

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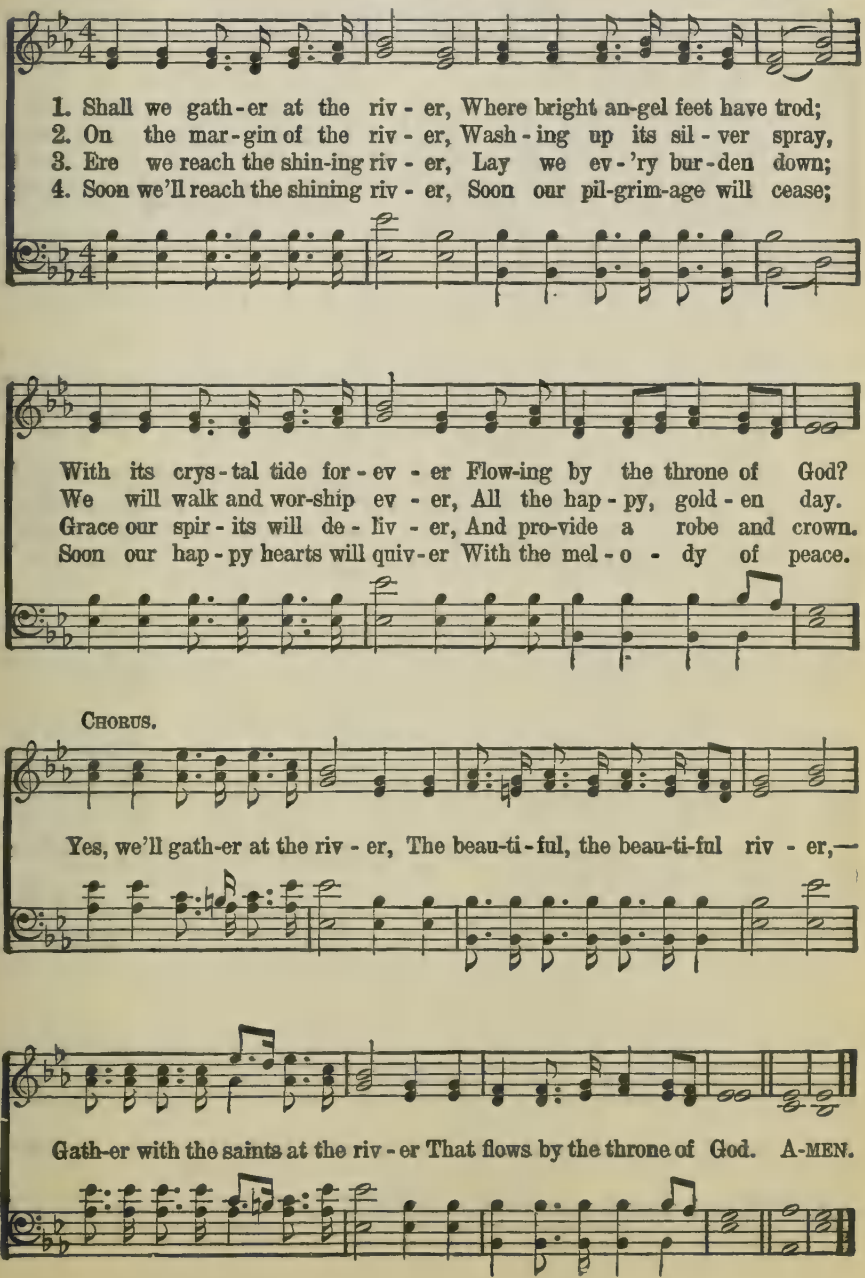
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

242 Higher Ground.

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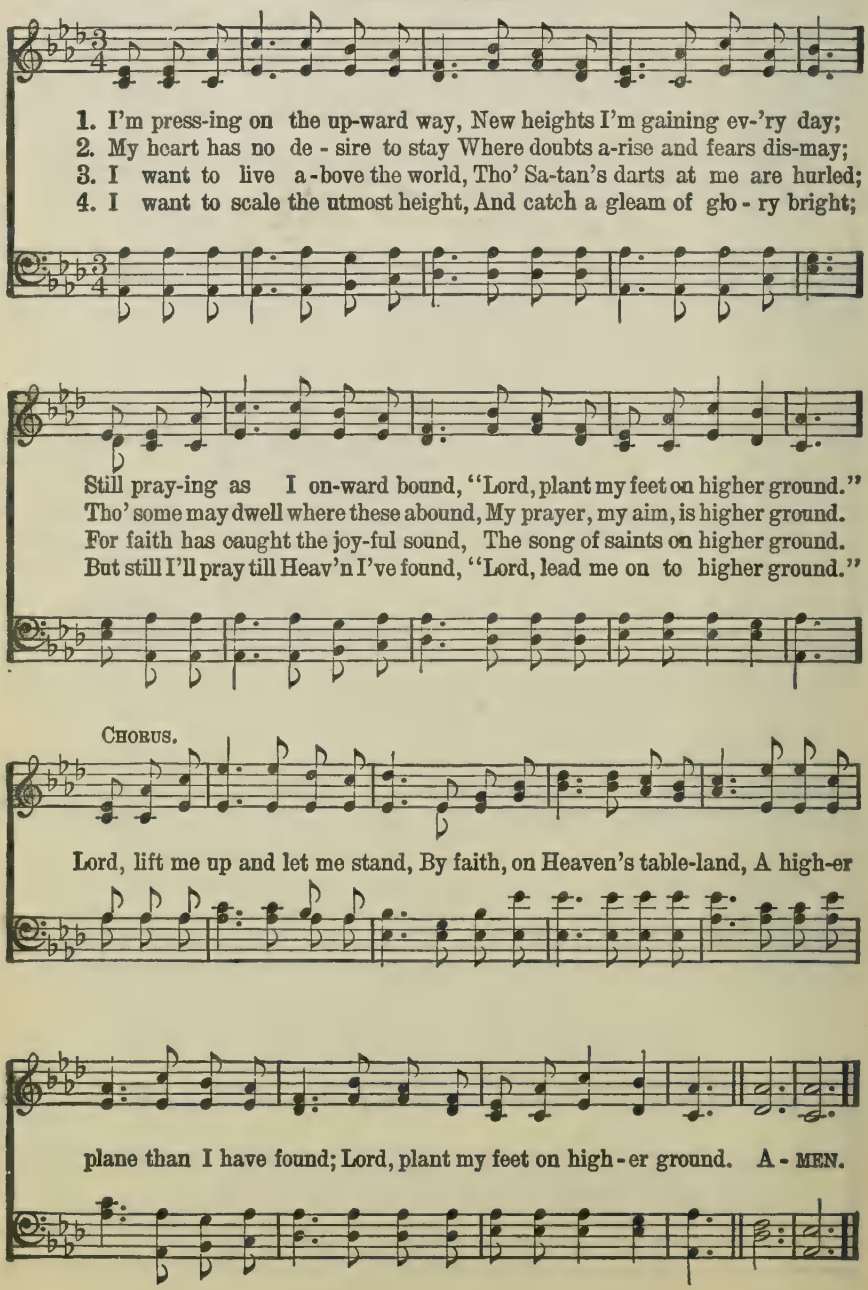
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.

243 He Lifted Me.

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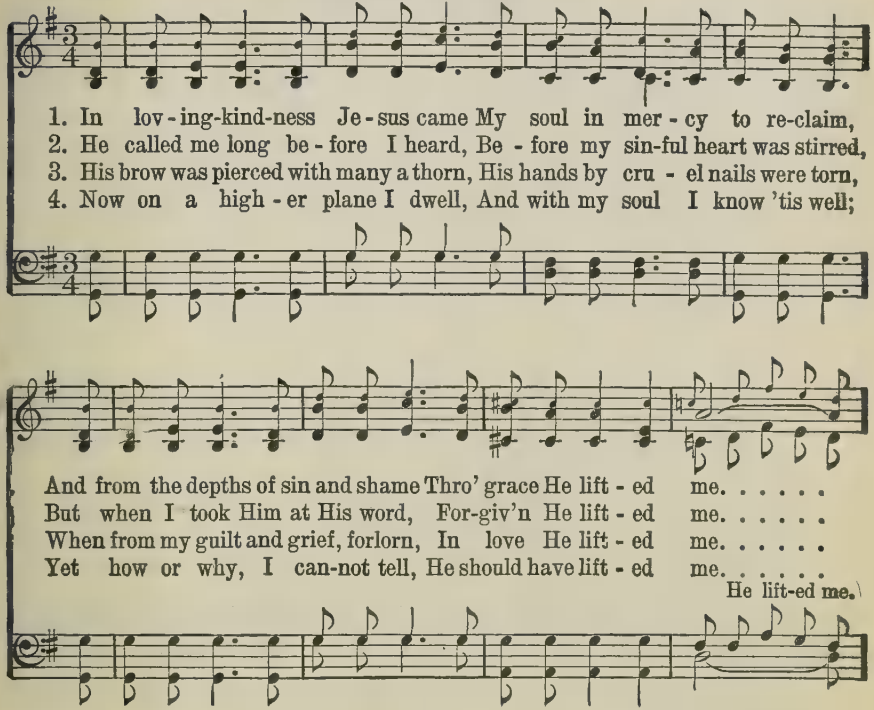
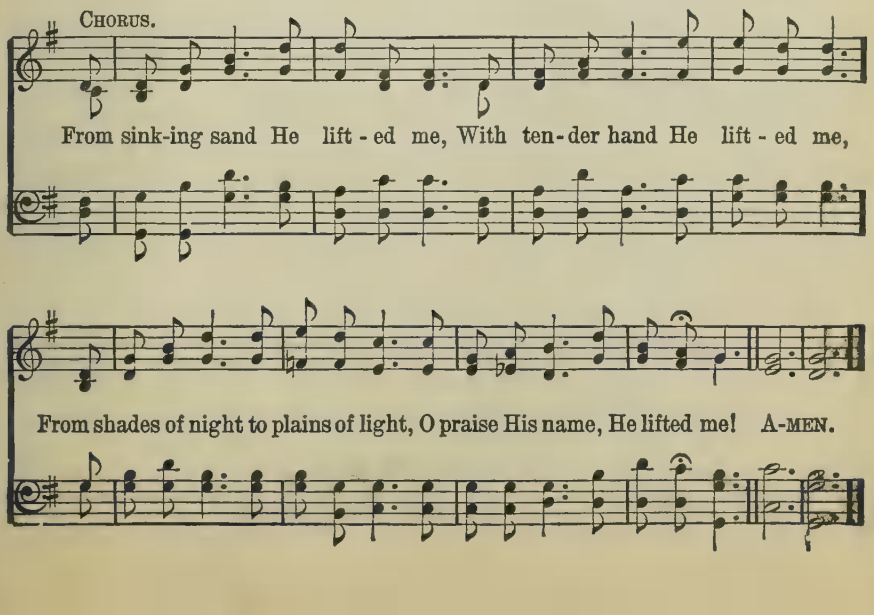

1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.


CHORUS.
From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

244 Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McK.

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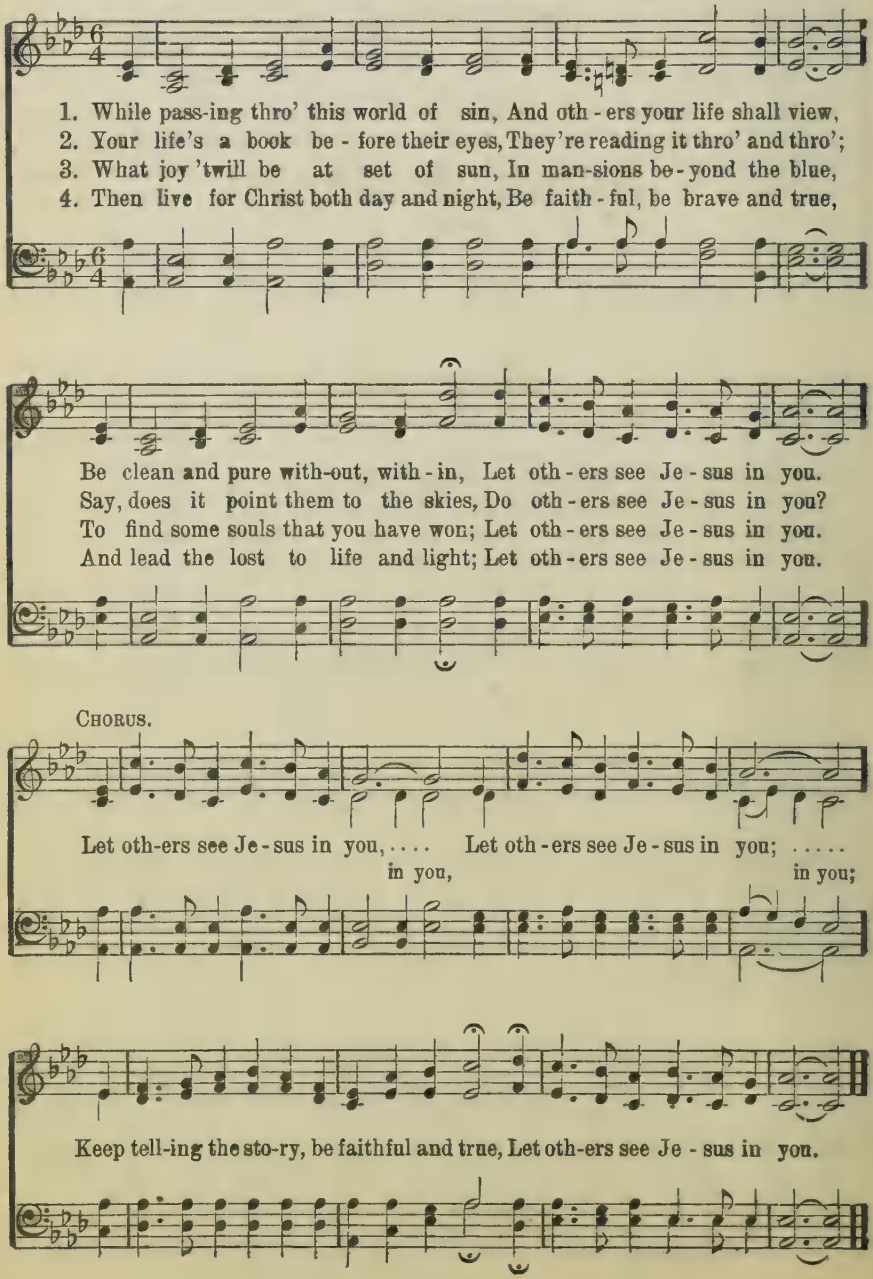
1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth-ers your life shall view,
2. Your life's a book be-fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,
4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,
Be clean and pure with-out, with-in, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth-ers see Je-sus in you?
To find some souls that you have won; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.
CHORUS.
Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you, ... Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you; .....
in you, in you;
Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faithful and true, Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you.

245 Pray Your Troubles Away.

B. B. McK.

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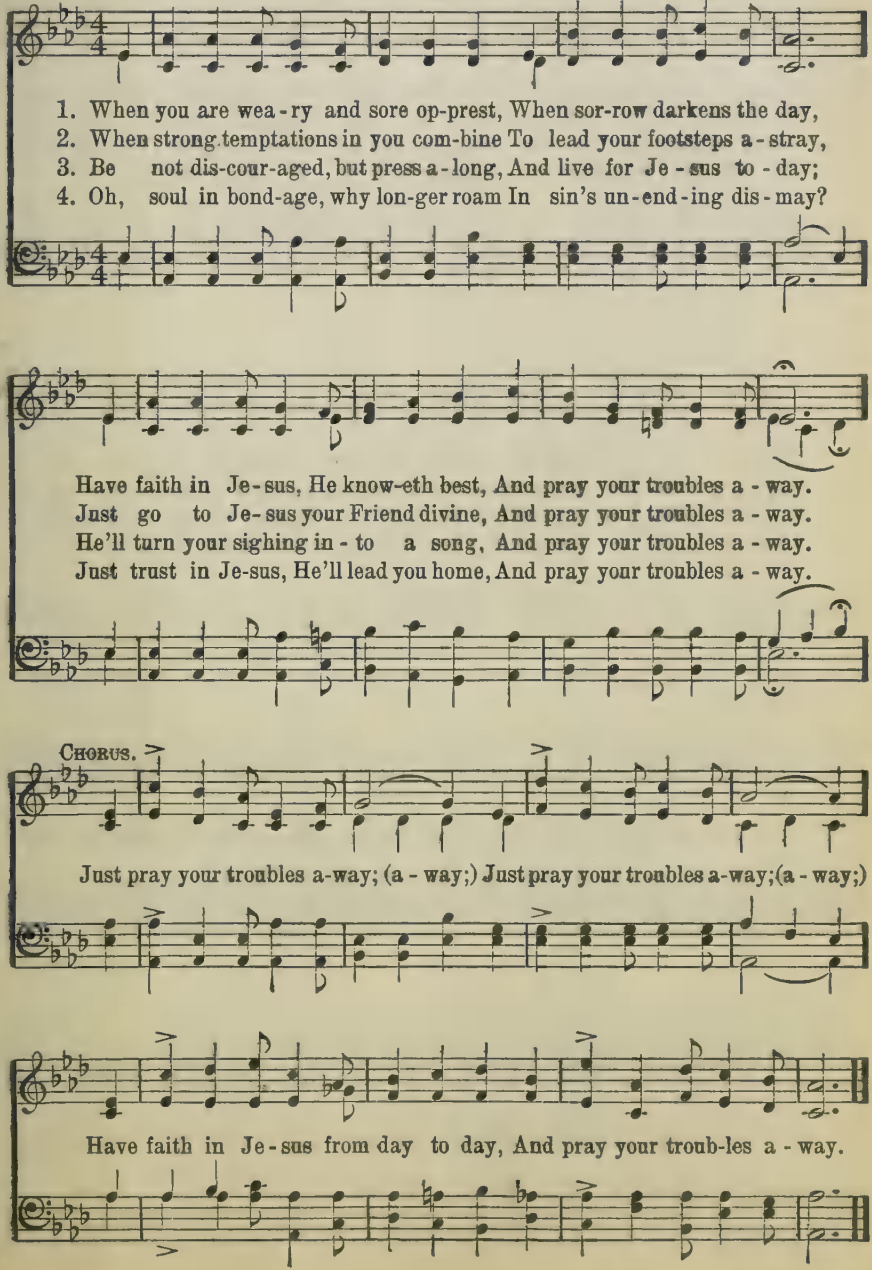
1. When you are wea - ry and sore op-prest, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a - stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a - long, And live for Je - sus to - day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis - may?
Have faith in Je - sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a - way.
Just go to Je - sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a - way.
He'll turn your sighing in - to a song, And pray your troubles a - way.
Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a - way.
Chorus.
Just pray your troubles a-way; (a - way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a - way;)
Have faith in Je - sus from day to day, And pray your troub-les a - way.

246 At Calvary.

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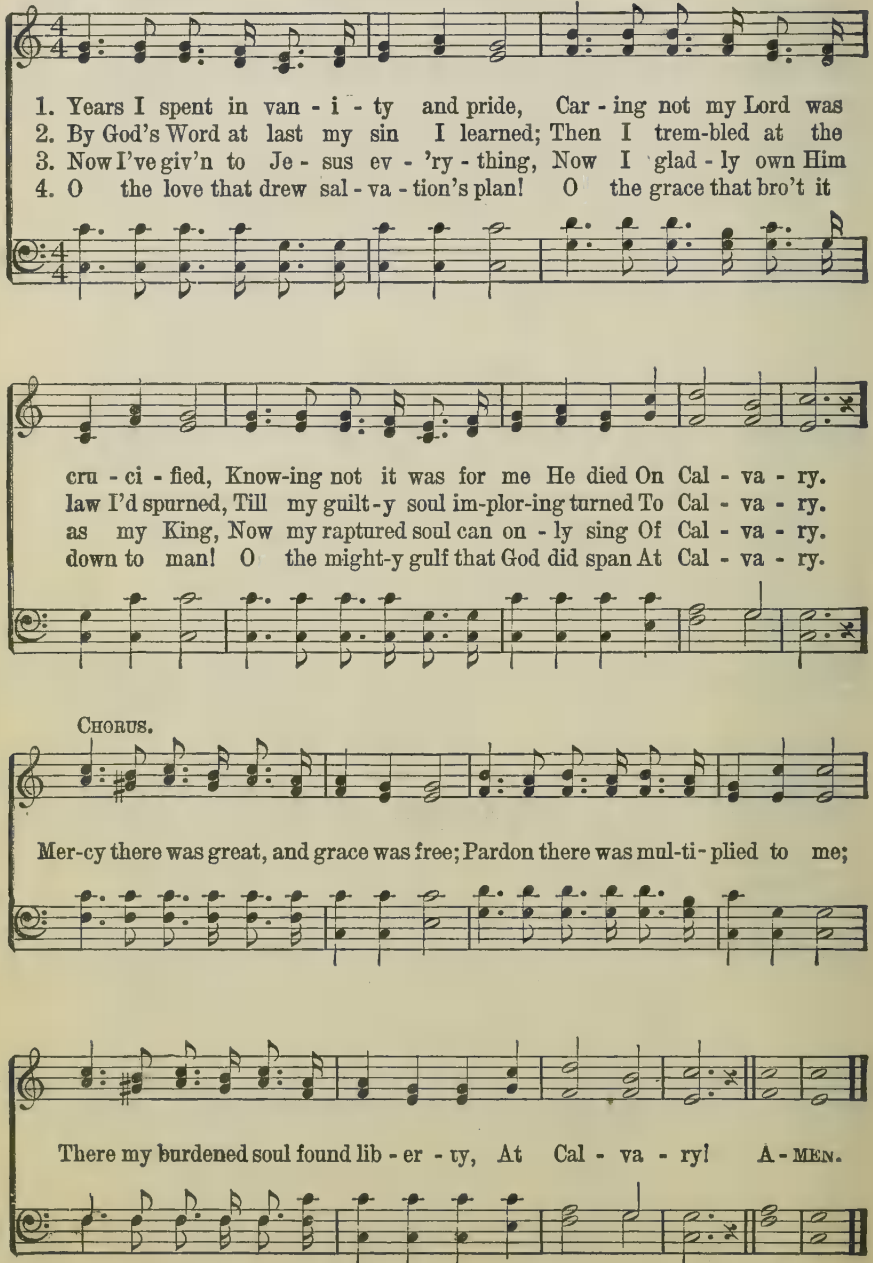
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was mul-ti-plied to me;
There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.

247 God Will Take Care of You.

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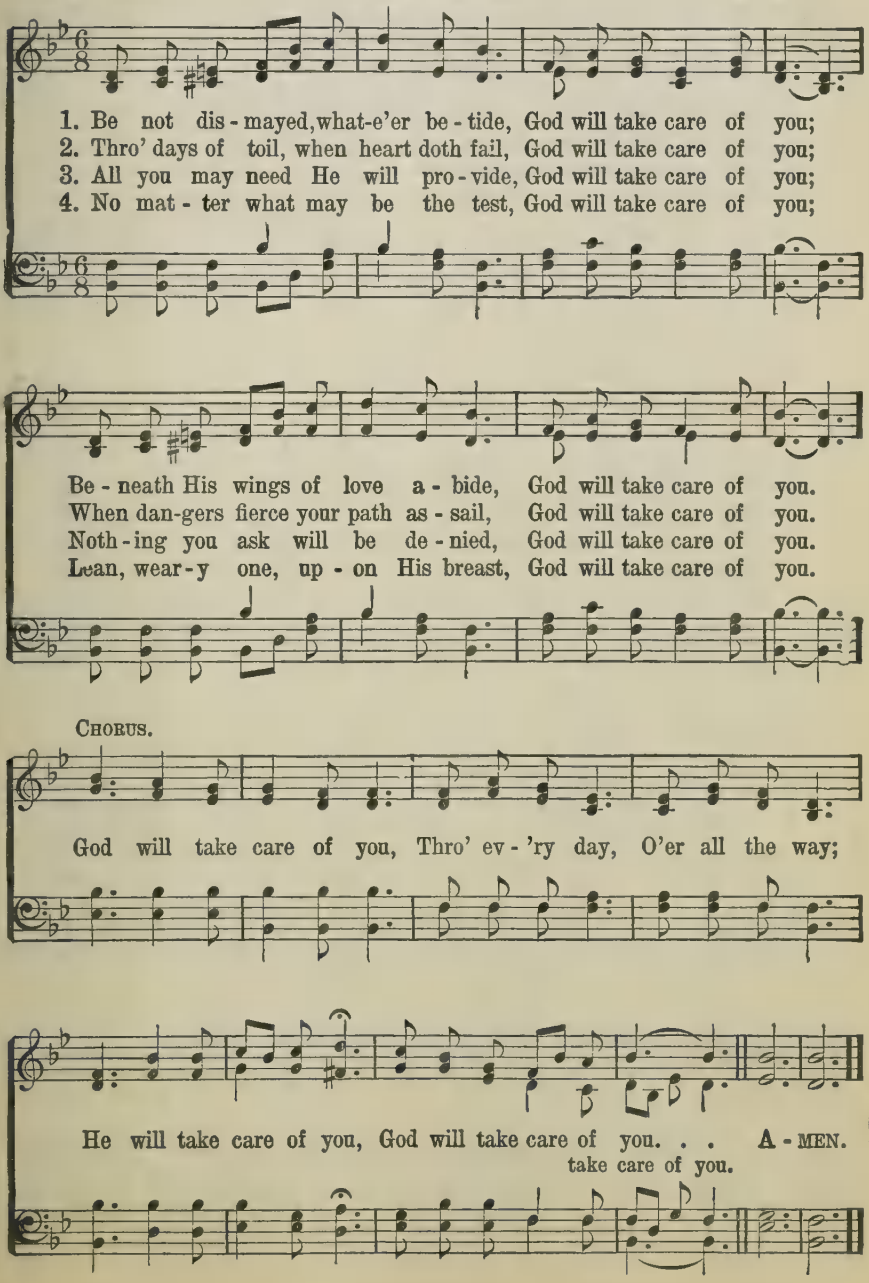
1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
Chorus.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - men.
take care of you.

248 Jesus Will!

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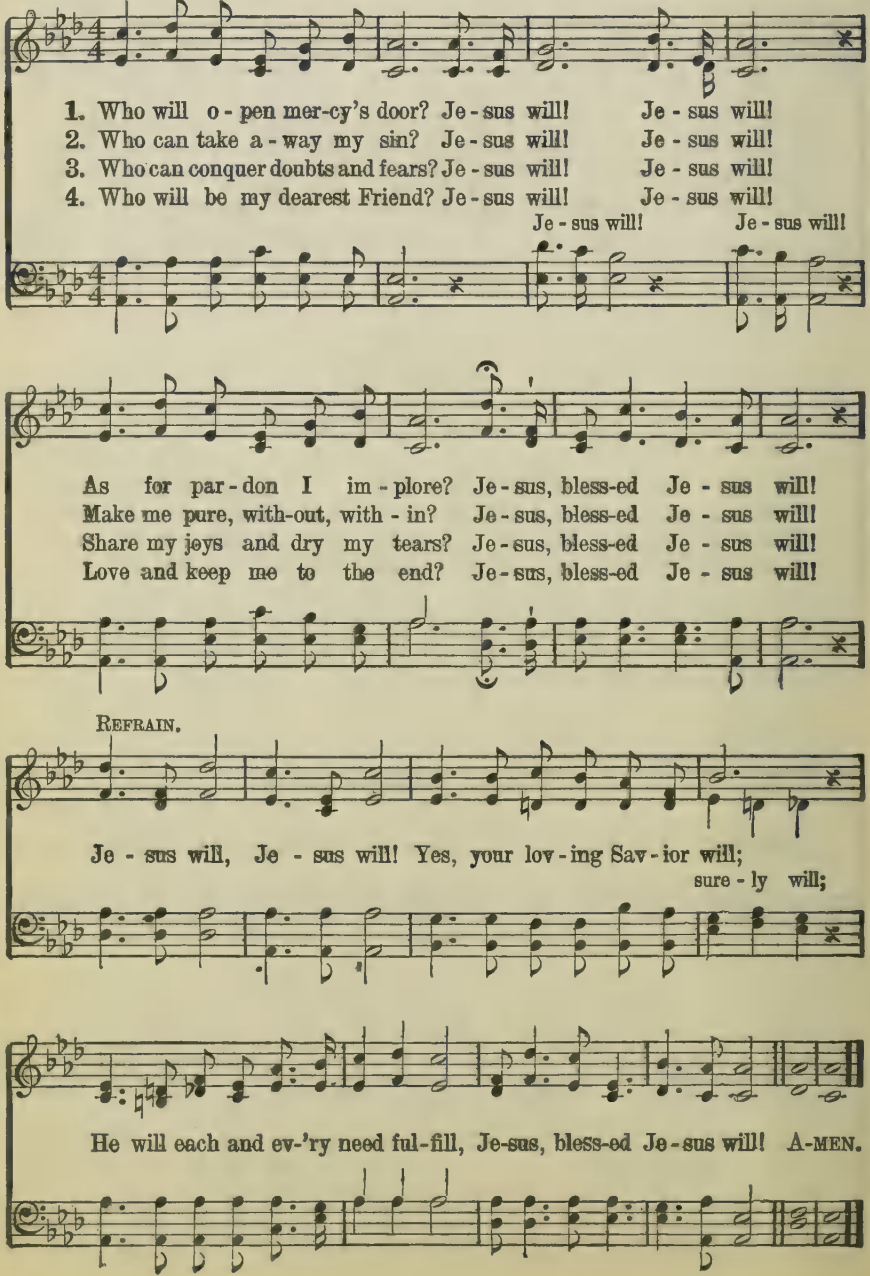
1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;
He will each and ev-'ry need ful-fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

249 Help Somebody To-day.

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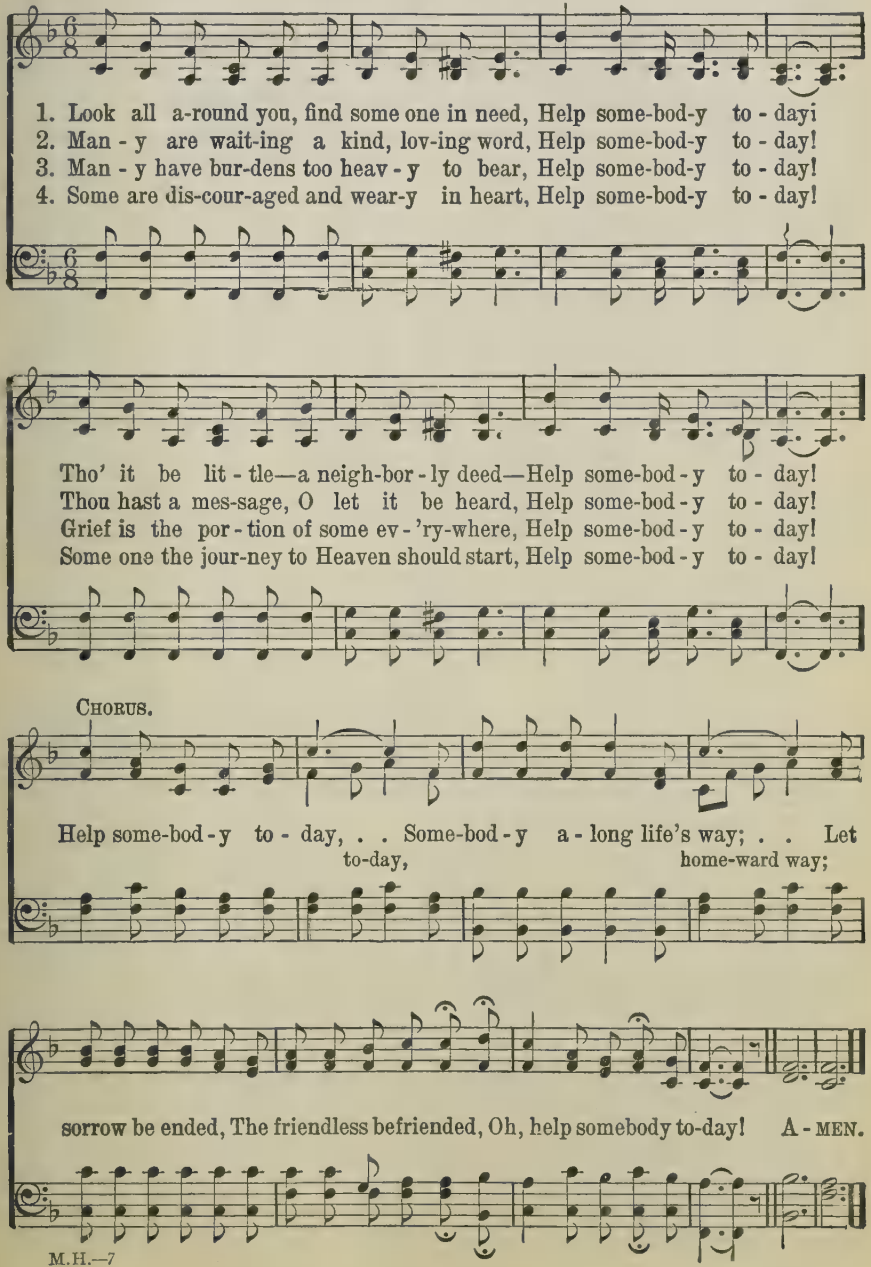
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Chorus.
Help some-bod - y to - day, . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;
sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - men.

250 Standing On the Promises.

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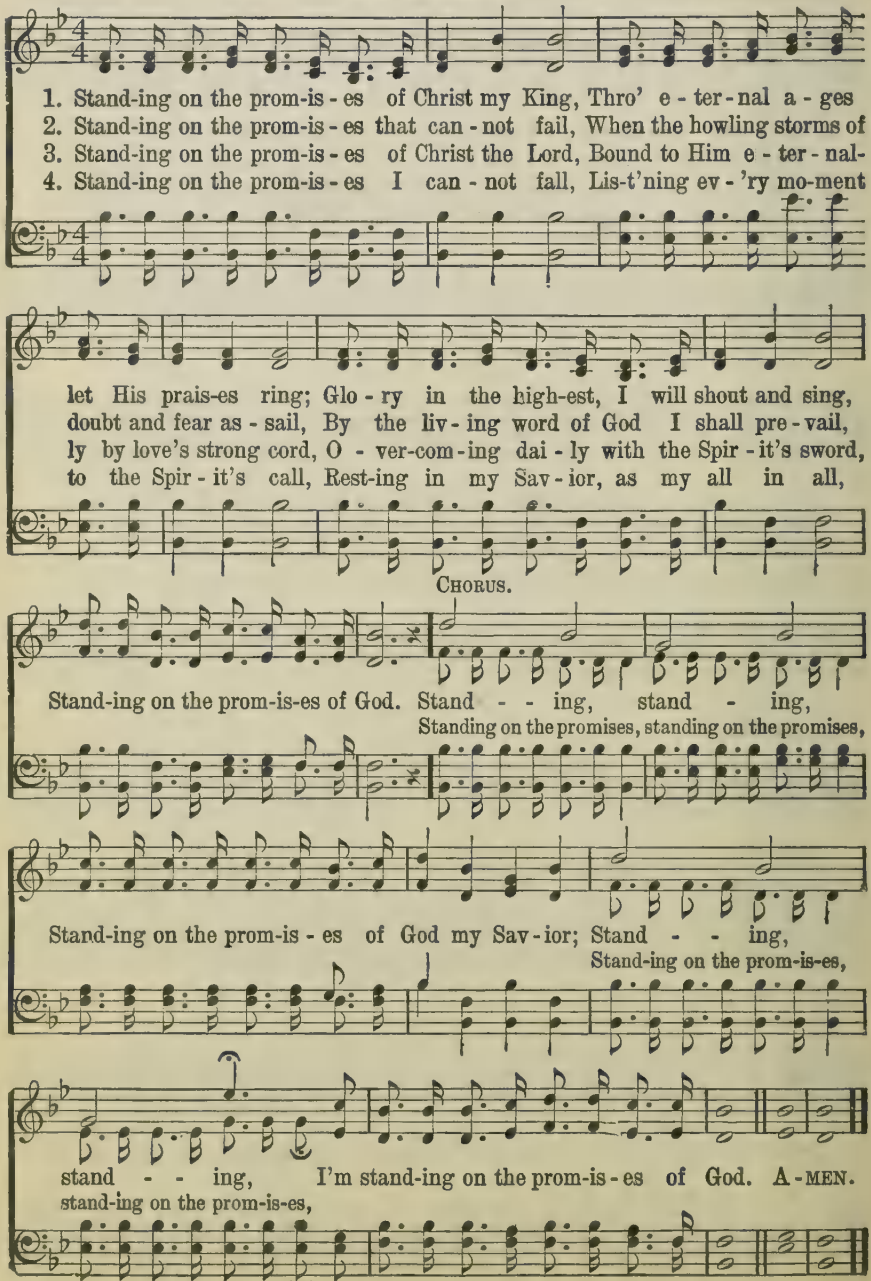
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

251 Only a Sinner.

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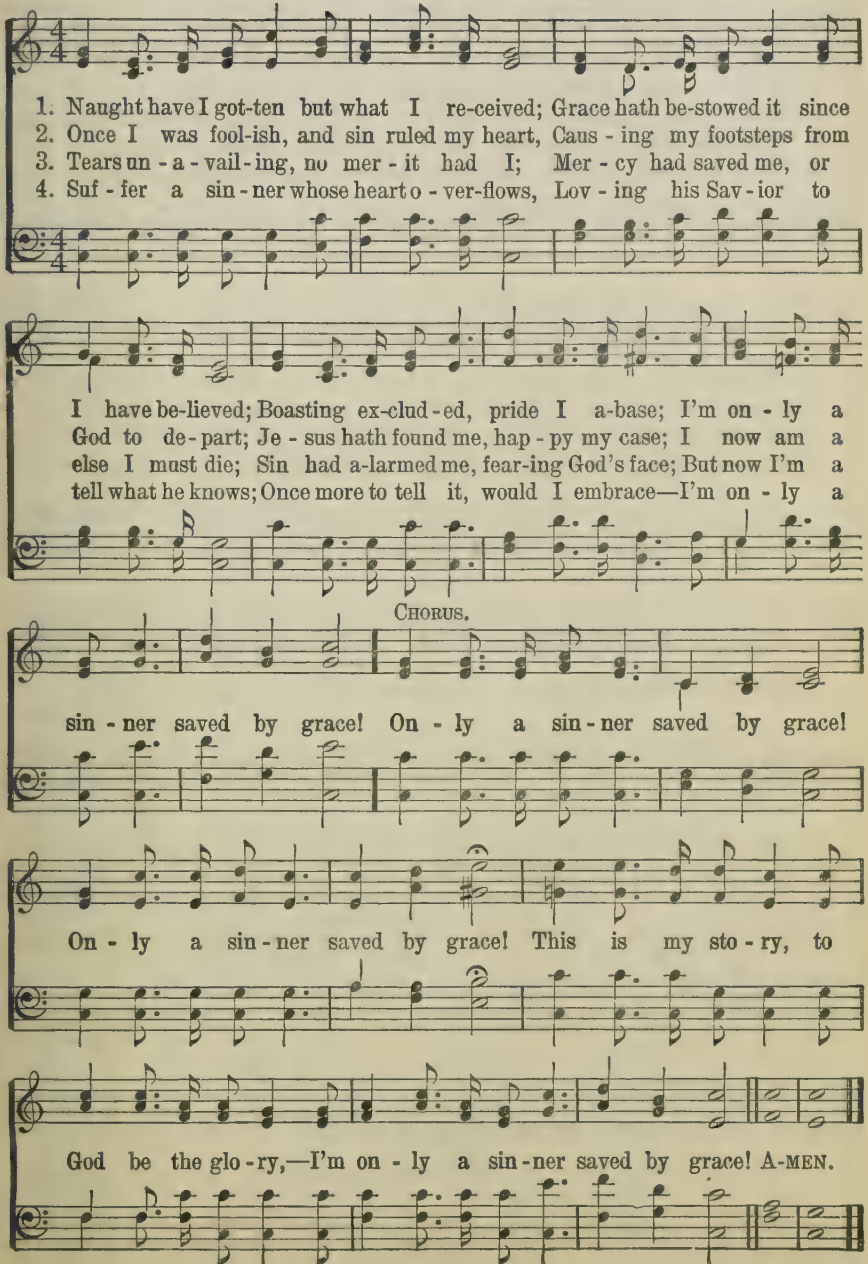
1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to
I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
God to de-part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a
Chorus.
sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-men.

252 Cancelled!

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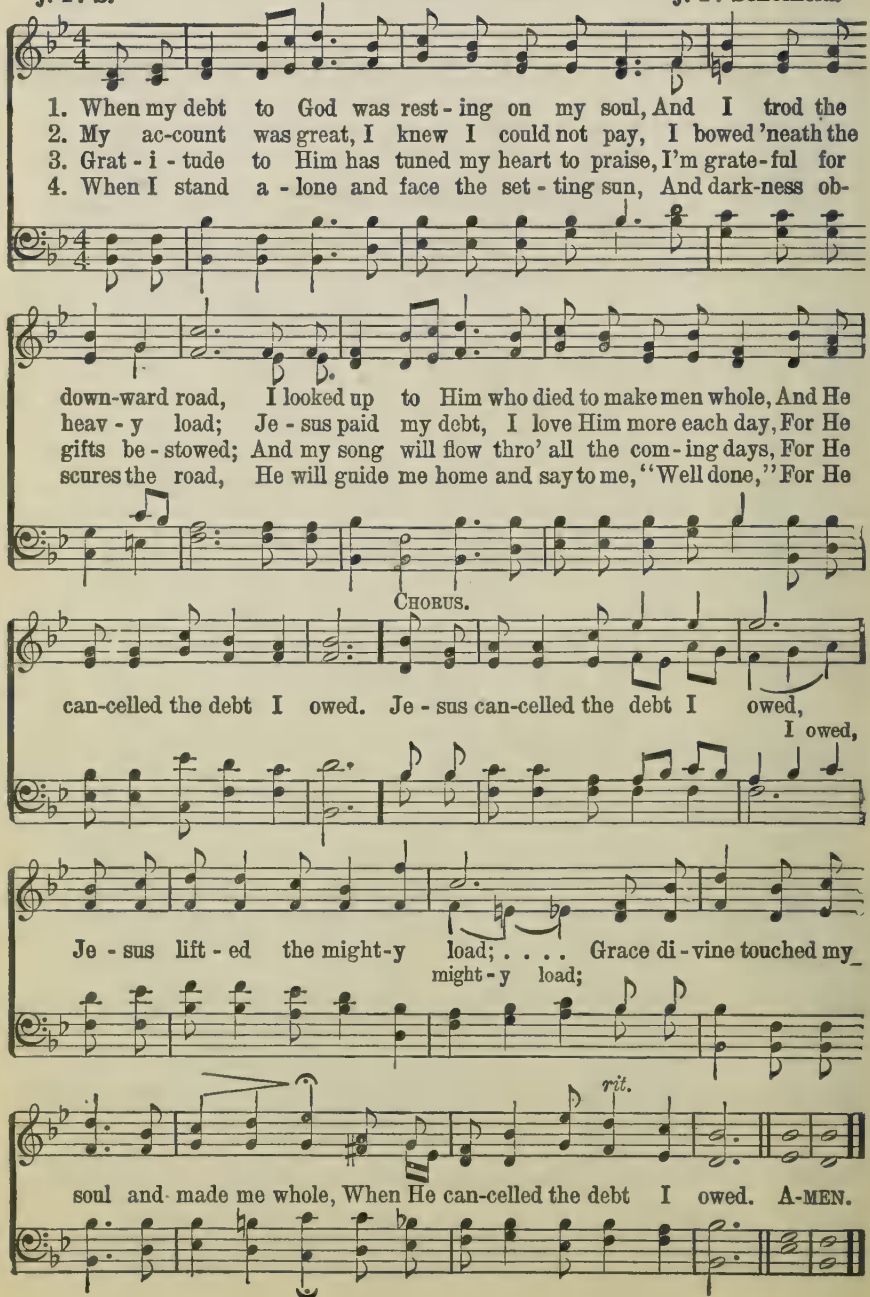
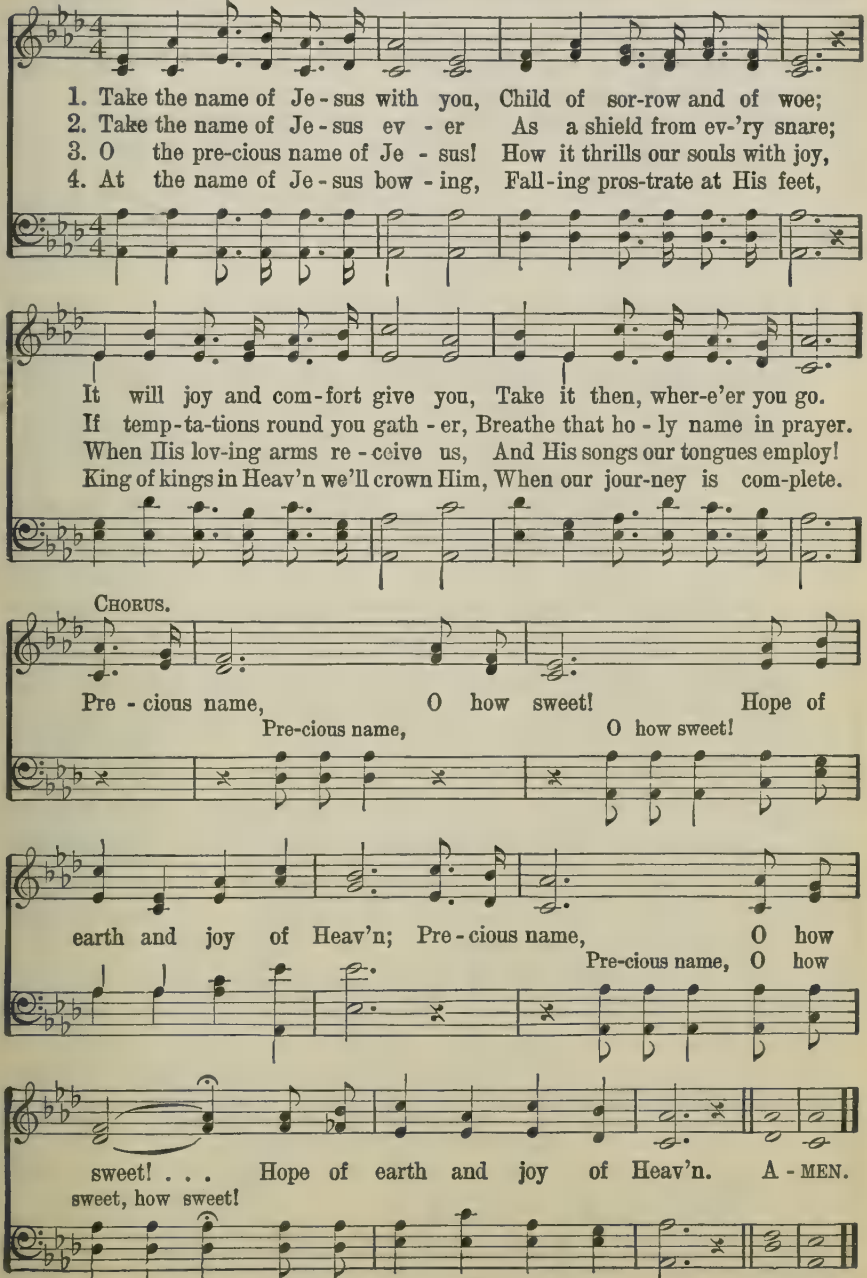

1. When my debt to God was rest - ing on my soul, And I trod the
2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
3. Grat - i - tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
4. When I stand a - lone and face the set - ting sun, And dark-ness ob-
down-ward road, I looked up to Him who died to make men whole, And He
heav - y load; Je - sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
gifts be - stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com - ing days, For He
scures the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He
CHORUS.
can-celled the debt I owed. Je - sus can-celled the debt I owed,
I owed,
Je - sus lift - ed the might-y load; . . . . Grace di - vine touched my
might - y load;
rit.
soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed. A-MEN.

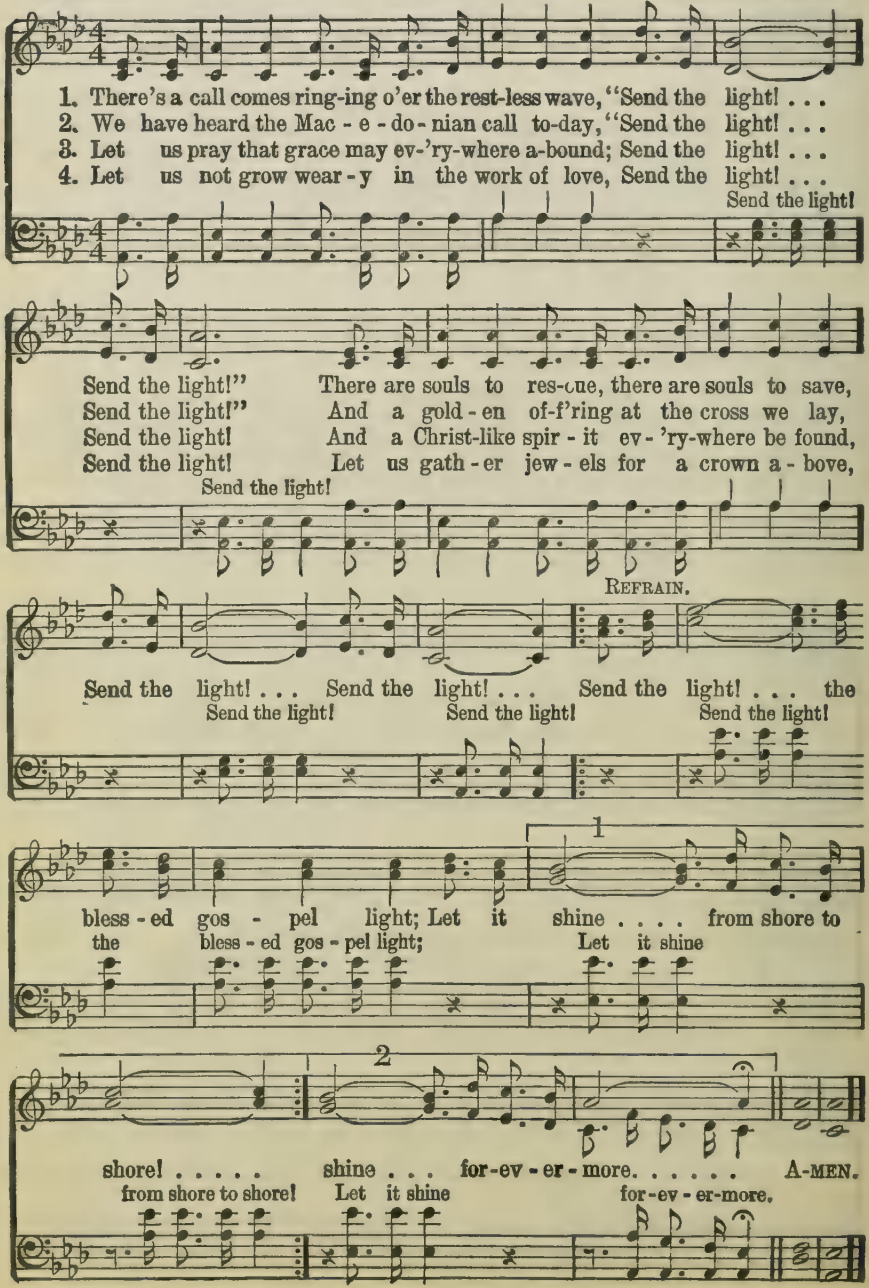
253 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
CHORUS.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

254 Send the Light.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
Send the light!
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,
Send the light!
REFRAIN.
Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!
1
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine
2
shore! . . . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er-more.

255 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

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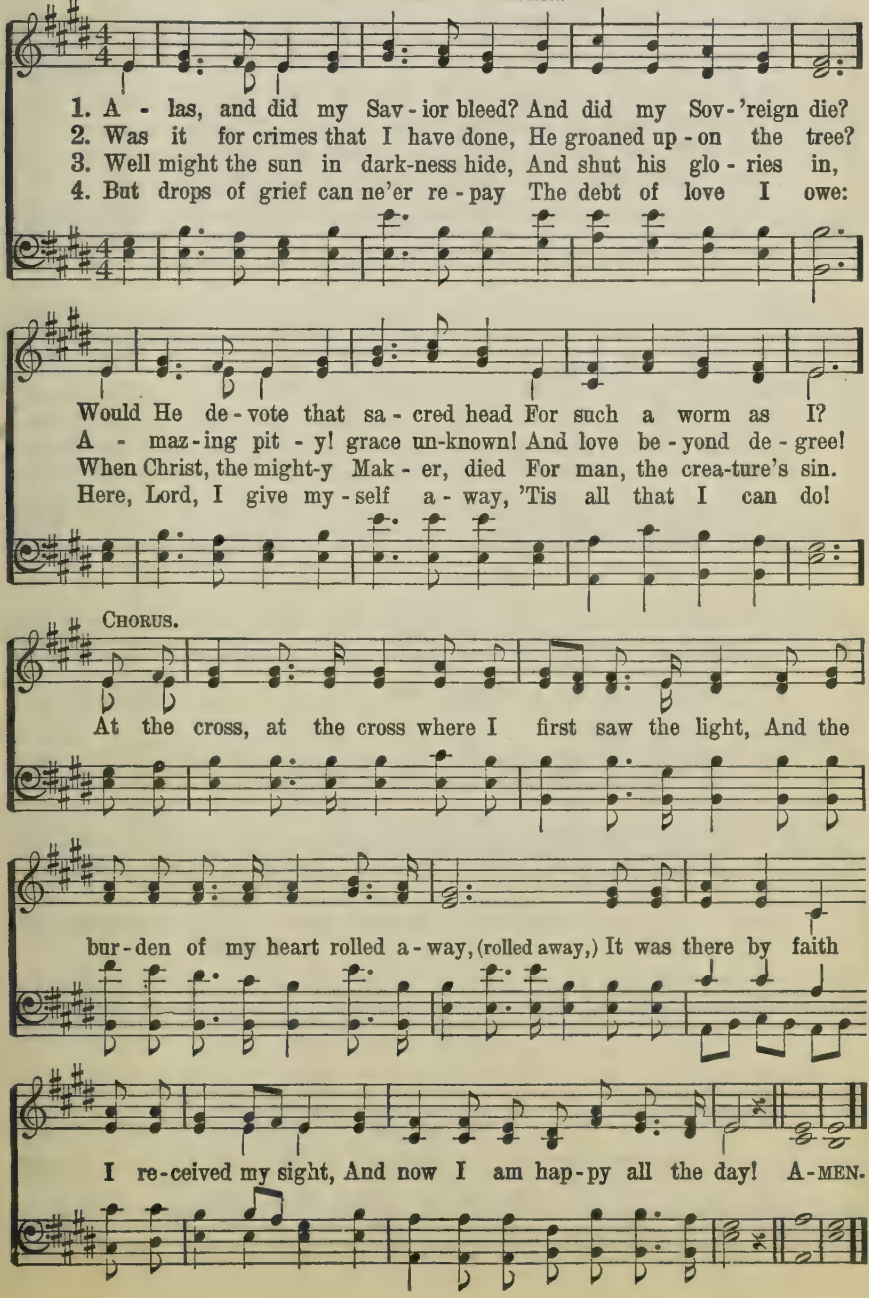
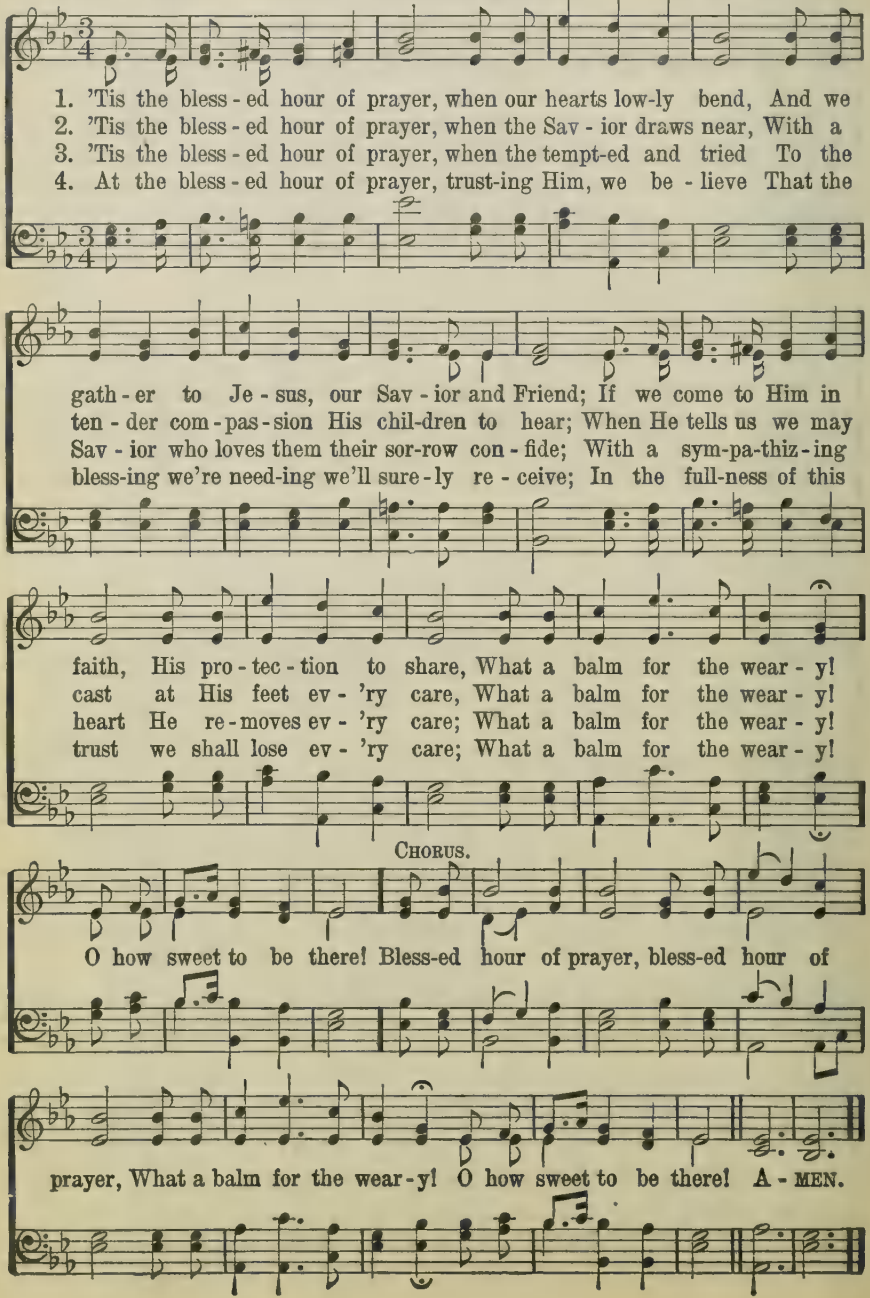

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - MEN.

258 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the Sav - ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz - ing heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
CHORUS.
O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer, What a balm for the wear-y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

259 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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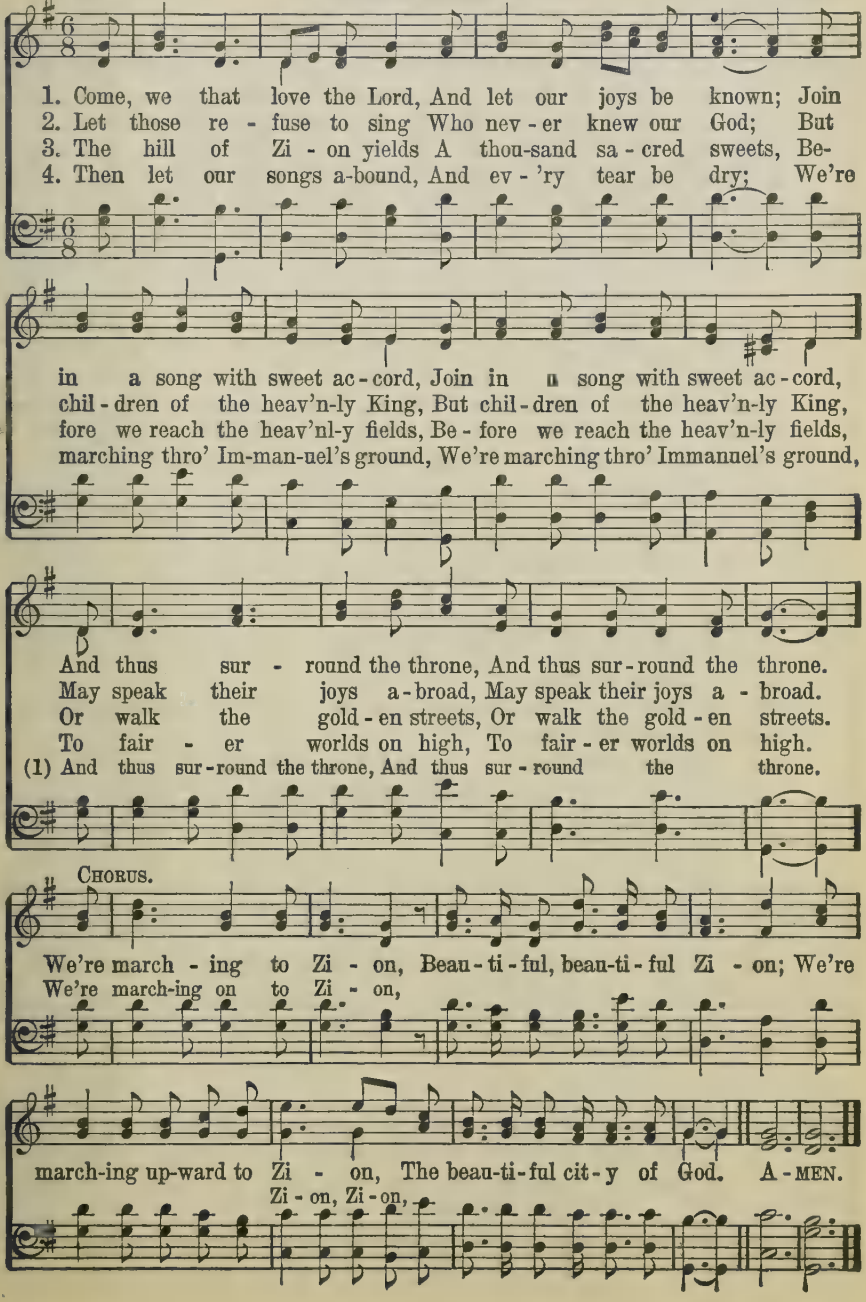
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
Chorus.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - men.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

260 I Am Thine, O Lord.

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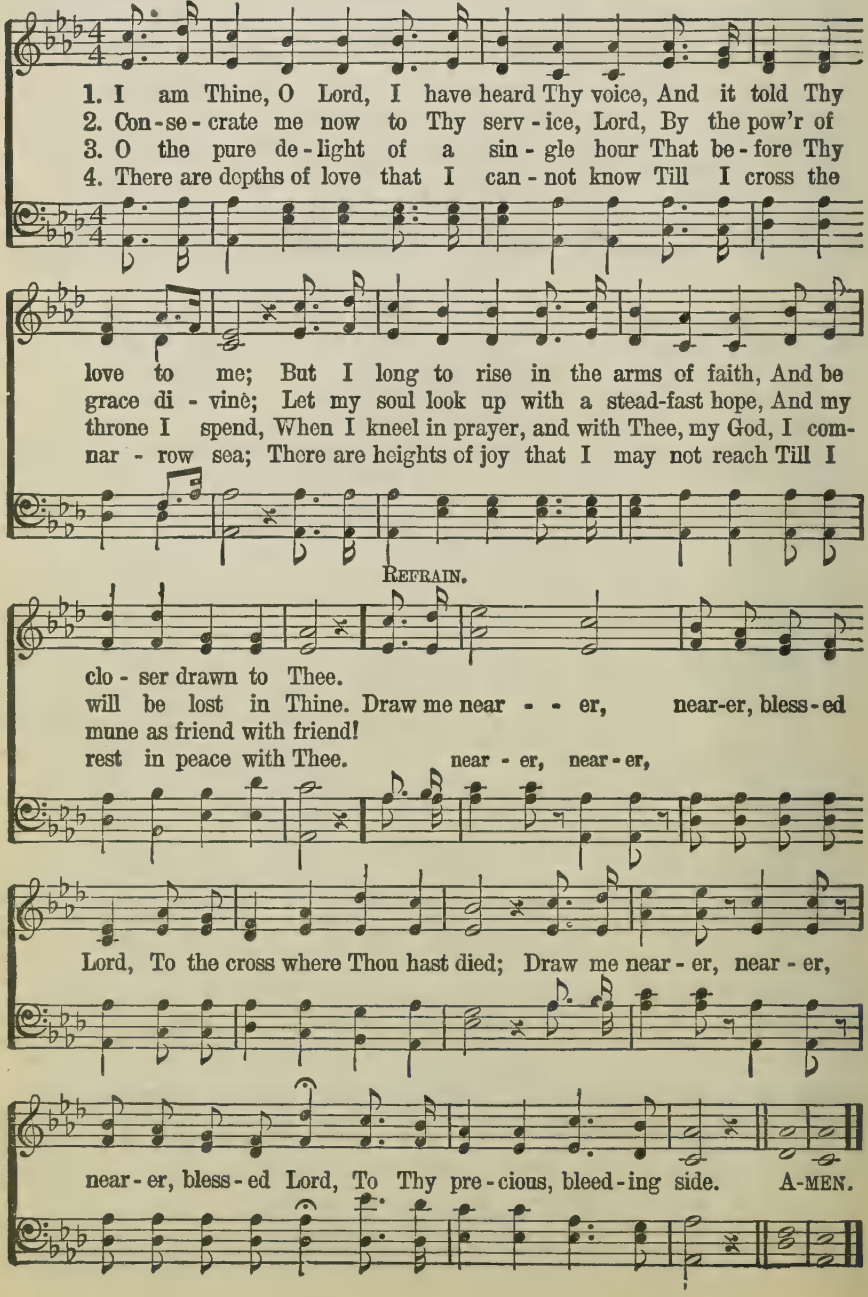
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN.
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

261 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

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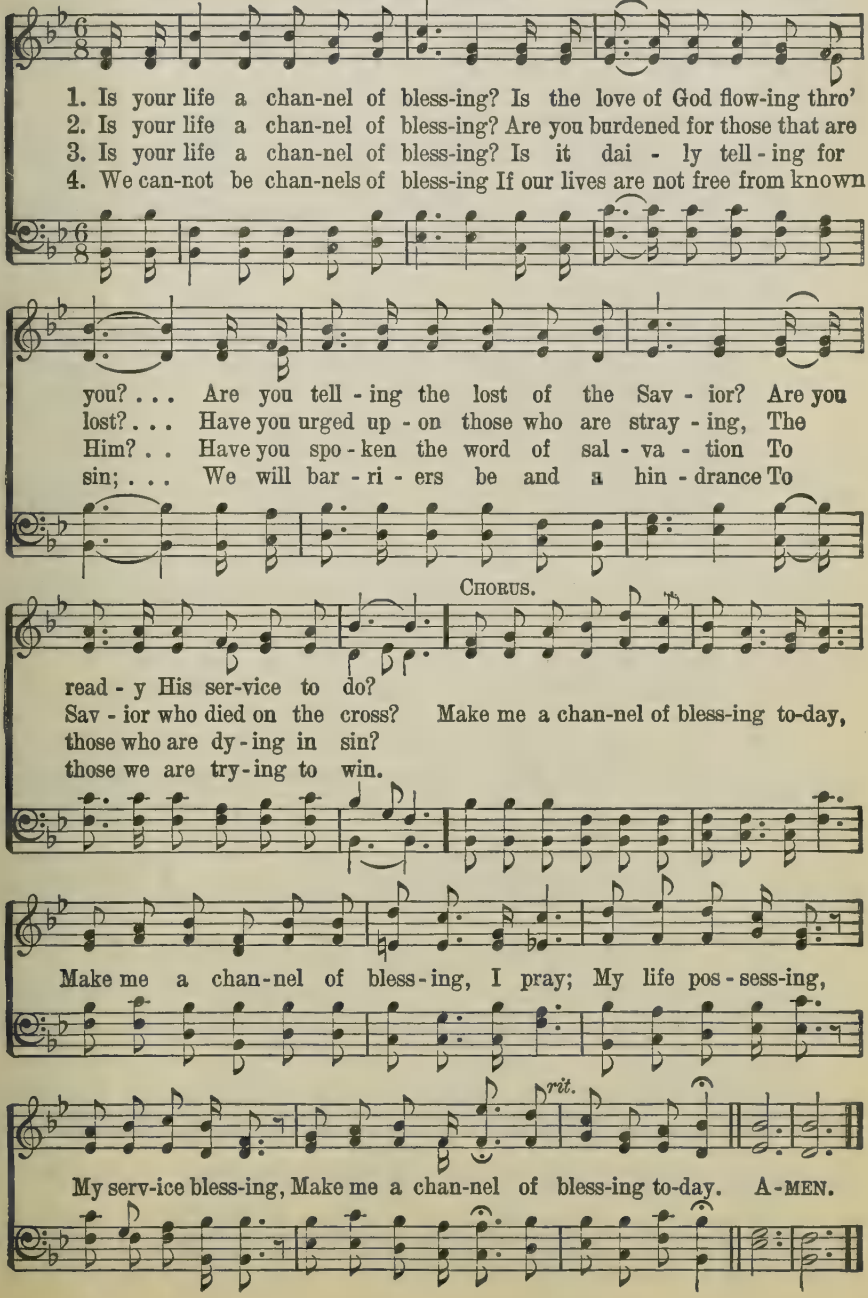
1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God flow-ing thro'
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you burdened for those that are
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai - ly tell-ing for
4. We can-not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not free from known
you? . . . Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
lost? . . . Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
Him? . . Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
sin; . . . We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To
CHORUS.
read - y His ser-vice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
rit.
My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day. A-MEN.

262 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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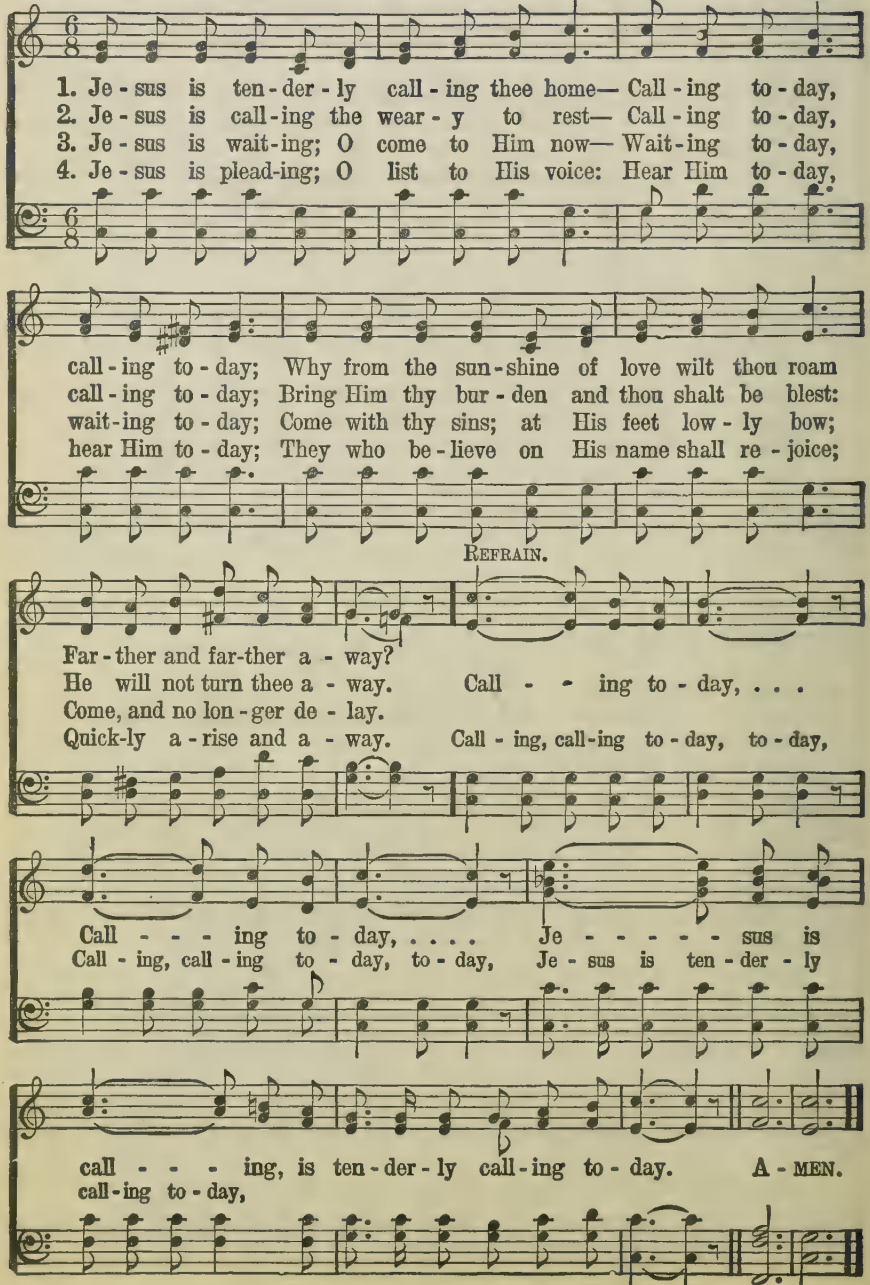
1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN.
Far - ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

263 I Must Tell Jesus.

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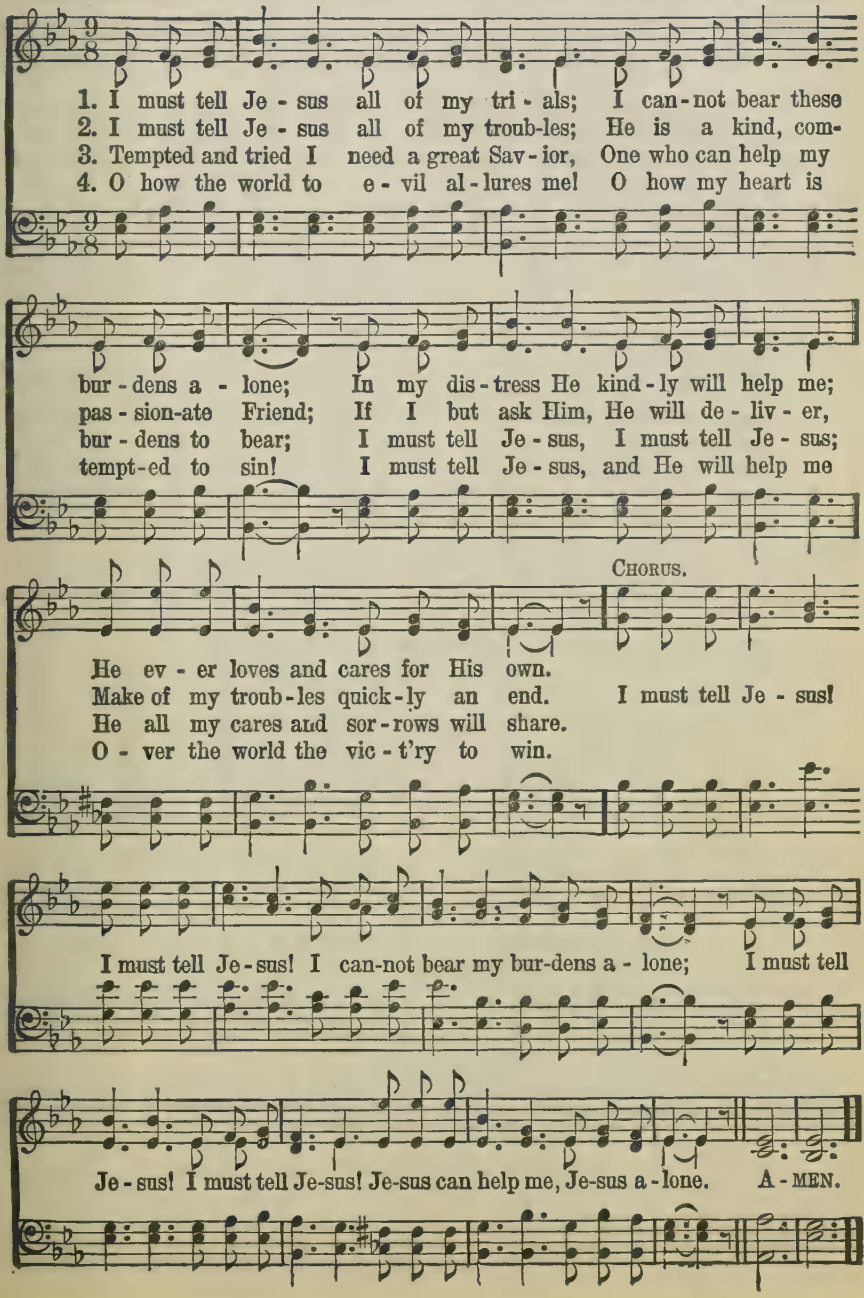
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

264 Some Time We'll Understand.

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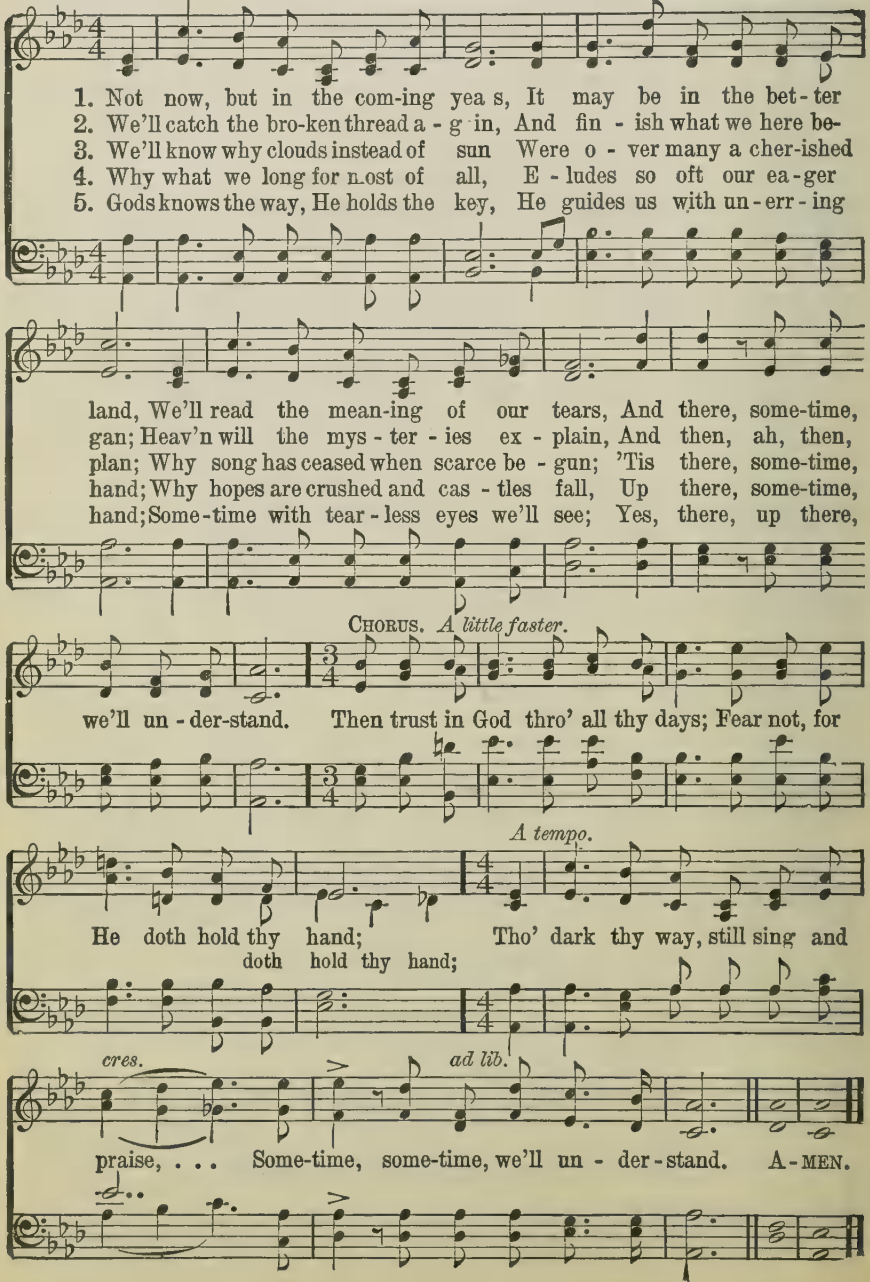
1. Not now, but in the com-ing yea s, It may be in the bet-ter
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a-g in, And fin-ish what we here be-
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cher-ished
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our ea-ger
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing
land, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
gan; Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then,
plan; Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, some-time,
hand; Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, some-time,
hand; Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,
Chorus. A little faster.
we'll un-der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for
A tempo.
He doth hold thy hand; Tho' dark thy way, still sing and
doth hold thy hand;
cres.
ad lib.
praise, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un-der-stand. A-men.

265 Trust and Obey.

J. H. Sammis.

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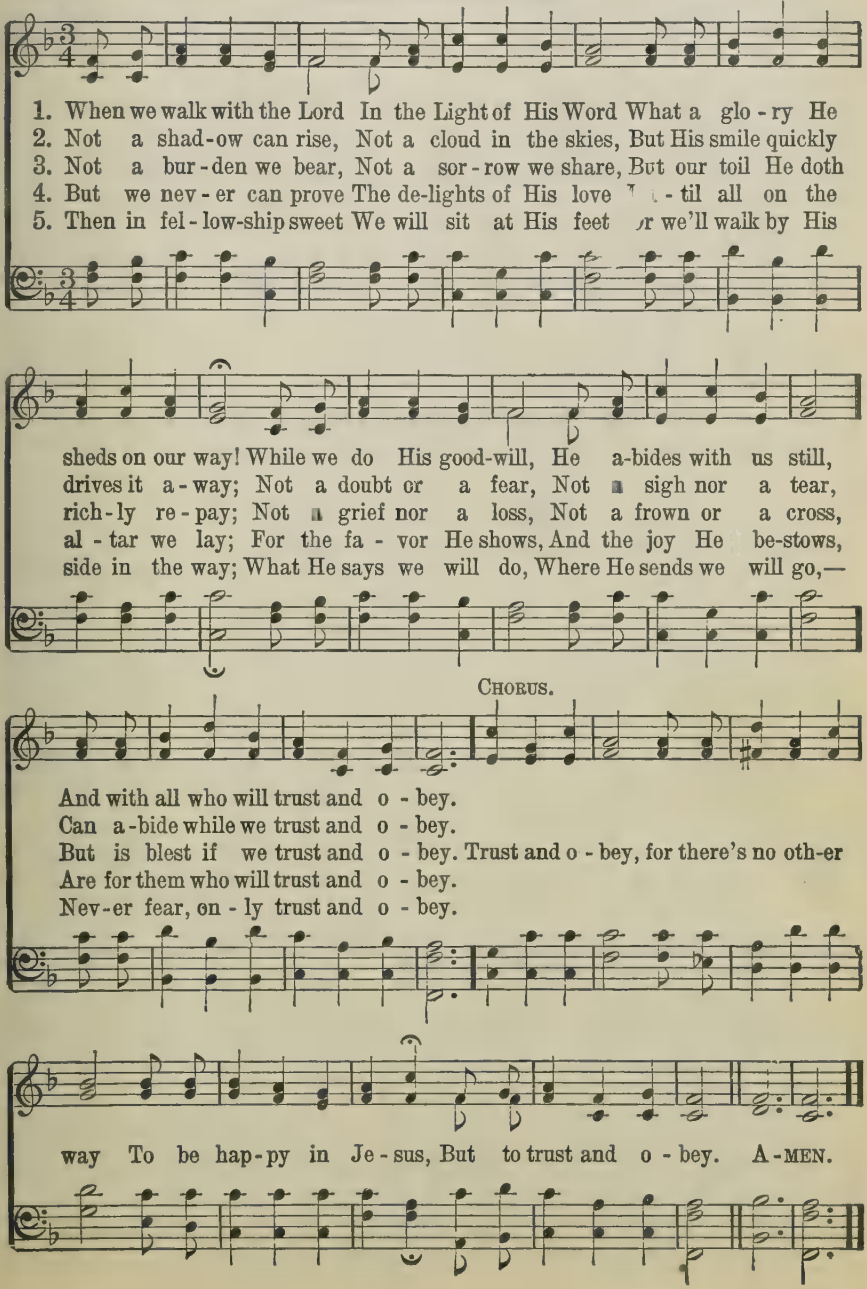
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The de-lights of His love ... til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet ...r we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,—
Chorus.
And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's no oth-er
Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o-bey. A-men.

266 Win Them For Him!

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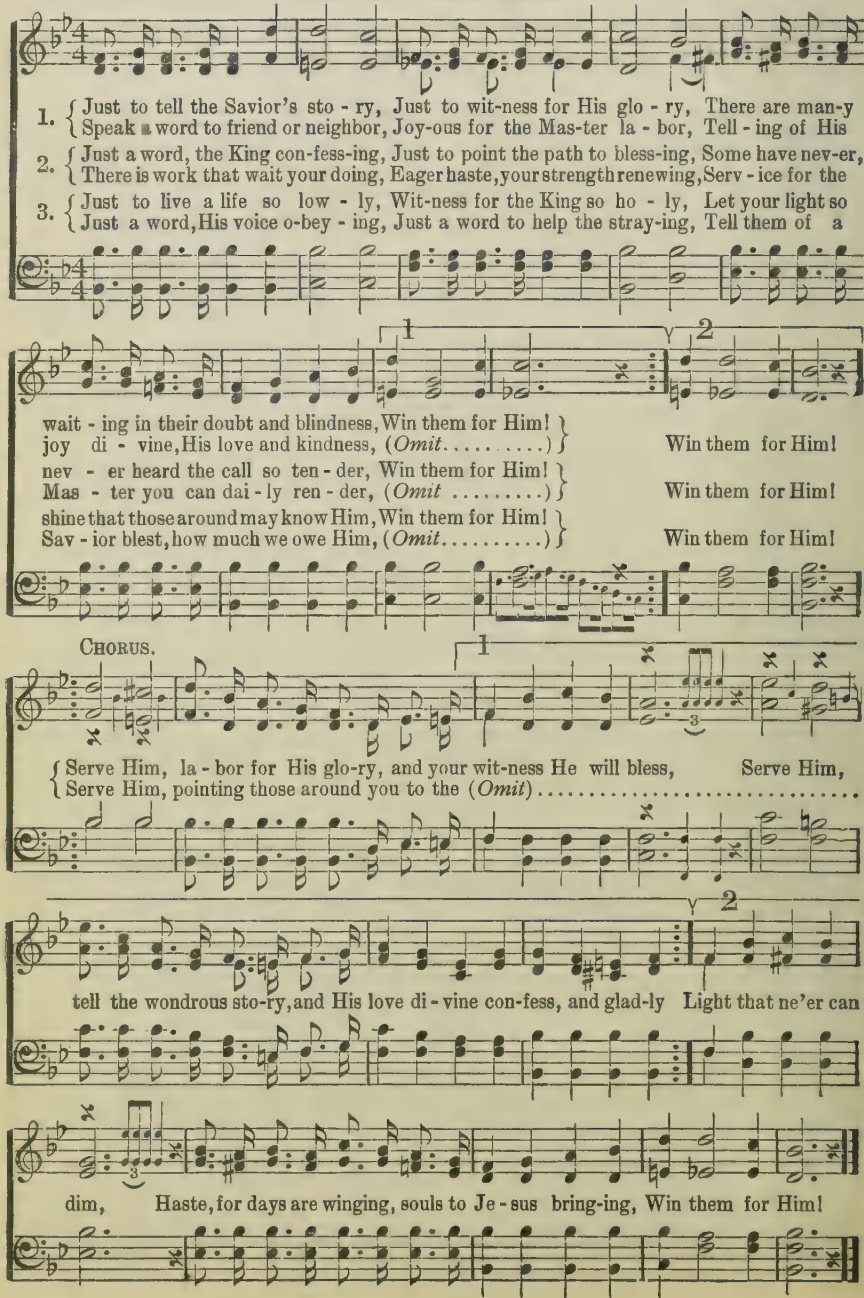
1. Just to tell the Savior's sto - ry, Just to wit-ness for His glo - ry, There are man-y
Speak a word to friend or neighbor, Joy-ous for the Mas-ter la - bor, Tell - ing of His
2. Just a word, the King con-fess-ing, Just to point the path to bless-ing, Some have nev-er,
There is work that wait your doing, Eager haste, your strength renewing, Serv - ice for the
3. Just to live a life so low - ly, Wit-ness for the King so ho - ly, Let your light so
Just a word, His voice o-bey - ing, Just a word to help the stray-ing, Tell them of a
1
2
wait - ing in their doubt and blindness, Win them for Him!
joy di - vine, His love and kindness, (Omit.....)
Win them for Him!
nev - er heard the call so ten - der, Win them for Him!
Mas - ter you can dai - ly ren - der, (Omit .....)
Win them for Him!
shine that those around may know Him, Win them for Him!
Sav - ior blest, how much we owe Him, (Omit.....)
Win them for Him!
CHORUS.
1
3
Serve Him, la - bor for His glo-ry, and your wit-ness He will bless, Serve Him,
Serve Him, pointing those around you to the (Omit).....
2
tell the wondrous sto-ry, and His love di - vine con-fess, and glad-ly Light that ne'er can
3
dim, Haste, for days are winging, souls to Je - sus bring-ing, Win them for Him!

267 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

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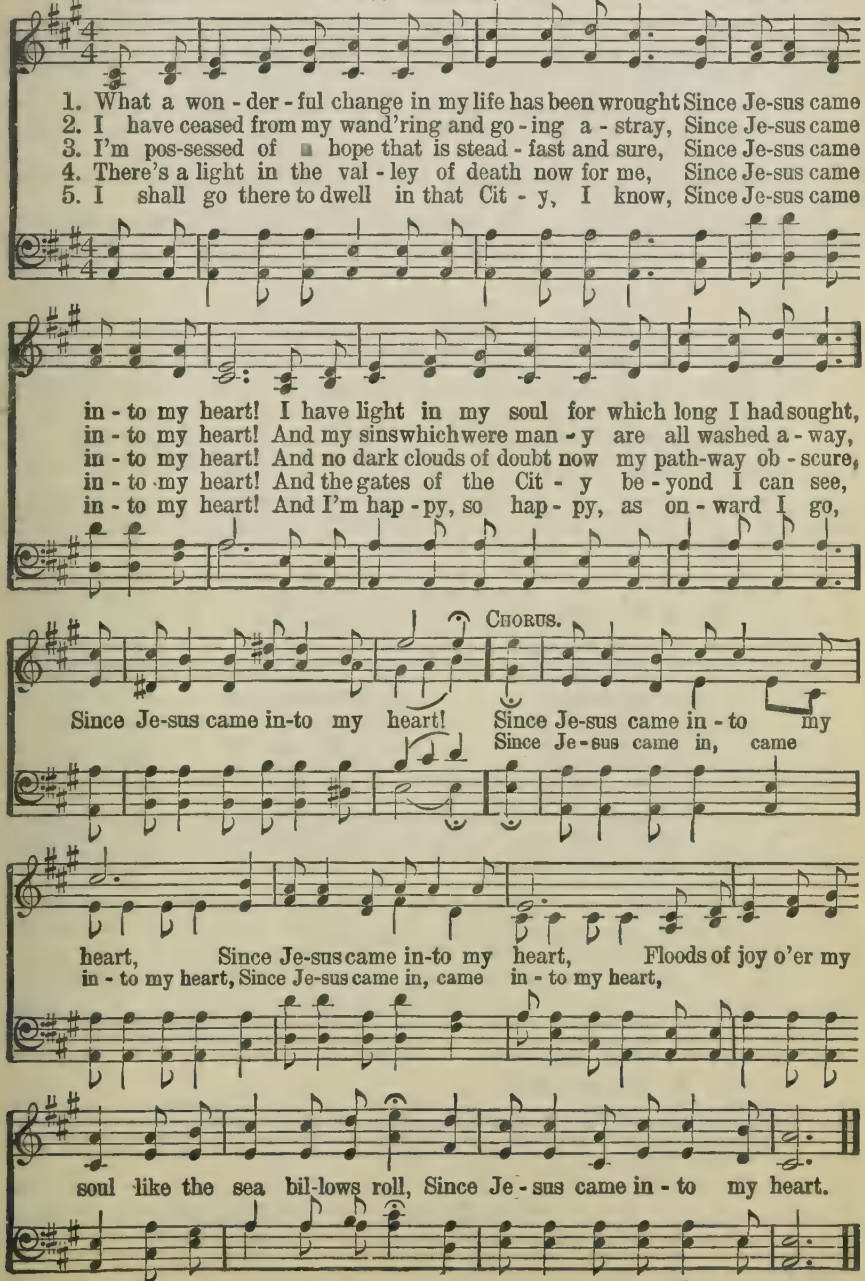
1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,
Chorus.
Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je-sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

268 Some Day, It Won't Be Long.

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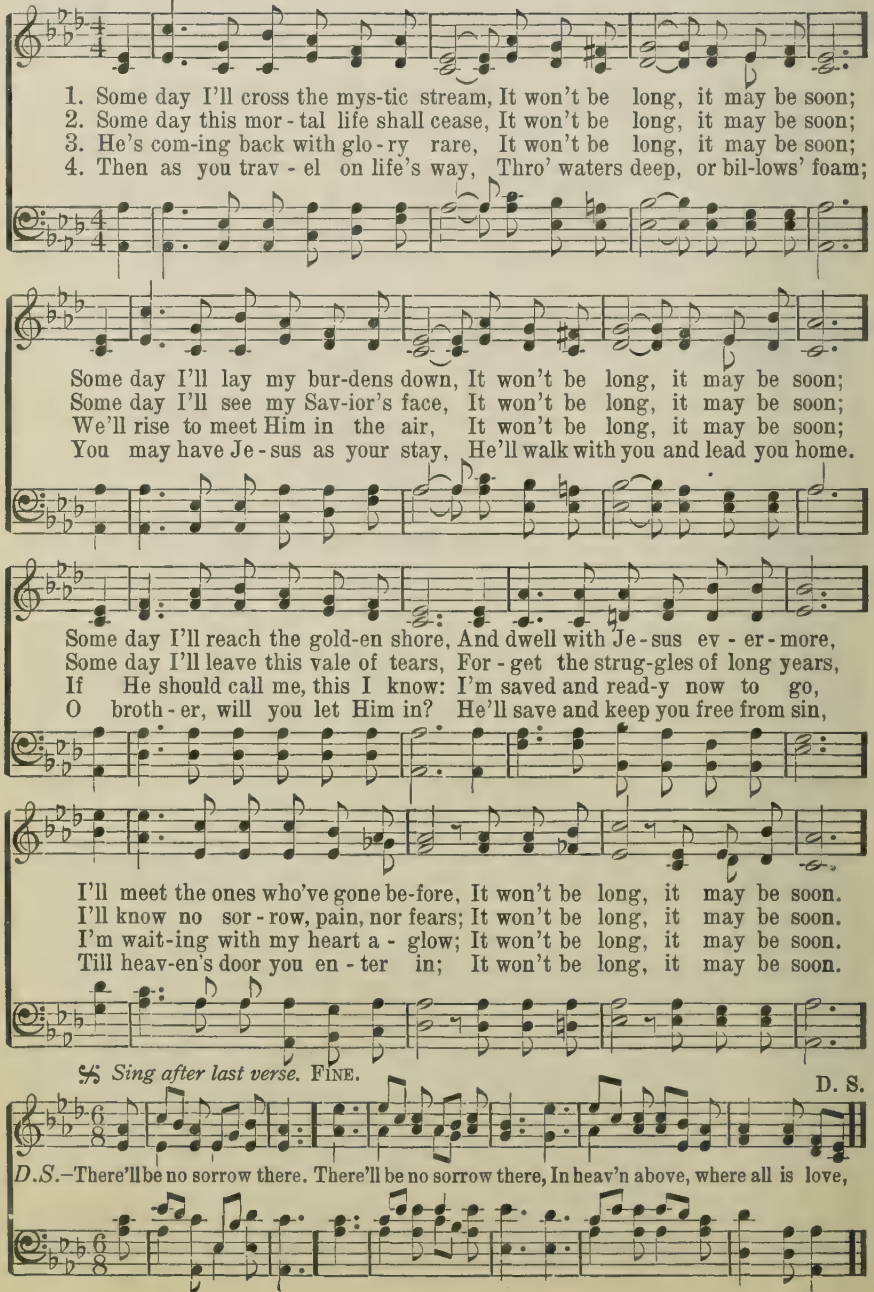
L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.
Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,
I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.
𝄋 Sing after last verse. FINE.
D. S.
D.S.—There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,

269 No One Loves You So.

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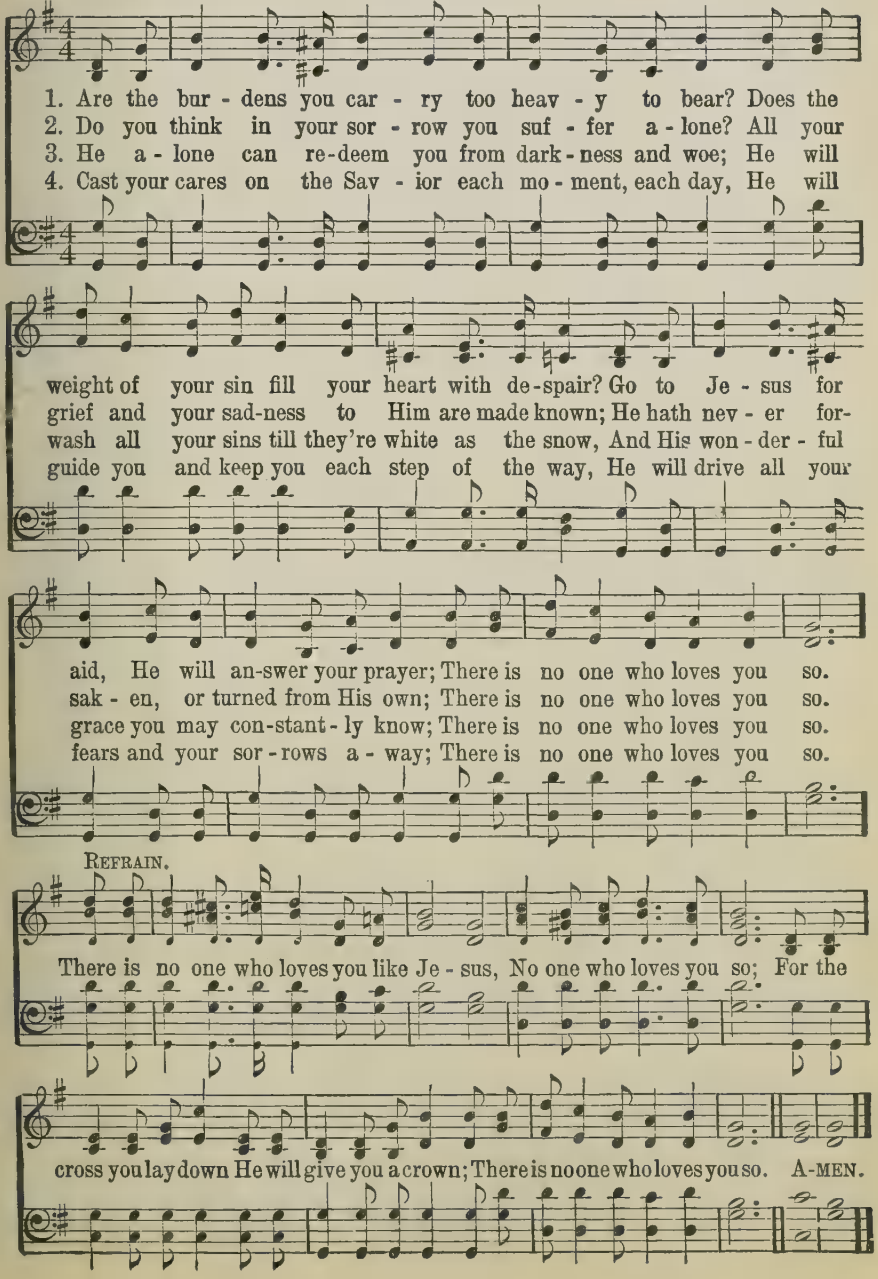
1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the weight of your sin fill your heart with de-spair? Go to Je - sus for aid, He will an-swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your grief and your sad-ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for- sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
3. He a - lone can re-deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful grace you may con-stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.
REFRAIN.
There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A-MEN.

270 Christ Returneth.

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H. L. Turner. James McGranahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no

dark - ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

rit.

turn-eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

271 He Whispers His Love to Me.

V. McC.

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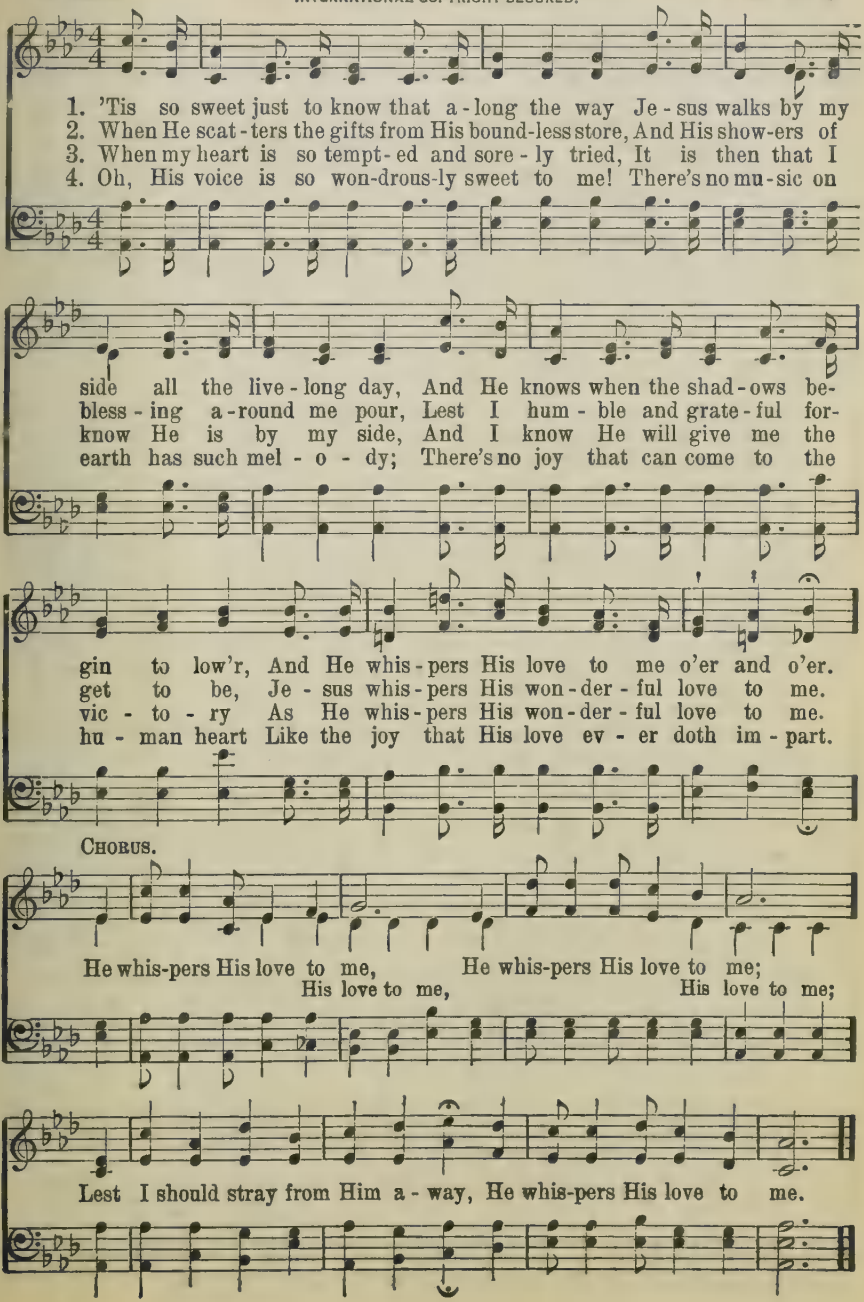
Vivian McCown.

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a-long the way Je-sus walks by my side all the live-long day, And He knows when the shad-ows be-
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His bound-less store, And His show-ers of bless-ing a-round me pour, Lest I hum-ble and grate-ful for-
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore-ly tried, It is then that I know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu-sic on earth has such mel-o-dy; There's no joy that can come to the
gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
get to be, Je-sus whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
vic-to-ry As He whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
hu-man heart Like the joy that His love ev-er doth im-part.
CHORUS.
He whis-pers His love to me, He whis-pers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;
Lest I should stray from Him a-way, He whis-pers His love to me.

272 I Do Believe the Bible.

F. A. E.

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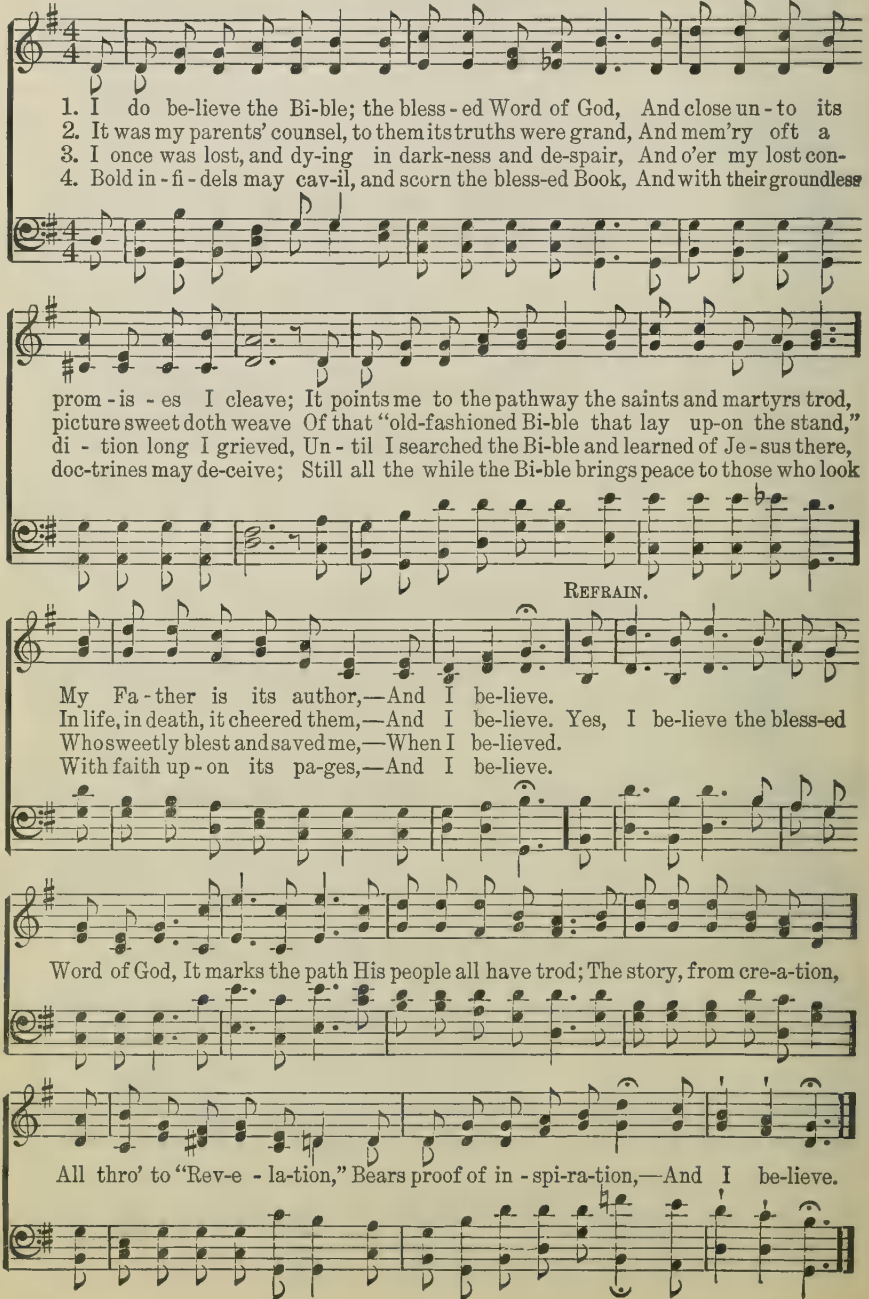
1. I do be-lieve the Bi-ble; the bless-ed Word of God, And close un-to its
2. It was my parents' counsel, to them its truths were grand, And mem'ry oft a
3. I once was lost, and dy-ing in dark-ness and de-spair, And o'er my lost con-
4. Bold in-fi-dels may cav-il, and scorn the bless-ed Book, And with their groundless
prom-is-es I cleave; It points me to the pathway the saints and martyrs trod,
picture sweet doth weave Of that "old-fashioned Bi-ble that lay up-on the stand,"
di-tion long I grieved, Un-til I searched the Bi-ble and learned of Je-sus there,
doc-trines may de-ceive; Still all the while the Bi-ble brings peace to those who look
REFRAIN.
My Fa-ther is its author,—And I be-lieve.
In life, in death, it cheered them,—And I be-lieve. Yes, I be-lieve the bless-ed
Who sweetly blest and saved me,—When I be-lieved.
With faith up-on its pa-ges,—And I be-lieve.
Word of God, It marks the path His people all have trod; The story, from cre-a-tion,
All thro' to "Rev-e-la-tion," Bears proof of in-spi-ra-tion,—And I be-lieve.

273 He's the One.

J. B. M.

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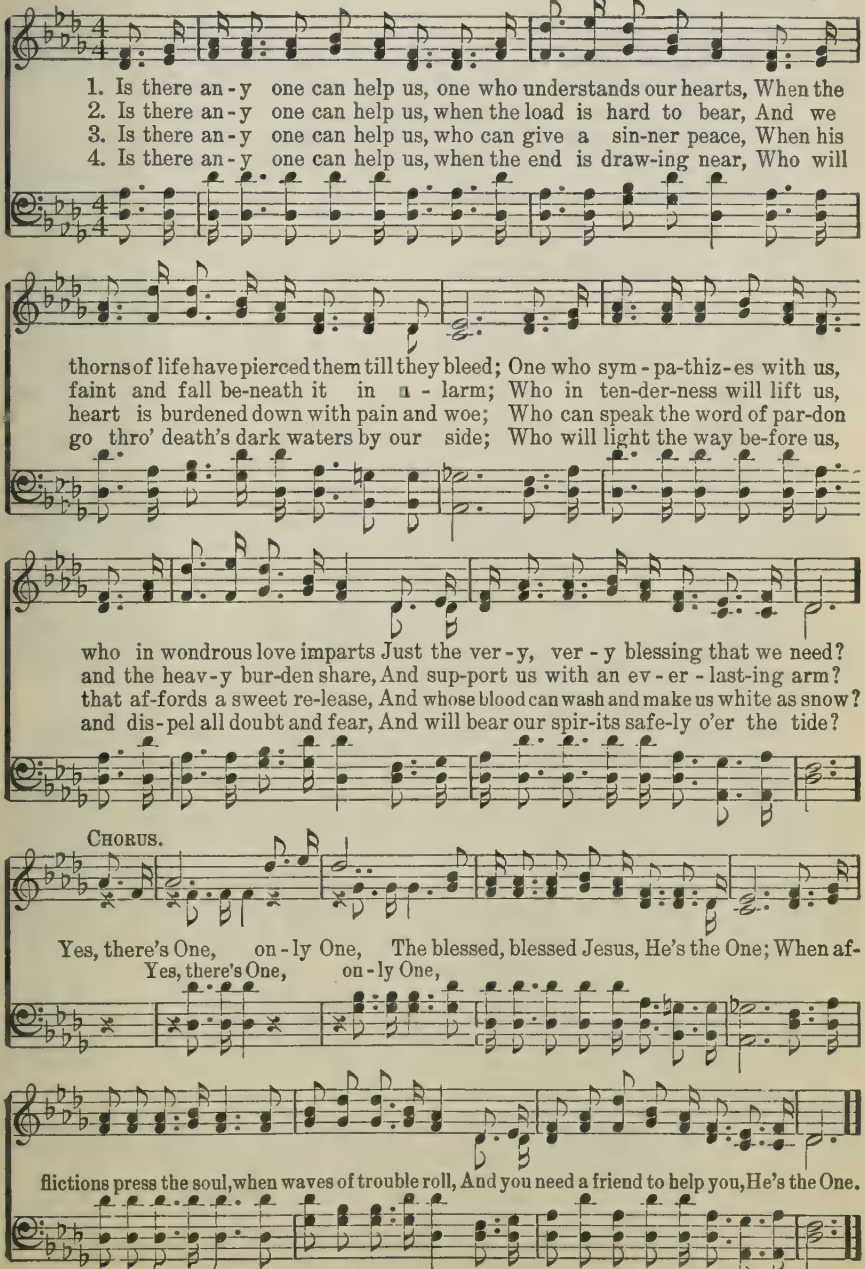
J. B. Mackay.


1. Is there an-y one can help us, one who understands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an-y one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an-y one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
4. Is there an-y one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will
thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es with us,
faint and fall be-neath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us,
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,
who in wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver-y blessing that we need?
and the heav-y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?
that af-fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
and dis-pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?
Chorus.
Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, on-ly One,
flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

274 Moment By Moment.

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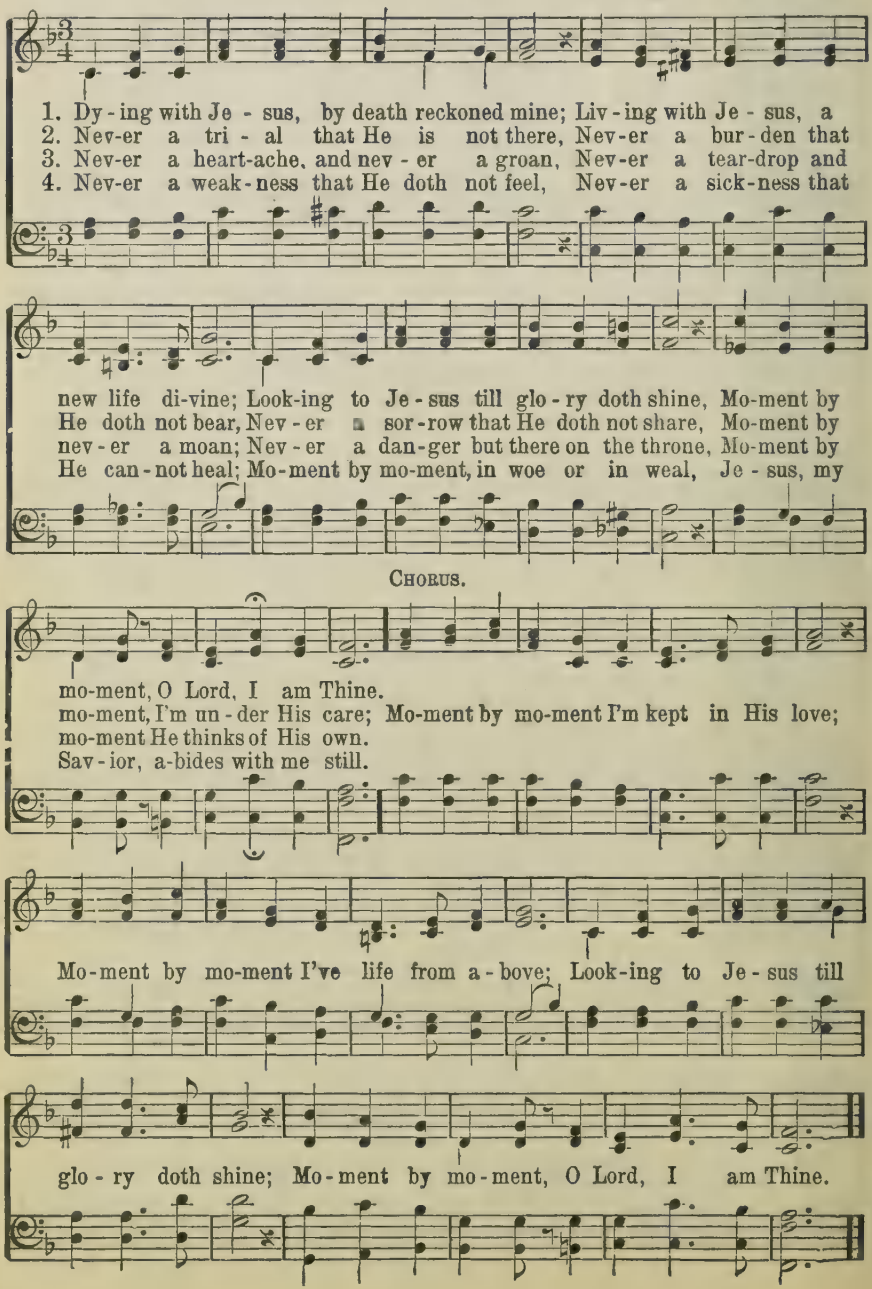
D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.


1. Dy-ing with Je-sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv-ing with Je-sus, a
2. Nev-er a tri-al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev-er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that
new life di-vine; Look-ing to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine, Mo-ment by
He doth not bear, Nev-er a sor-row that He doth not share, Mo-ment by
nev-er a moan; Nev-er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo-ment by
He can-not heal; Mo-ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je-sus, my
CHORUS.
mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo-ment, I'm un-der His care; Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love;
mo-ment He thinks of His own.
Sav-ior, a-bides with me still.
Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a-bove; Look-ing to Je-sus till
glo-ry doth shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

275 Saved Forever!

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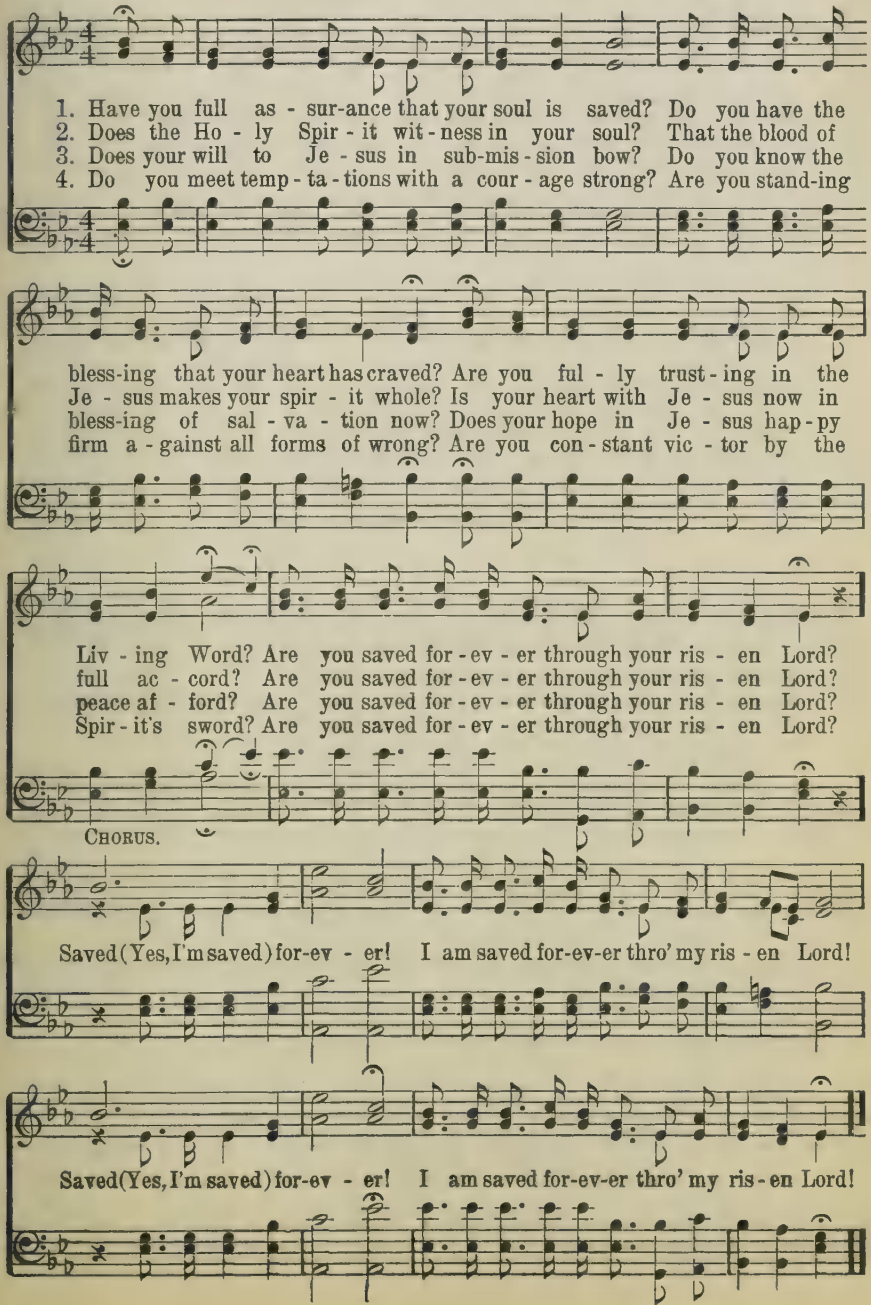
1. Have you full as - sur-ance that your soul is saved? Do you have the
2. Does the Ho - ly Spir - it wit - ness in your soul? That the blood of
3. Does your will to Je - sus in sub-mis - sion bow? Do you know the
4. Do you meet temp - ta - tions with a cour - age strong? Are you stand-ing
bless-ing that your heart has craved? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in the
Je - sus makes your spir - it whole? Is your heart with Je - sus now in
bless-ing of sal - va - tion now? Does your hope in Je - sus hap - py
firm a - gainst all forms of wrong? Are you con - stant vic - tor by the
Liv - ing Word? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
full ac - cord? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
peace af - ford? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
Spir - it's sword? Are you saved for - ev - er through your ris - en Lord?
CHORUS.
Saved (Yes, I'm saved) for-ev - er! I am saved for-ev-er thro' my ris - en Lord!
Saved (Yes, I'm saved) for-ev - er! I am saved for-ev-er thro' my ris - en Lord!

276 Carry All Your Sorrows To Him.

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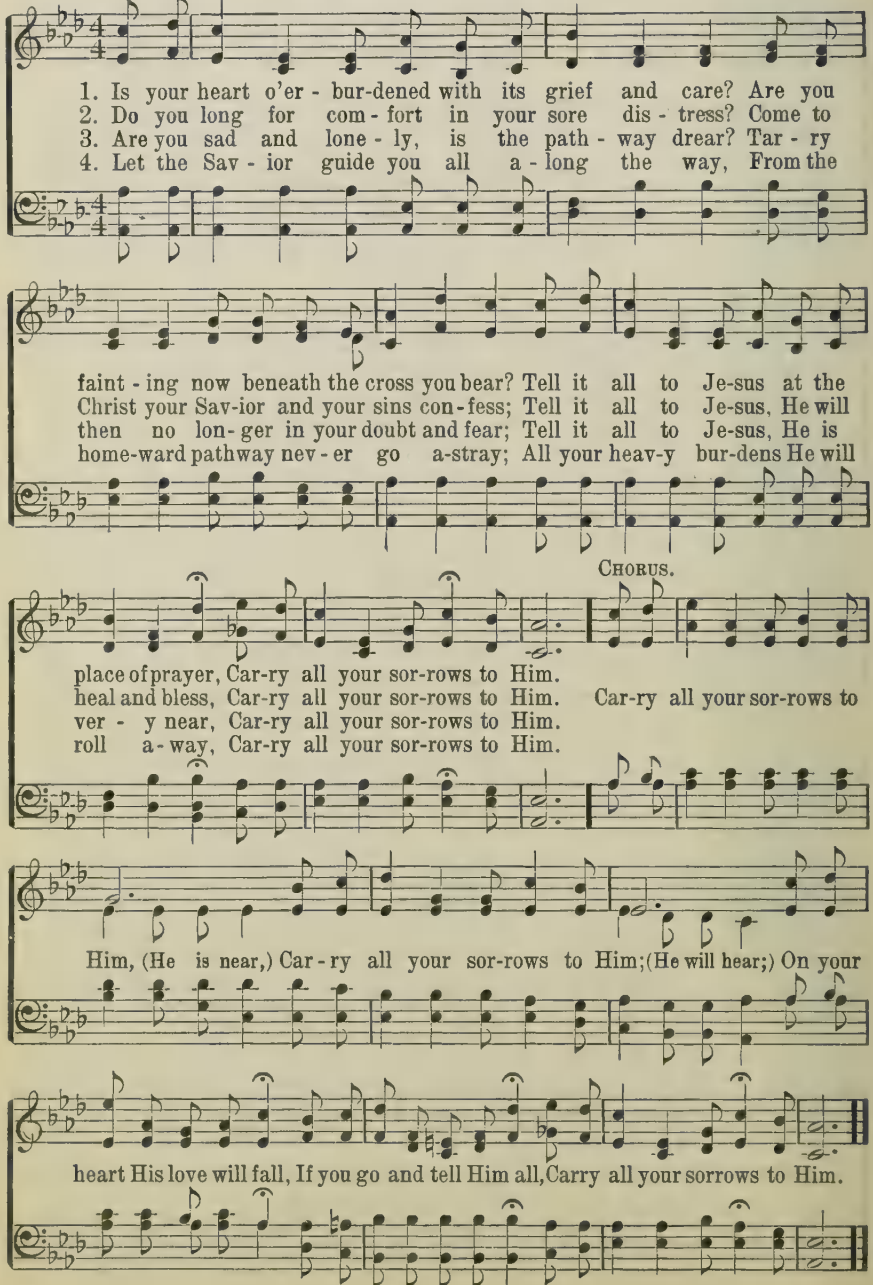
1. Is your heart o'er - bur-dened with its grief and care? Are you
2. Do you long for com - fort in your sore dis - tress? Come to
3. Are you sad and lone - ly, is the path - way drear? Tar - ry
4. Let the Sav - ior guide you all a - long the way, From the
faint - ing now beneath the cross you bear? Tell it all to Je-sus at the
Christ your Sav-ior and your sins con-fess; Tell it all to Je-sus, He will
then no lon-ger in your doubt and fear; Tell it all to Je-sus, He is
home-ward pathway nev - er go a-stray; All your heav-y bur-dens He will
Chorus.
place of prayer, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
heal and bless, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
ver - y near, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
roll a-way, Car-ry all your sor-rows to Him.
Car-ry all your sor-rows to
Him, (He is near,) Car - ry all your sor-rows to Him;(He will hear;) On your
heart His love will fall, If you go and tell Him all, Carry all your sorrows to Him.

277 He Blotted Them Out.

B. B. McK.

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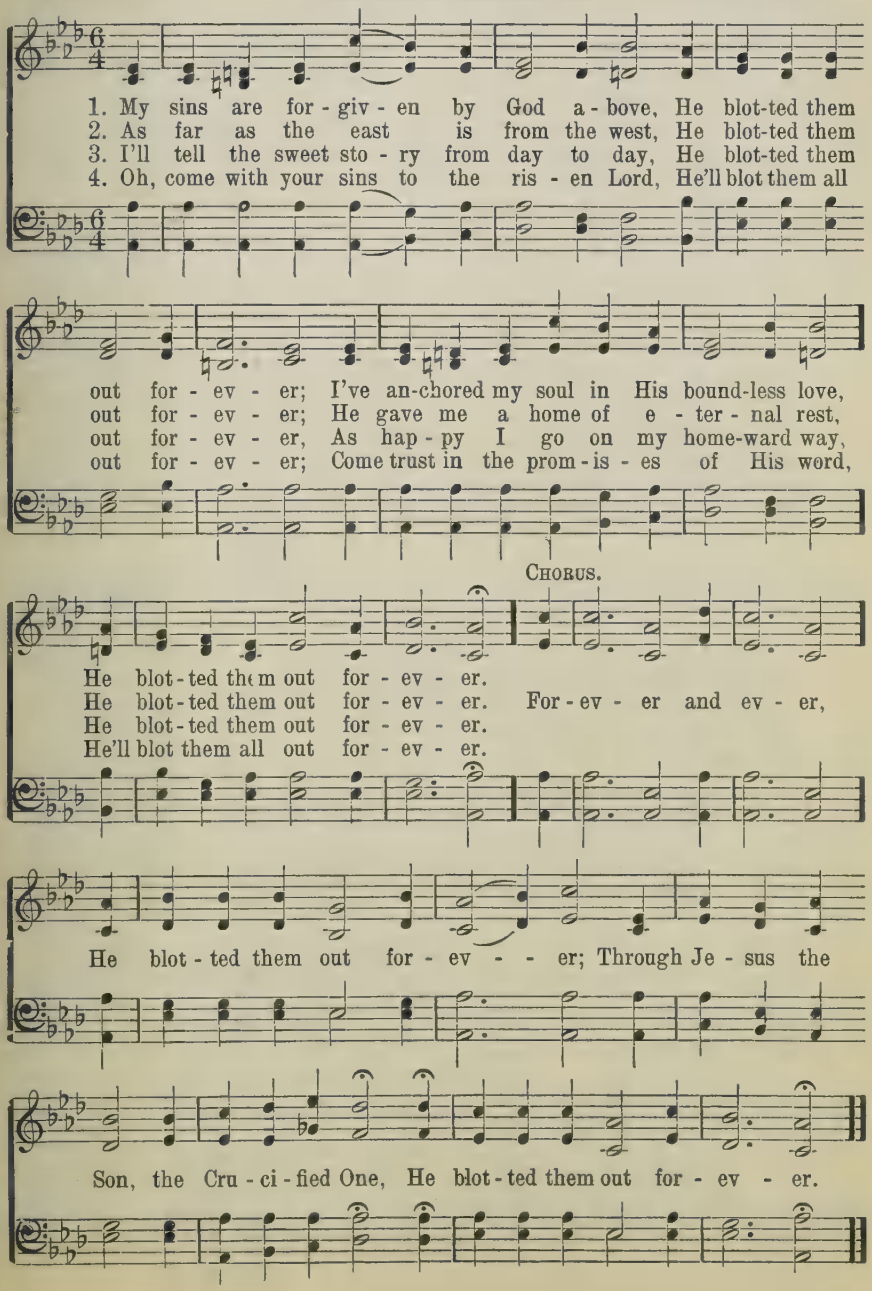
1. My sins are for - giv - en by God a - bove, He blot-ted them
2. As far as the east is from the west, He blot-ted them
3. I'll tell the sweet sto - ry from day to day, He blot-ted them
4. Oh, come with your sins to the ris - en Lord, He'll blot them all
out for - ev - er; I've an-chored my soul in His bound-less love,
out for - ev - er; He gave me a home of e - ter - nal rest,
out for - ev - er, As hap - py I go on my home-ward way,
out for - ev - er; Come trust in the prom - is - es of His word,
Chorus.
He blot - ted them out for - ev - er.
He blot - ted them out for - ev - er. For - ev - er and ev - er,
He blot - ted them out for - ev - er.
He'll blot them all out for - ev - er.
He blot - ted them out for - ev - - er; Through Je - sus the
Son, the Cru - ci - fied One, He blot - ted them out for - ev - er.

278 Does Jesus Care?

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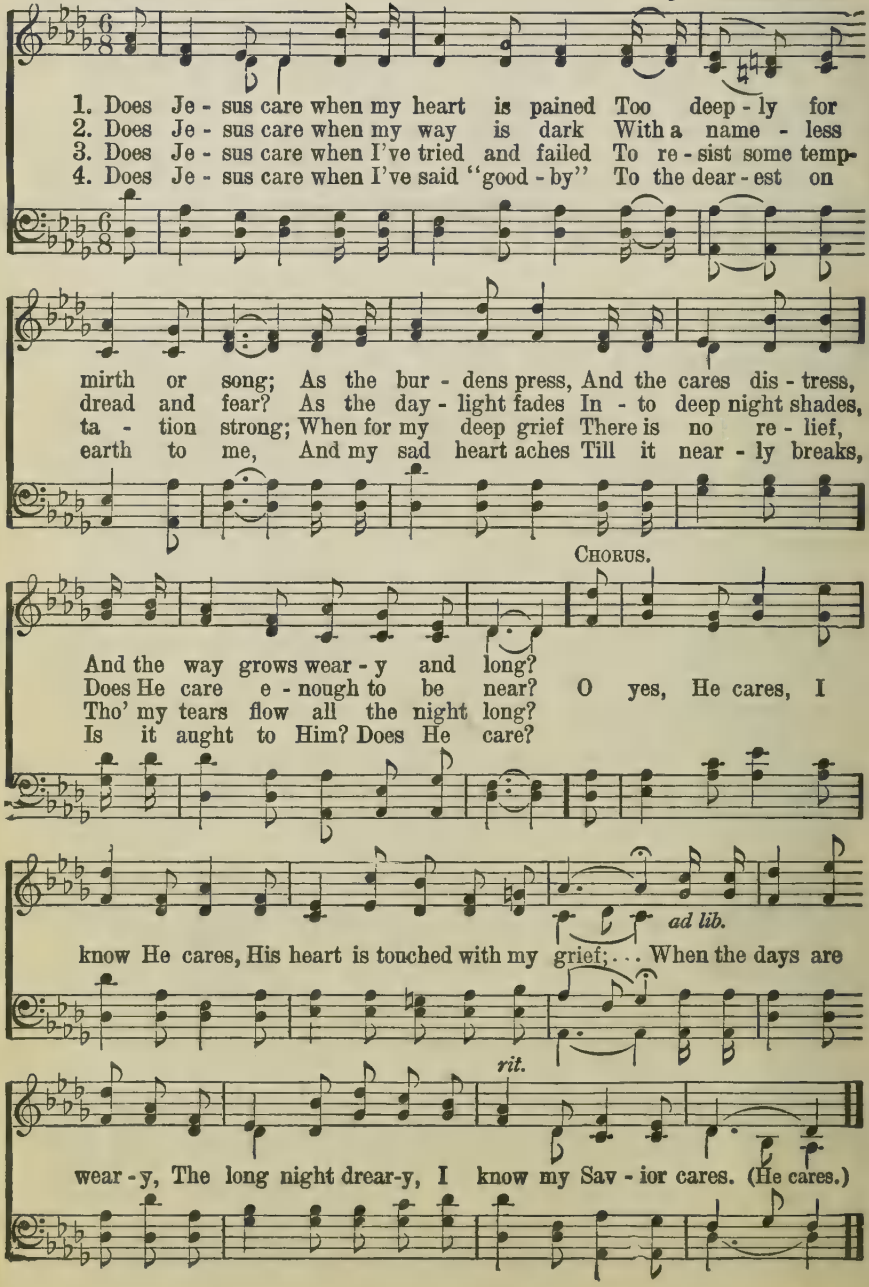
1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,
Chorus.
And the way grows wear - y and long?
Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is it aught to Him? Does He care?
ad lib.
know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief; . . . When the days are
rit.
wear - y, The long night drear-y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)

279 The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross, the cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

280 His Mighty Hand.

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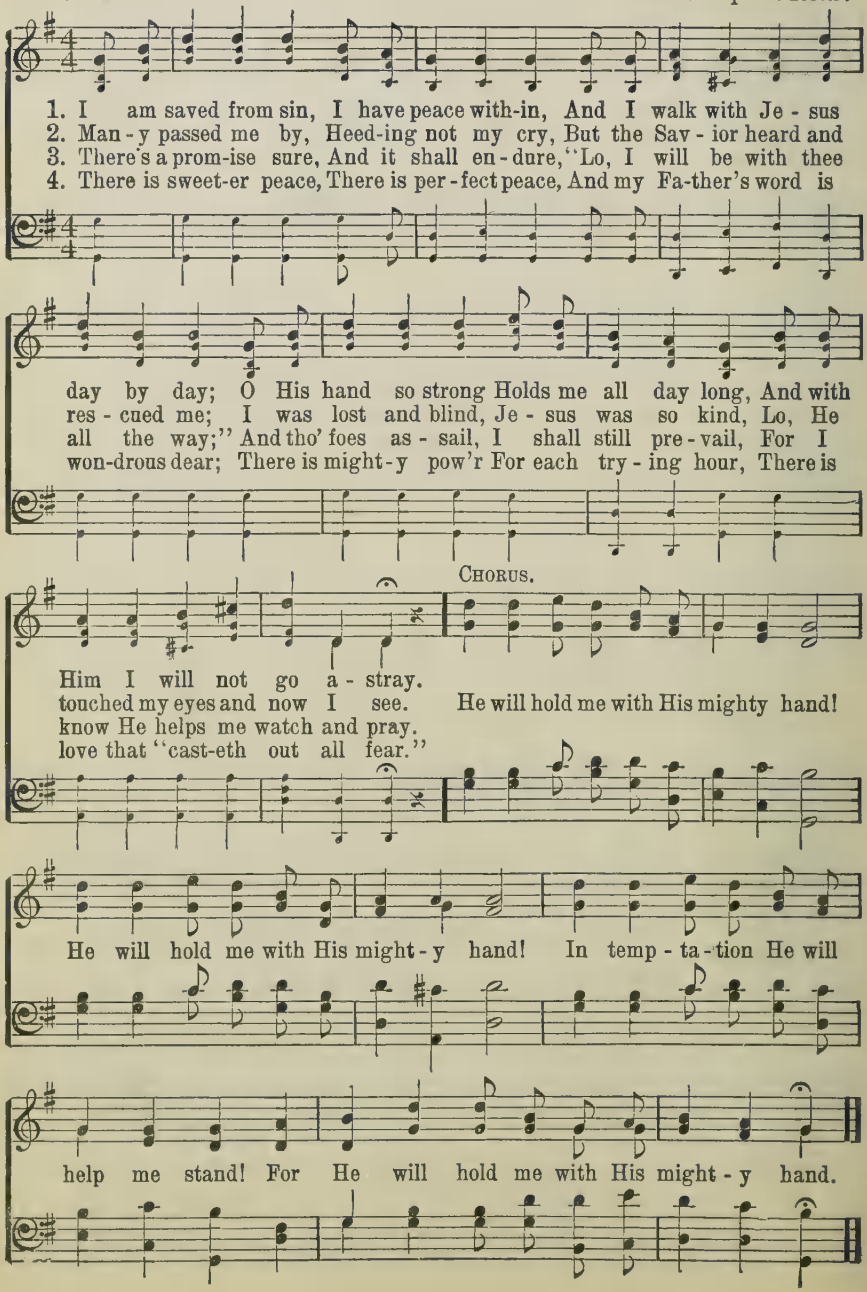
1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in, And I walk with Je - sus
2. Man - y passed me by, Heed-ing not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a prom-ise sure, And it shall en - dure, "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet-er peace, There is per - fect peace, And my Fa-ther's word is
day by day; O His hand so strong Holds me all day long, And with
res - cued me; I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, Lo, He
all the way;" And tho' foes as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
won-drous dear; There is might - y pow'r For each try - ing hour, There is
CHORUS.
Him I will not go a - stray.
touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His mighty hand!
know He helps me watch and pray.
love that "cast-eth out all fear."
He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will
help me stand! For He will hold me with His might - y hand.

281 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.

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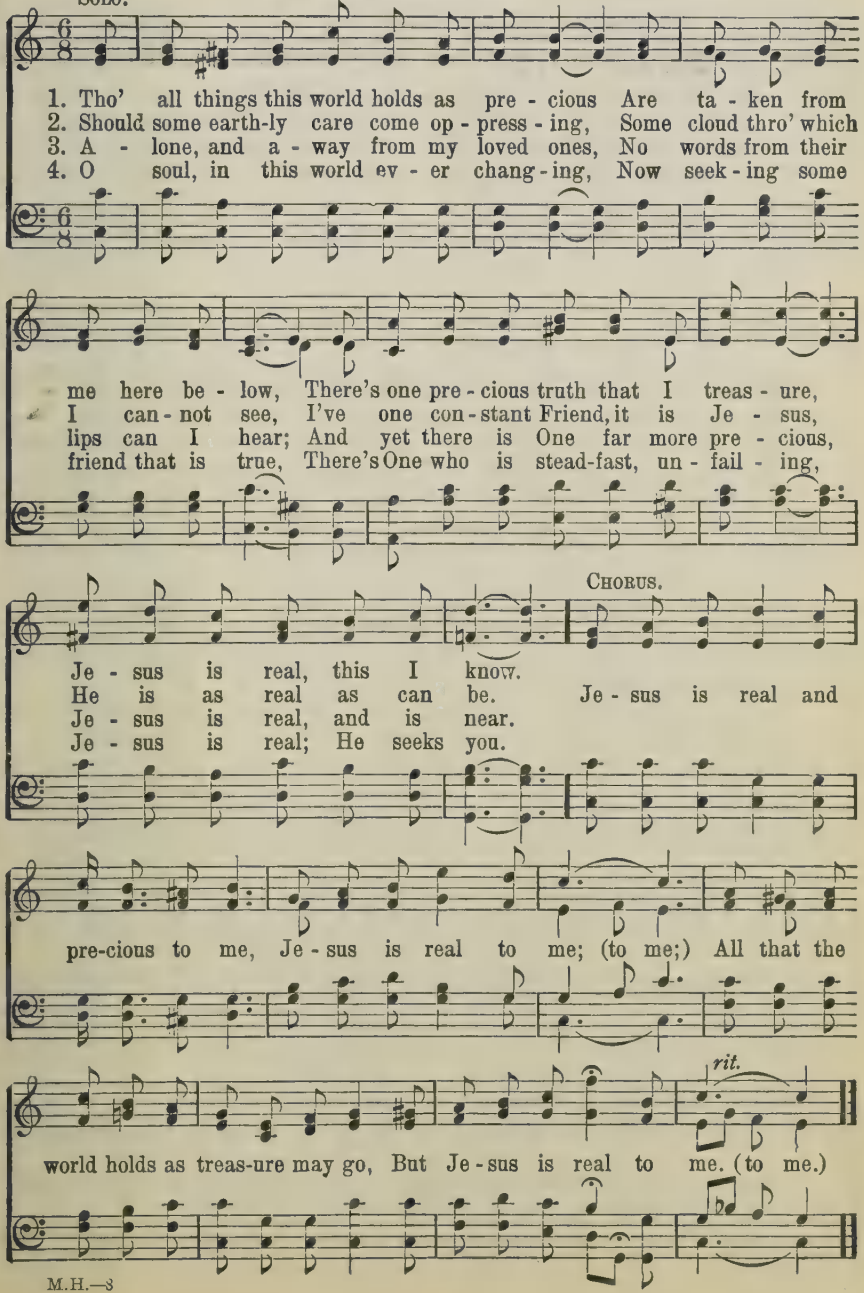
Solo.
1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from
2. Should some earth-ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some
me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,
friend that is true, There's One who is stead-fast, un - fail - ing,
Chorus.
Je - sus is real, this I know.
He is as real as can be. Je - sus is real and
Je - sus is real, and is near.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.
pre-cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the
rit.
world holds as treas-ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)

282 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

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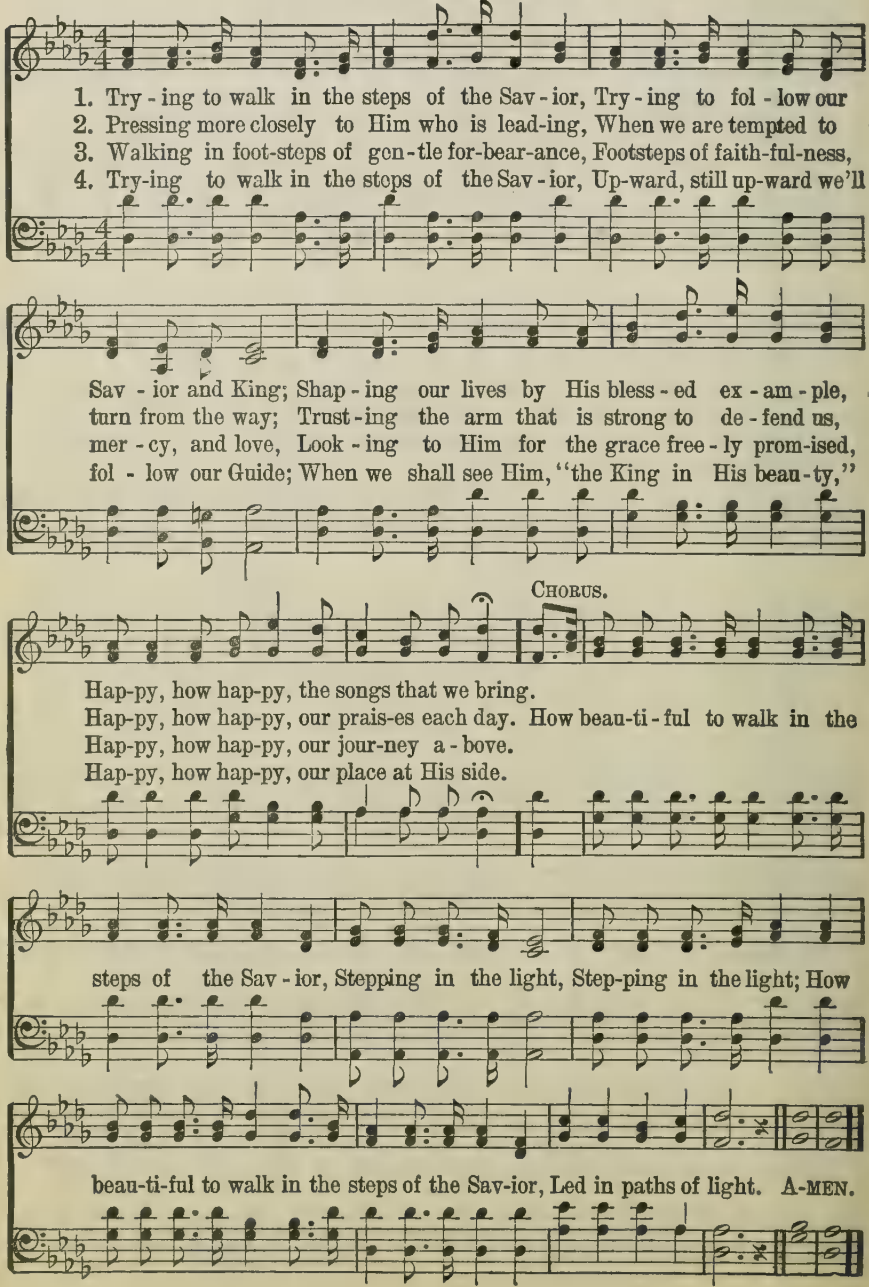
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot-steps of gen-tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up-ward, still up-ward we'll
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
CHORUS.
Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais-es each day. How beau-ti - ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Led in paths of light. A-MEN.

283 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

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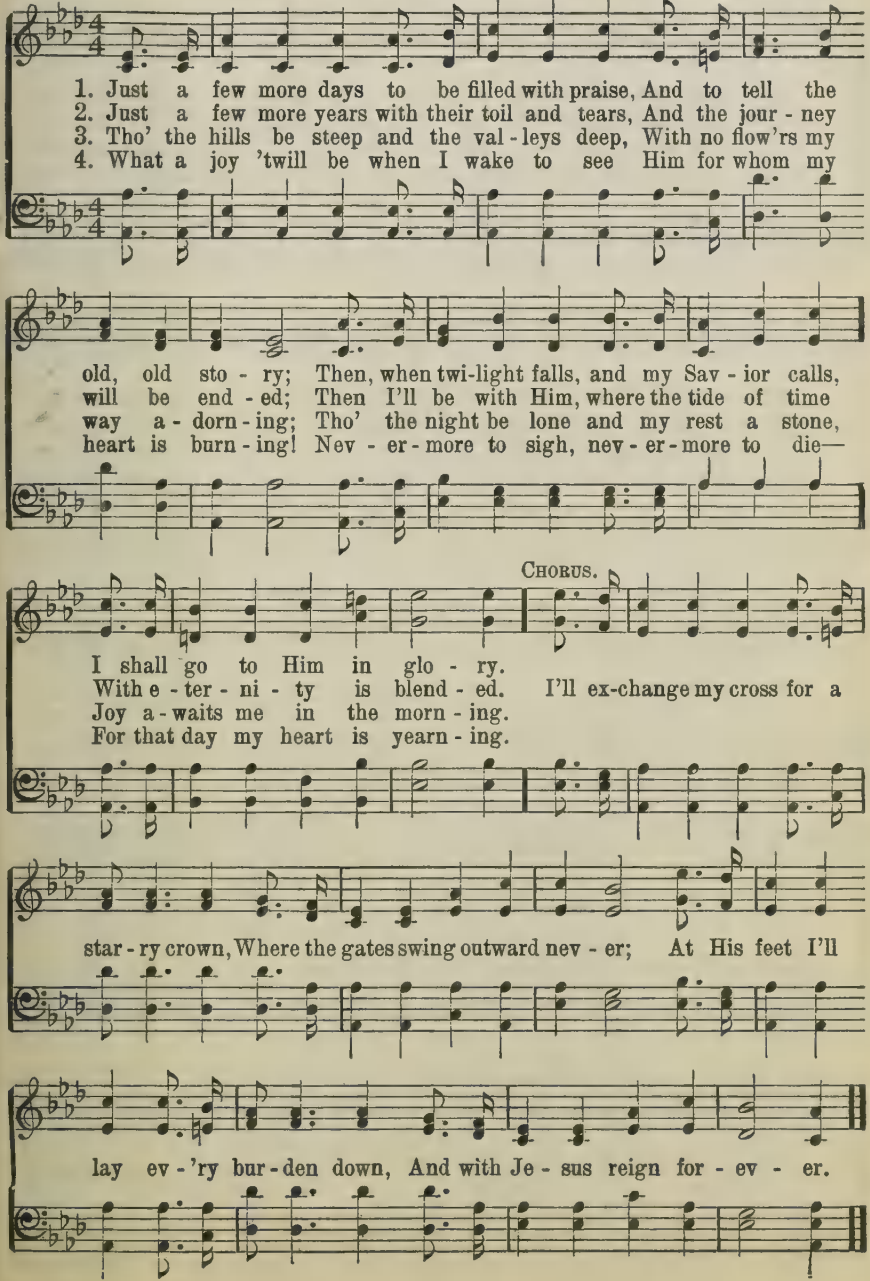
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—
Chorus.
I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.
star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll
lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

284 Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper.

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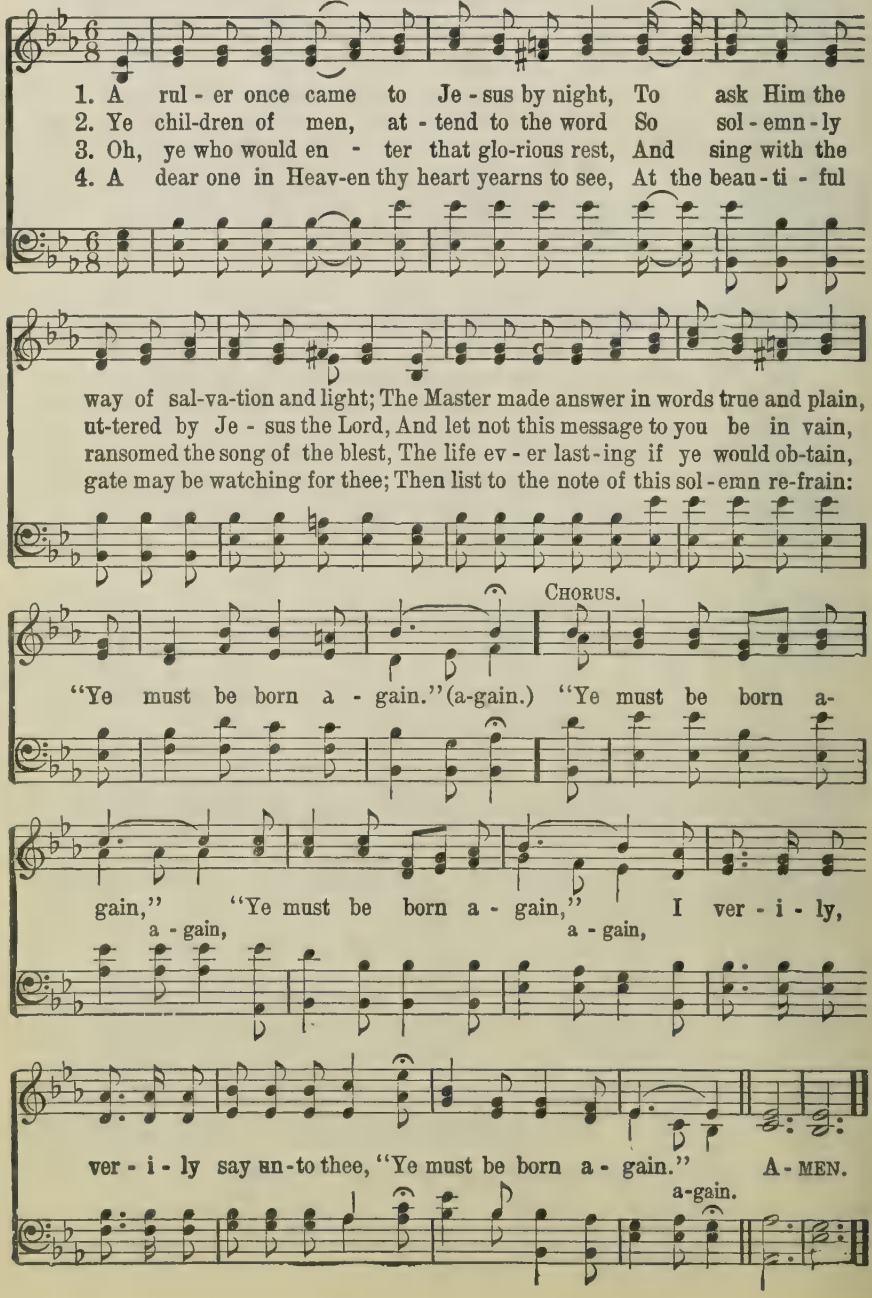
Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo-rious rest, And sing with the
4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful
way of sal-va-tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
ut-tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
ransomed the song of the blest, The life ev - er last-ing if ye would ob-tain,
gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain:
CHORUS.
"Ye must be born a - gain." (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a-
gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain,
ver - i - ly say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." A - MEN.
a-gain.

285 Loyalty to Christ.

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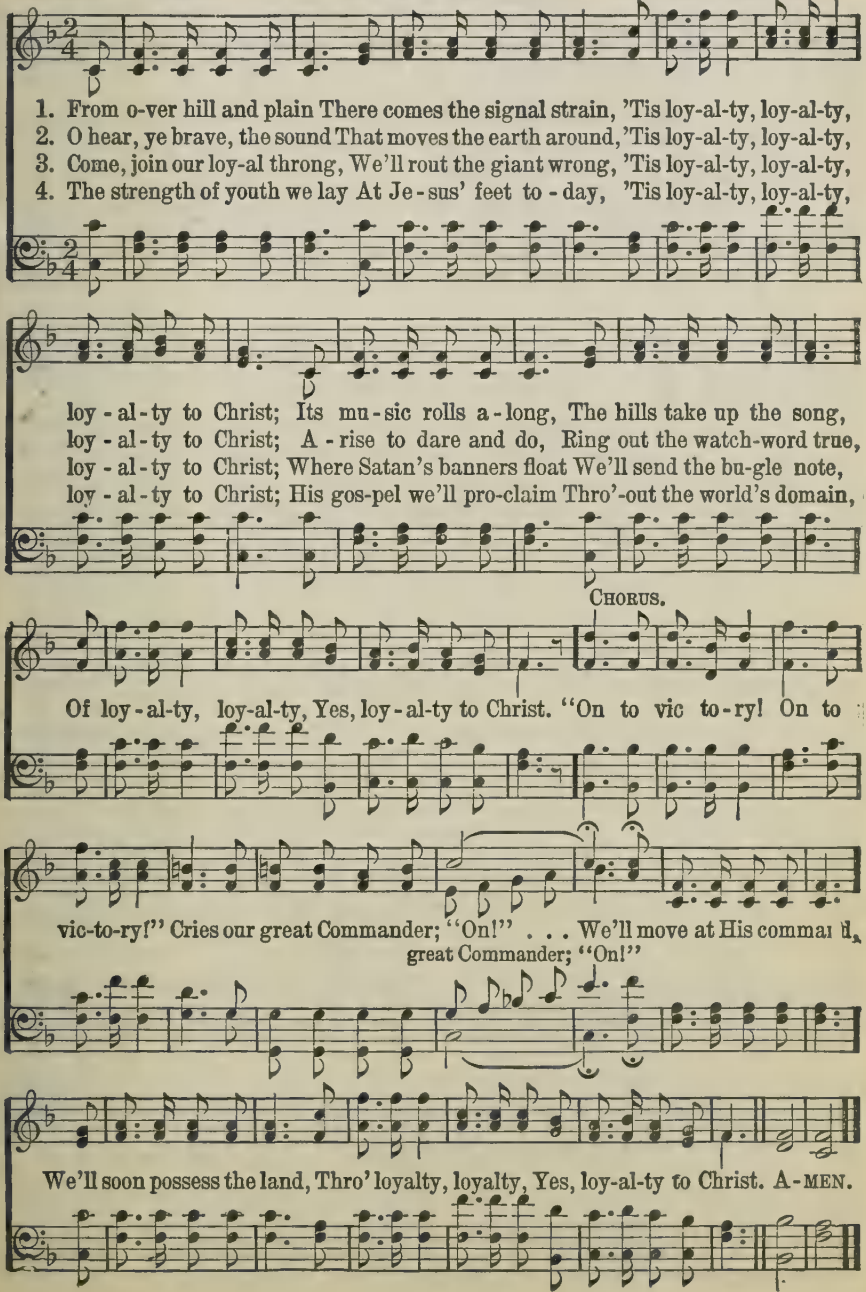
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

286 He Knows the Way.

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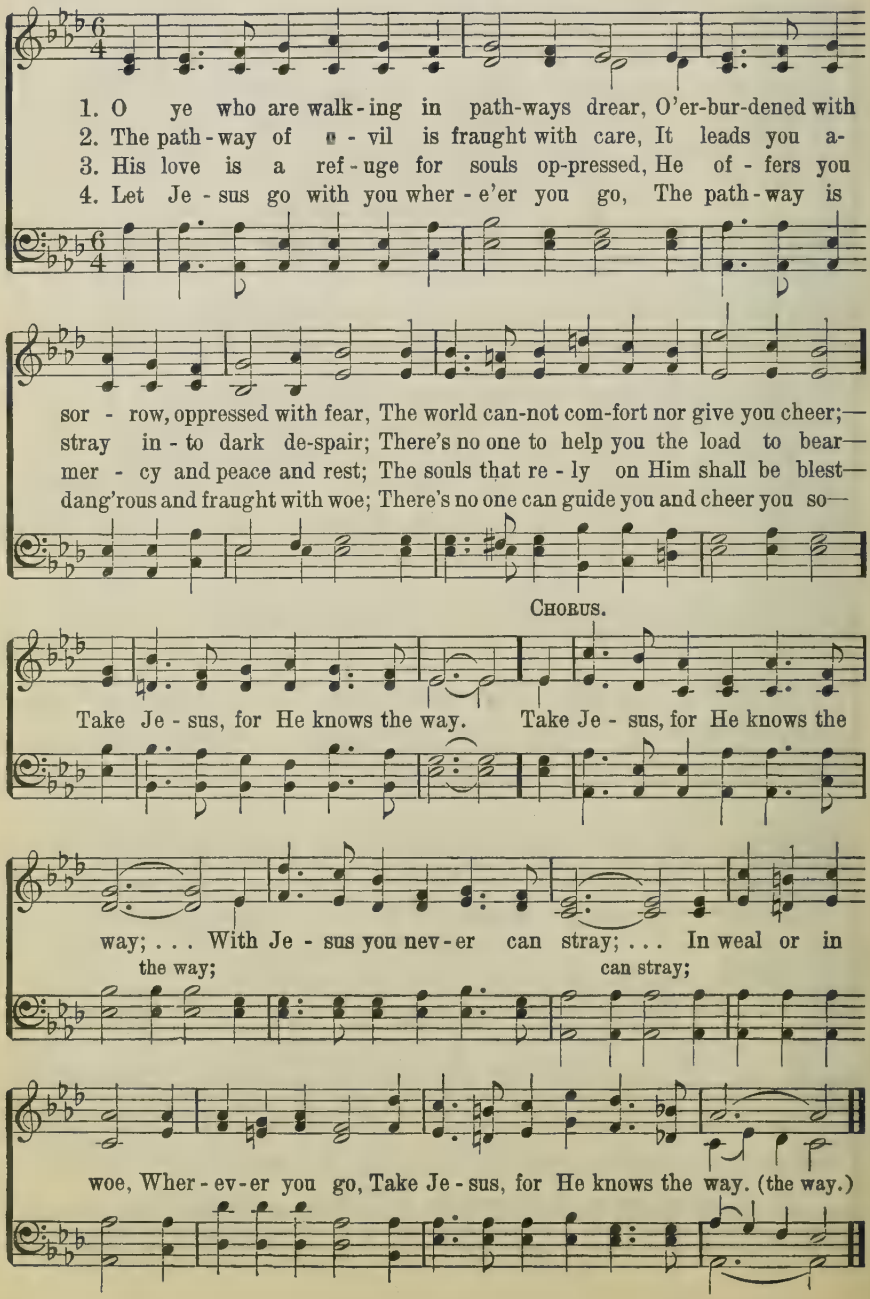
1. O ye who are walk-ing in path-ways drear, O'er-bur-dened with sor-row, oppressed with fear, The world can-not com-fort nor give you cheer;—
2. The path-way of e-vil is fraught with care, It leads you a-stray in-to dark de-spair; There's no one to help you the load to bear—
3. His love is a ref-uge for souls op-pressed, He of-fers you mer-cy and peace and rest; The souls that re-ly on Him shall be blest—
4. Let Je-sus go with you wher-e'er you go, The path-way is dang'rous and fraught with woe; There's no one can guide you and cheer you so—
Chorus.
Take Je-sus, for He knows the way. Take Je-sus, for He knows the way; . . . With Je-sus you nev-er can stray; . . . In weal or in woe, Wher-ev-er you go, Take Je-sus, for He knows the way. (the way.)
the way;
can stray;

287 Send a Great Revival.

B. B. McK. *Slowly.*

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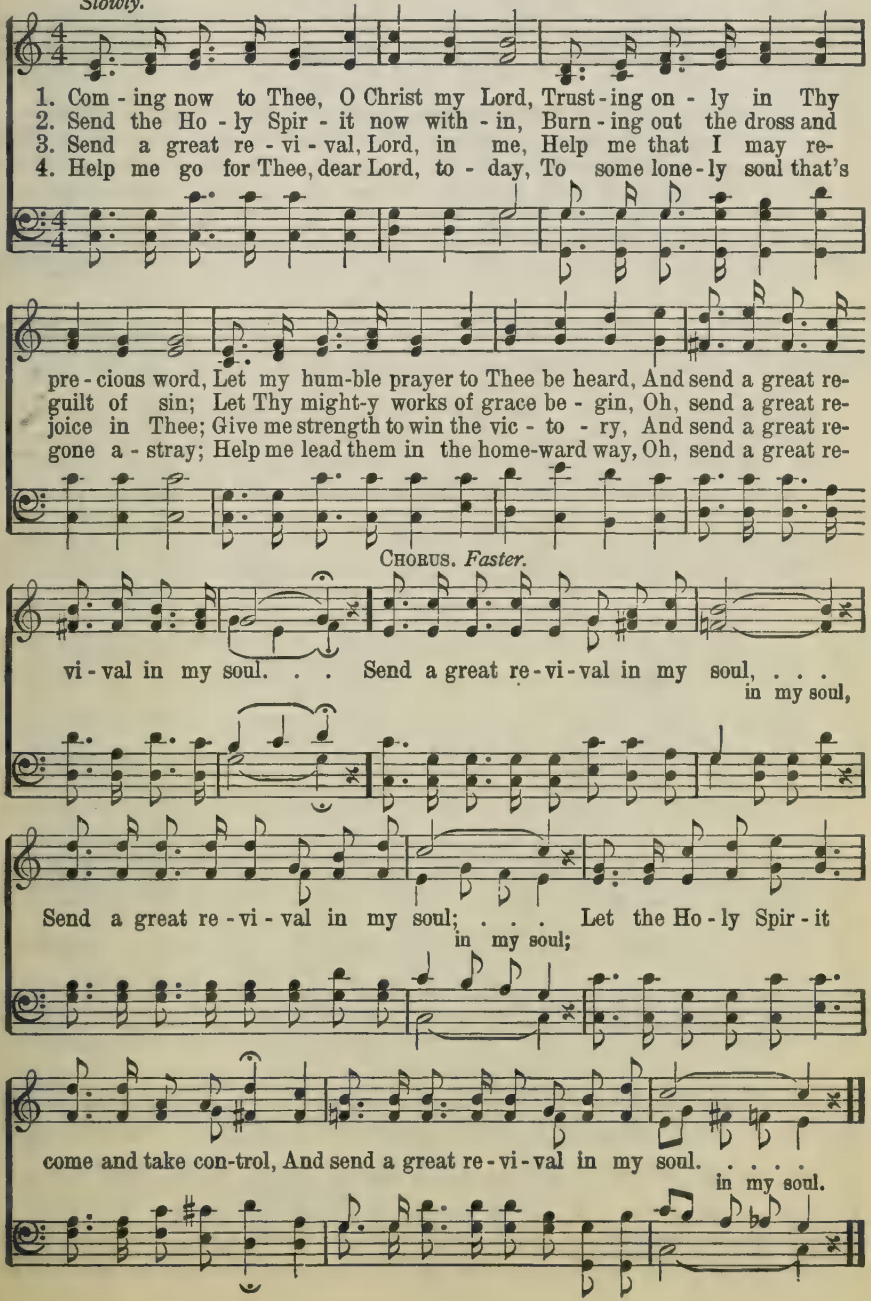
B. B. McKinney.

1. Com - ing now to Thee, O Christ my Lord, Trust - ing on - ly in Thy
2. Send the Ho - ly Spir - it now with - in, Burn - ing out the dross and
3. Send a great re - vi - val, Lord, in me, Help me that I may re-
4. Help me go for Thee, dear Lord, to - day, To some lone - ly soul that's
pre - cious word, Let my hum-ble prayer to Thee be heard, And send a great re-
guilt of sin; Let Thy might-y works of grace be - gin, Oh, send a great re-
joice in Thee; Give me strength to win the vic - to - ry, And send a great re-
gone a - stray; Help me lead them in the home-ward way, Oh, send a great re-
Chorus. *Faster.*
vi - val in my soul. . . Send a great re - vi - val in my soul, . . .
in my soul,
Send a great re - vi - val in my soul; . . . Let the Ho - ly Spir - it
in my soul;
come and take con-trol, And send a great re - vi - val in my soul. . . . .
in my soul.

288 As a Volunteer.

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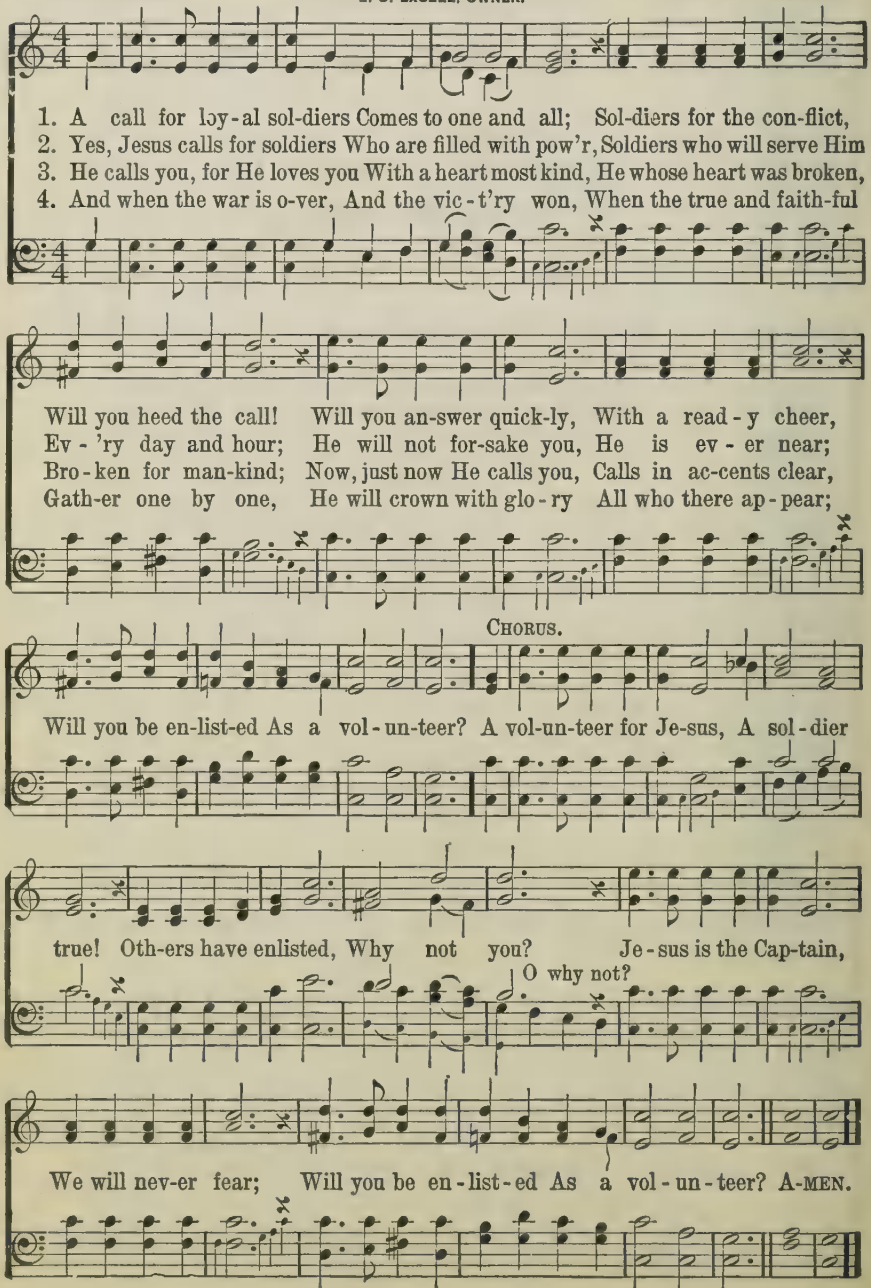
1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful
Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;
Chorus.
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier
true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
O why not?
We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-men.

289 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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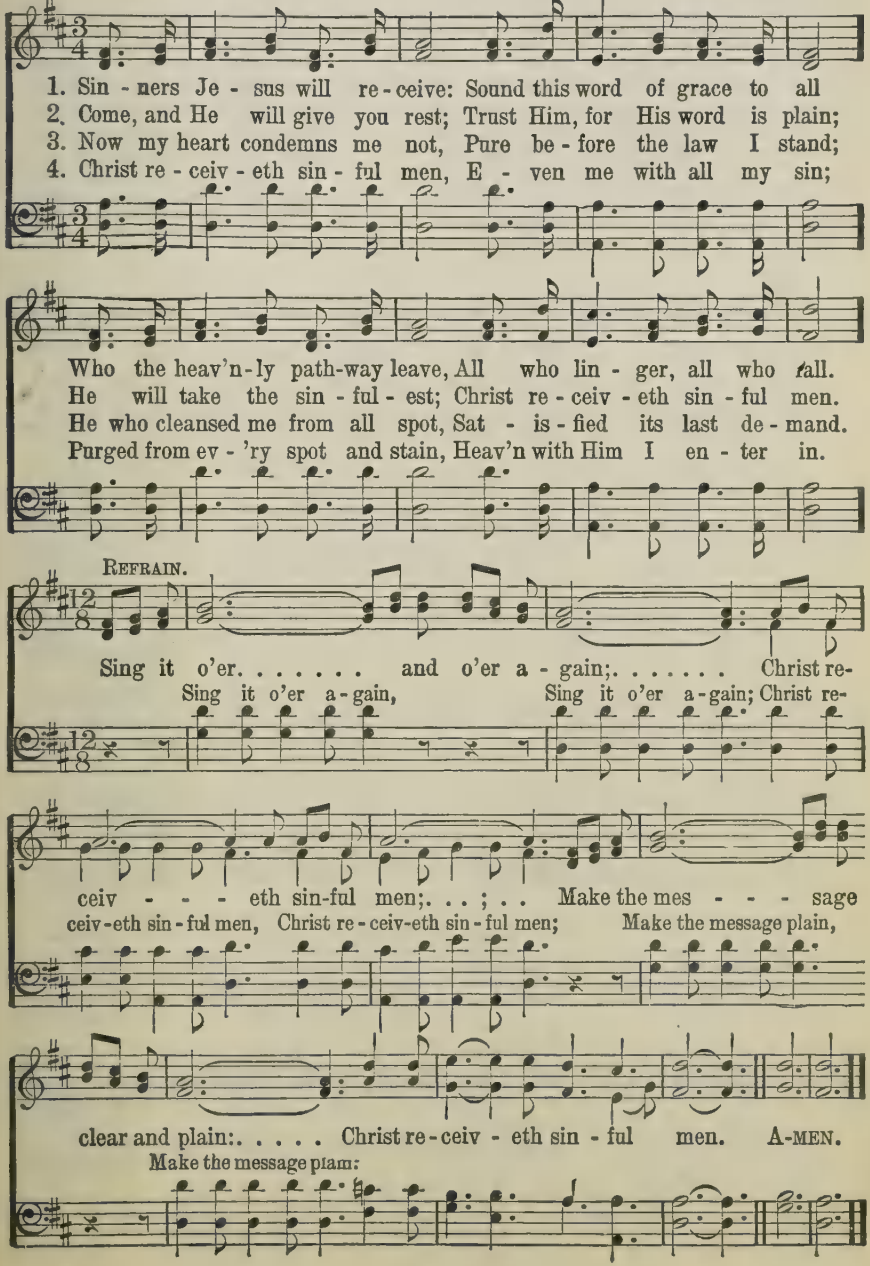
1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er a-gain; Christ re-
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

290 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

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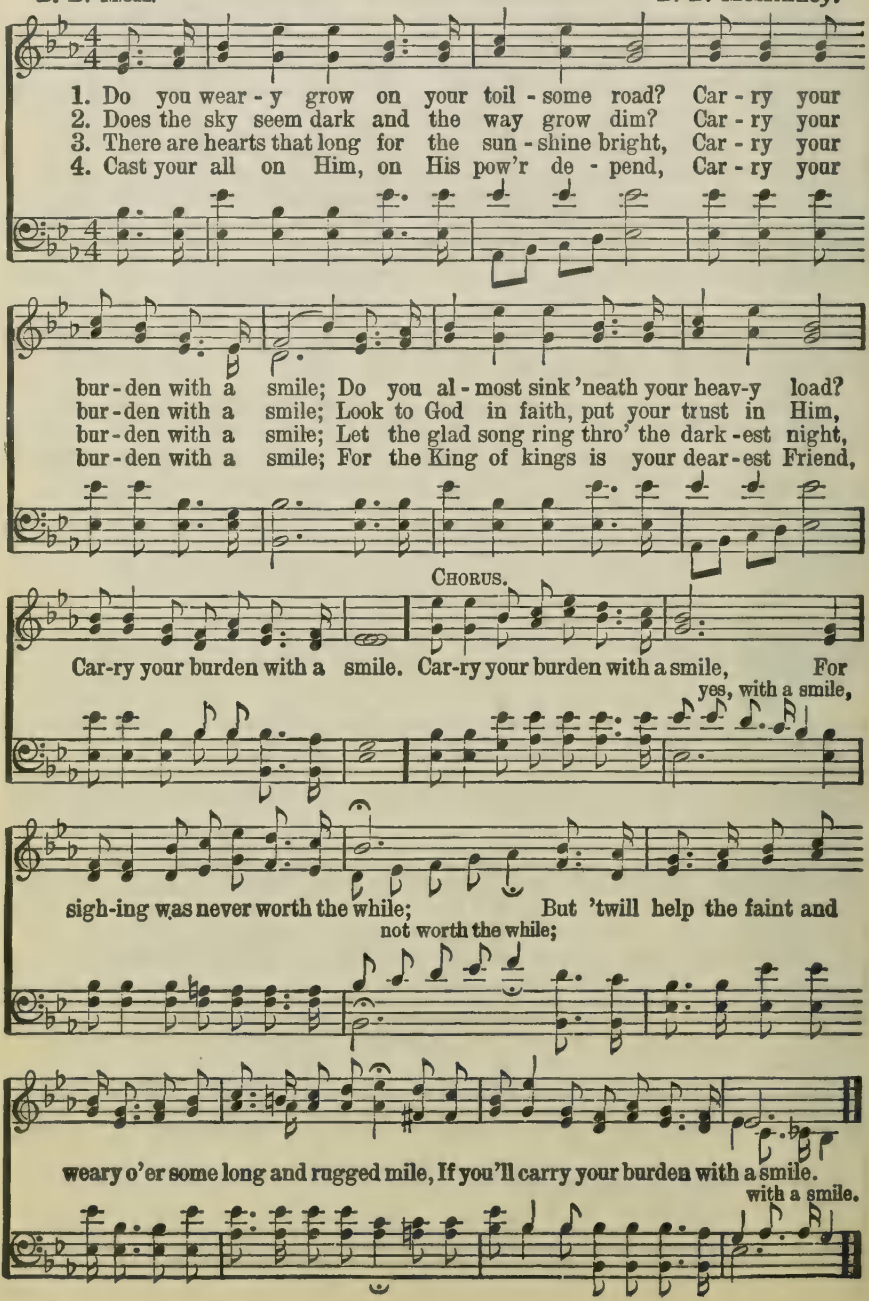
B. B. McK. B. B. McKinney.


1. Do you wear - y grow on your toil - some road? Car - ry your
2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
4. Cast your all on Him, on His pow'r de - pend, Car - ry your
bur - den with a smile; Do you al - most sink 'neath your heav-y load?
bur - den with a smile; Look to God in faith, put your trust in Him,
bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night,
bur - den with a smile; For the King of kings is your dear - est Friend,
CHORUS.
Car-ry your burden with a smile. Car-ry your burden with a smile, For
yes, with a smile,
sigh-ing was never worth the while; But 'twill help the faint and
not worth the while;
weary o'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile.
with a smile.

291 The Nail-Scarred Hand.

B. B. McK.

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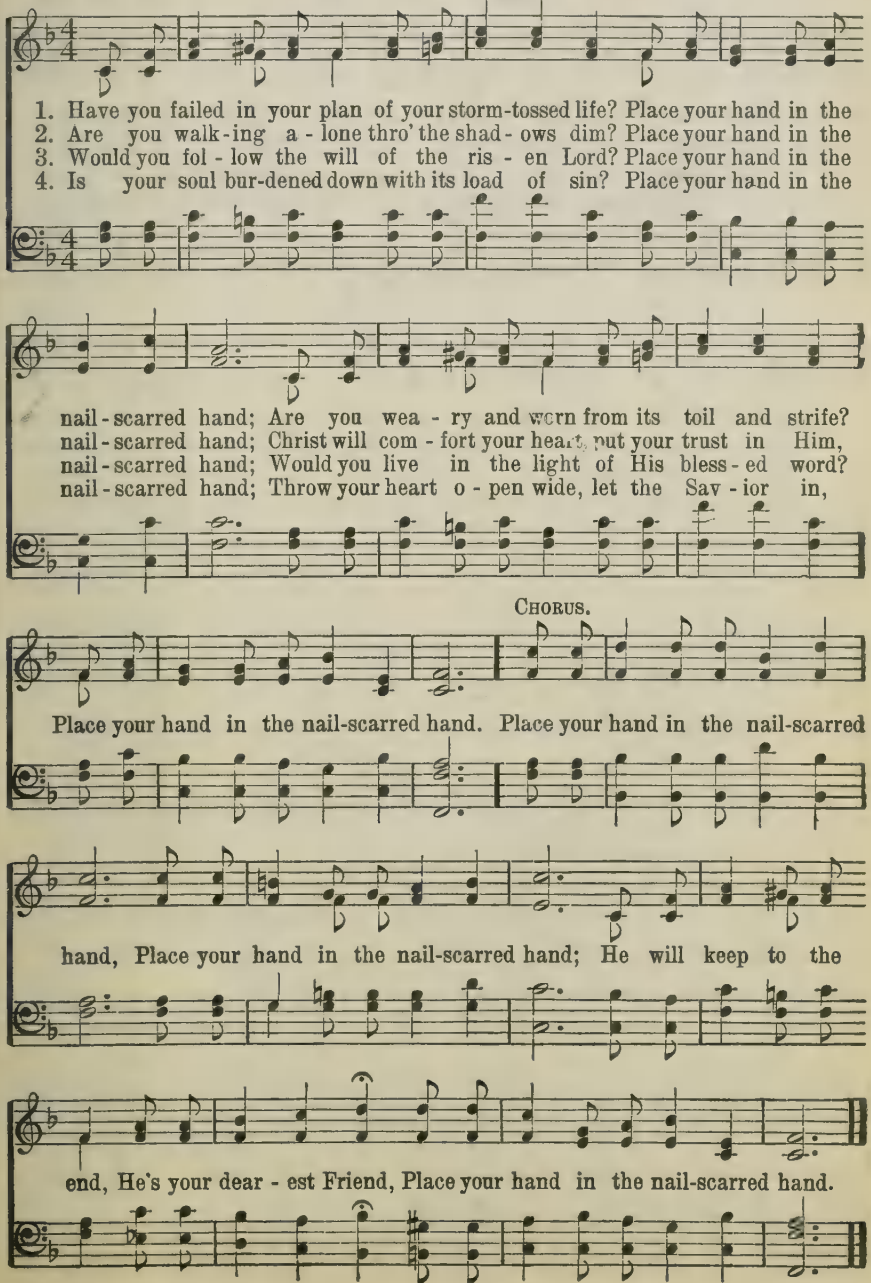
1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a-lone thro' the shad-ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol-low the will of the ris-en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-dened down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the
nail-scarred hand; Are you wea-ry and worn from its toil and strife?
nail-scarred hand; Christ will com-fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless-ed word?
nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart o-pen wide, let the Sav-ior in,
CHORUS.
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred
hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the
end, He's your dear-est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

292 Just When I Need Him Most.

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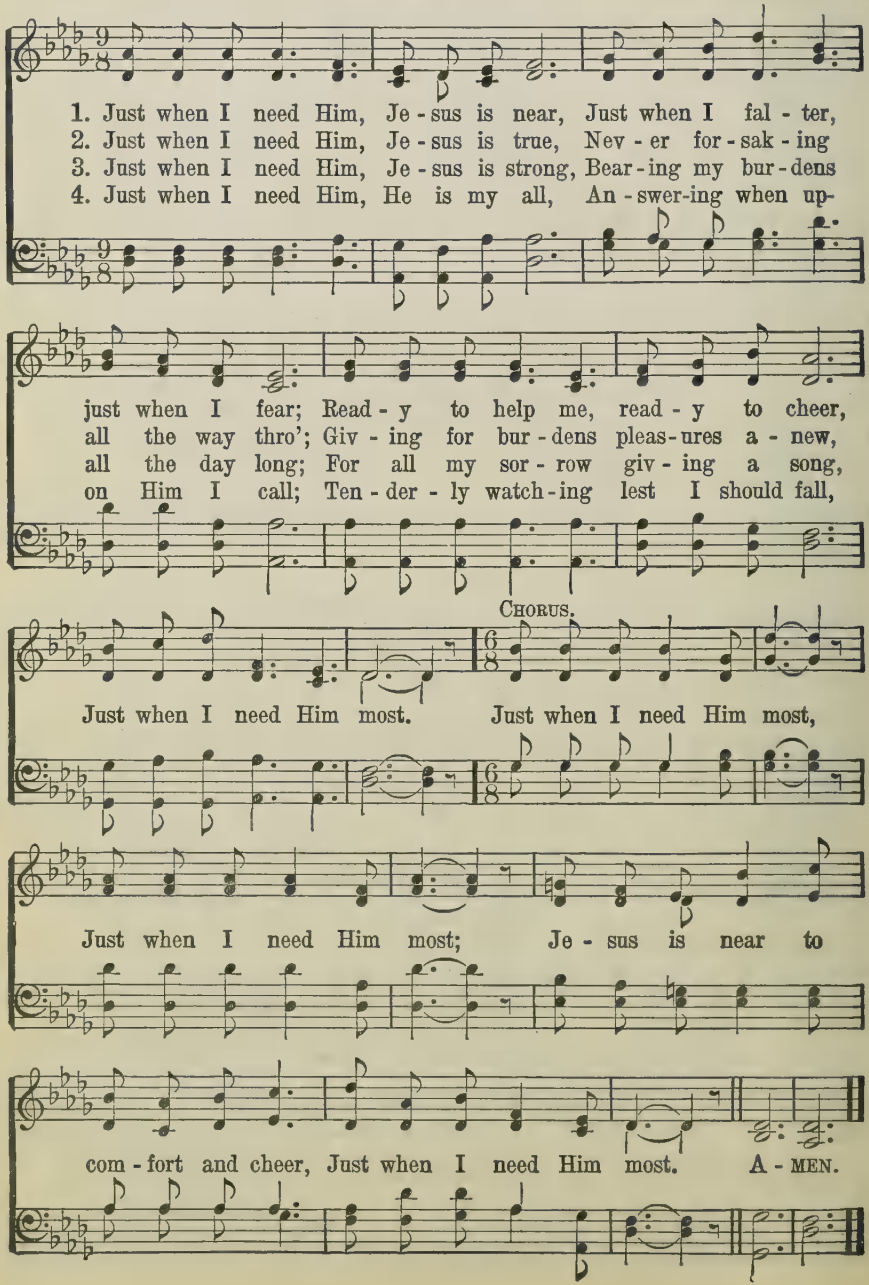
1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

293 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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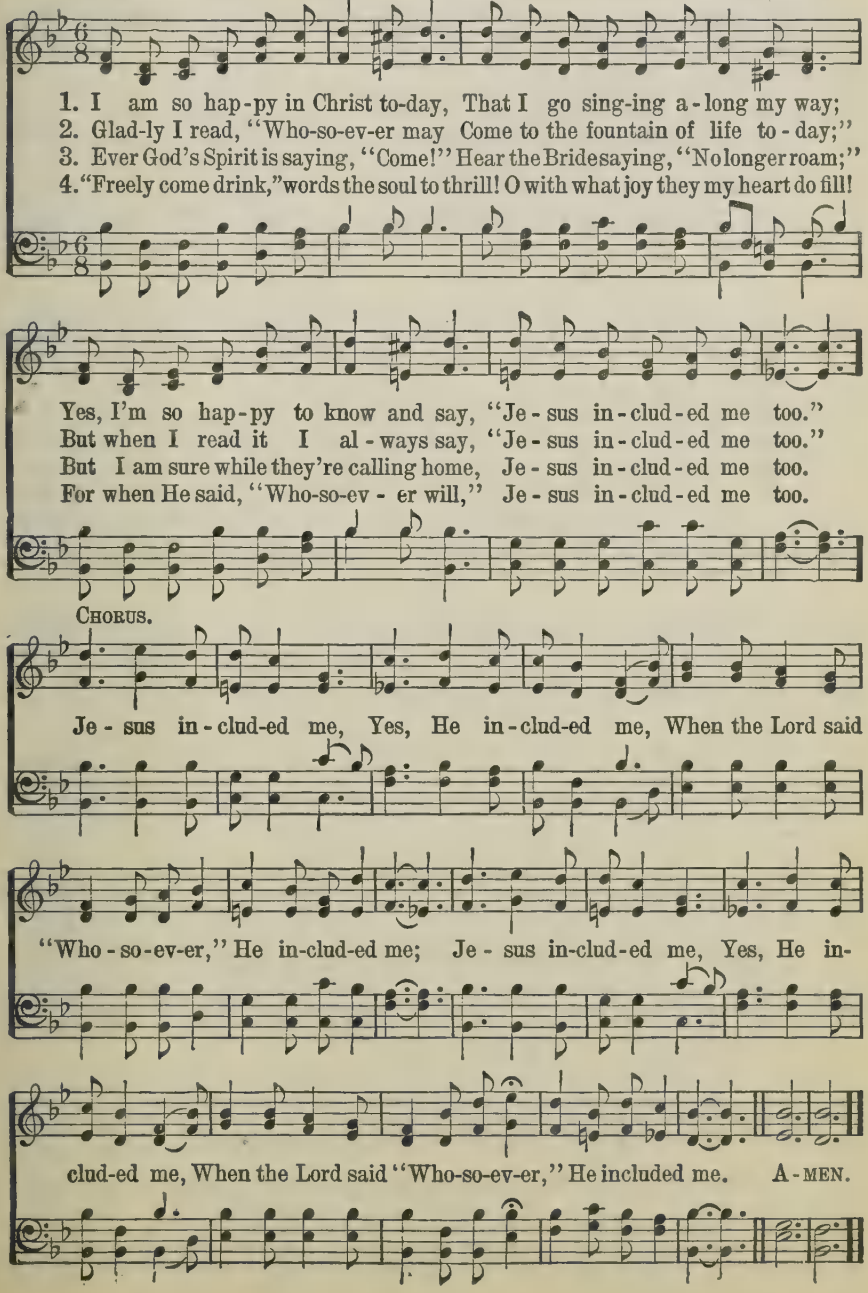
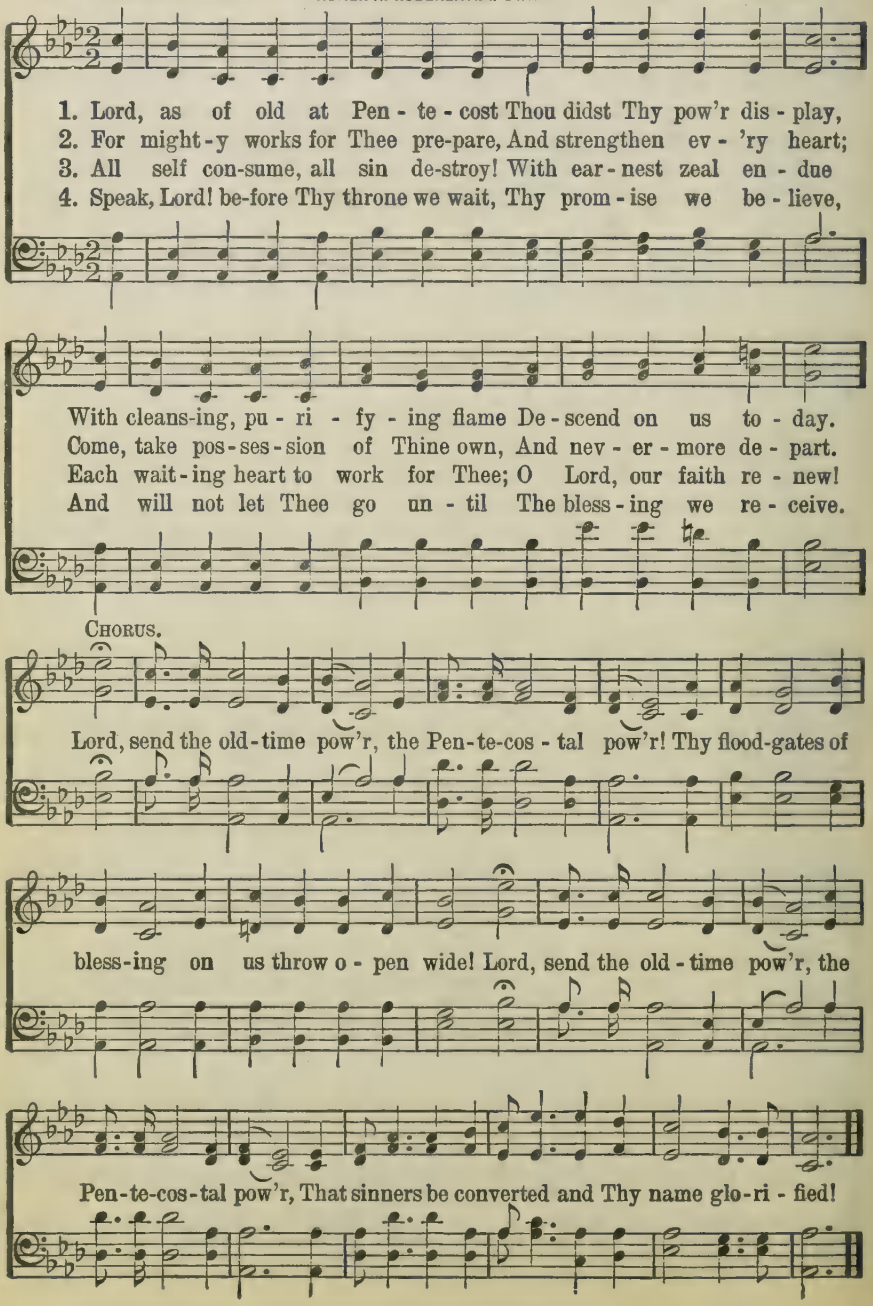

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

294 Pentecostal Power.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might - y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be-fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve,
With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive.
Chorus.
Lord, send the old-time pow'r, the Pen-te-cos - tal pow'r! Thy flood-gates of
bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the
Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sinners be converted and Thy name glo-ri - fied!

295 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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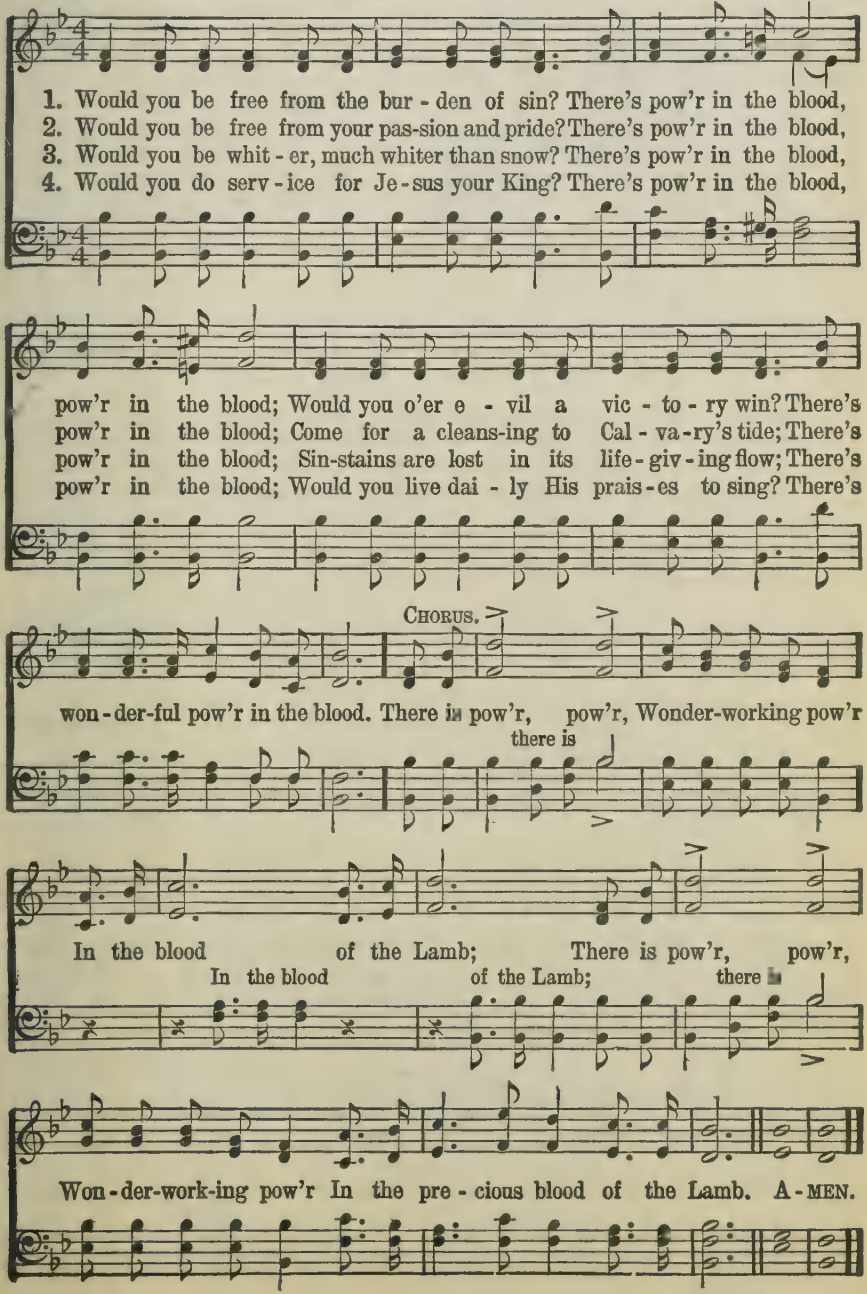
L. E. Jones.


1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS.
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there
Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

296 Believe, and Keep on Believing.

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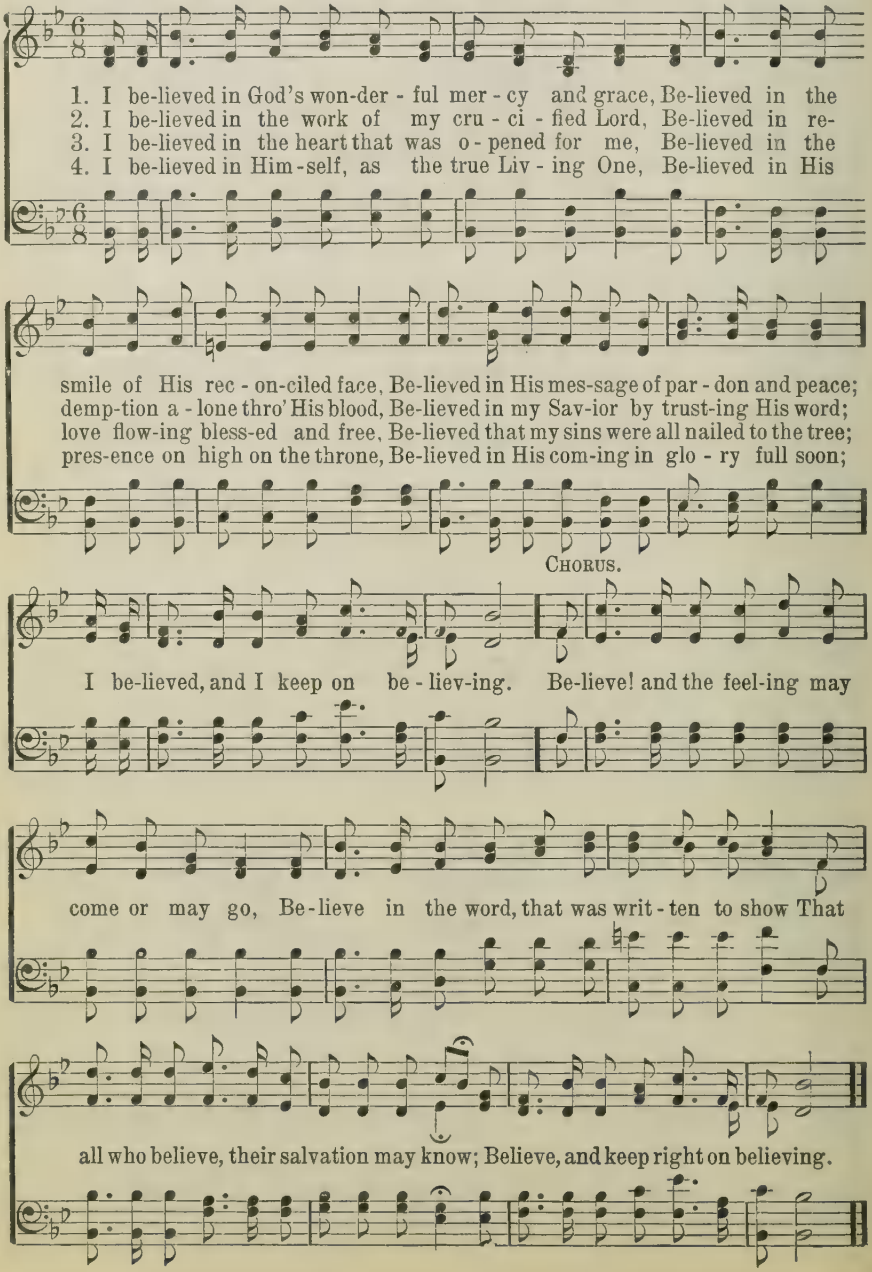
1. I be-lieved in God's won-der - ful mer - cy and grace, Be-lieved in the
2. I be-lieved in the work of my cru - ci - fied Lord, Be-lieved in re-
3. I be-lieved in the heart that was o - pened for me, Be-lieved in the
4. I be-lieved in Him-self, as the true Liv - ing One, Be-lieved in His
smile of His rec - on-ciled face, Be-lieved in His mes-sage of par - don and peace;
demp-tion a - lone thro' His blood, Be-lieved in my Sav-ior by trust-ing His word;
love flow-ing bless-ed and free, Be-lieved that my sins were all nailed to the tree;
pres-ence on high on the throne, Be-lieved in His com-ing in glo - ry full soon;
CHORUS.
I be-lieved, and I keep on be - liev-ing. Be-lieve! and the feel-ing may
come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ - ten to show That
all who believe, their salvation may know; Believe, and keep right on believing.

297 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

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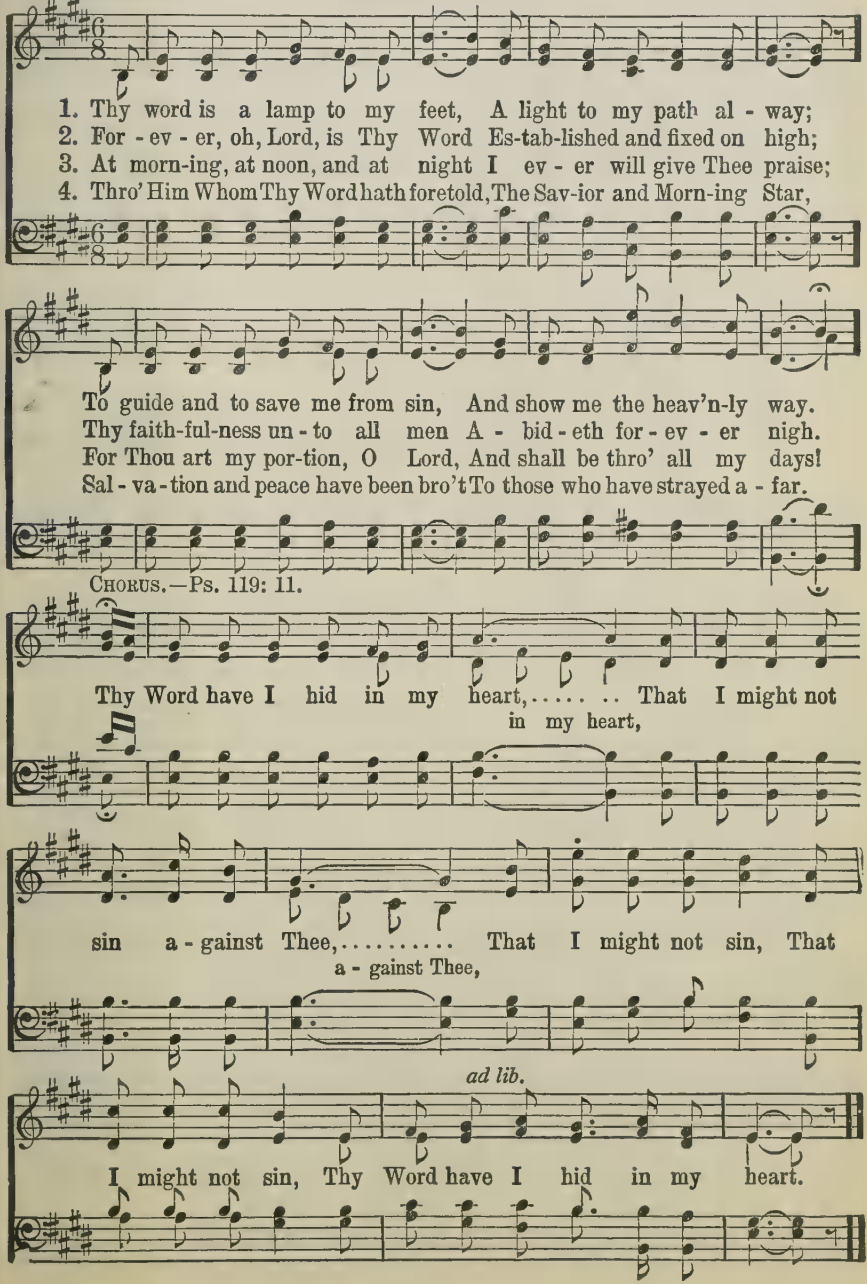
1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav-ior and Morn-ing Star,
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.
CHORUS.—Ps. 119: 11.
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, ... That I might not
in my heart,
sin a - gainst Thee, ... That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee,
ad lib.
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

298 The Long, Long Road With Jesus.

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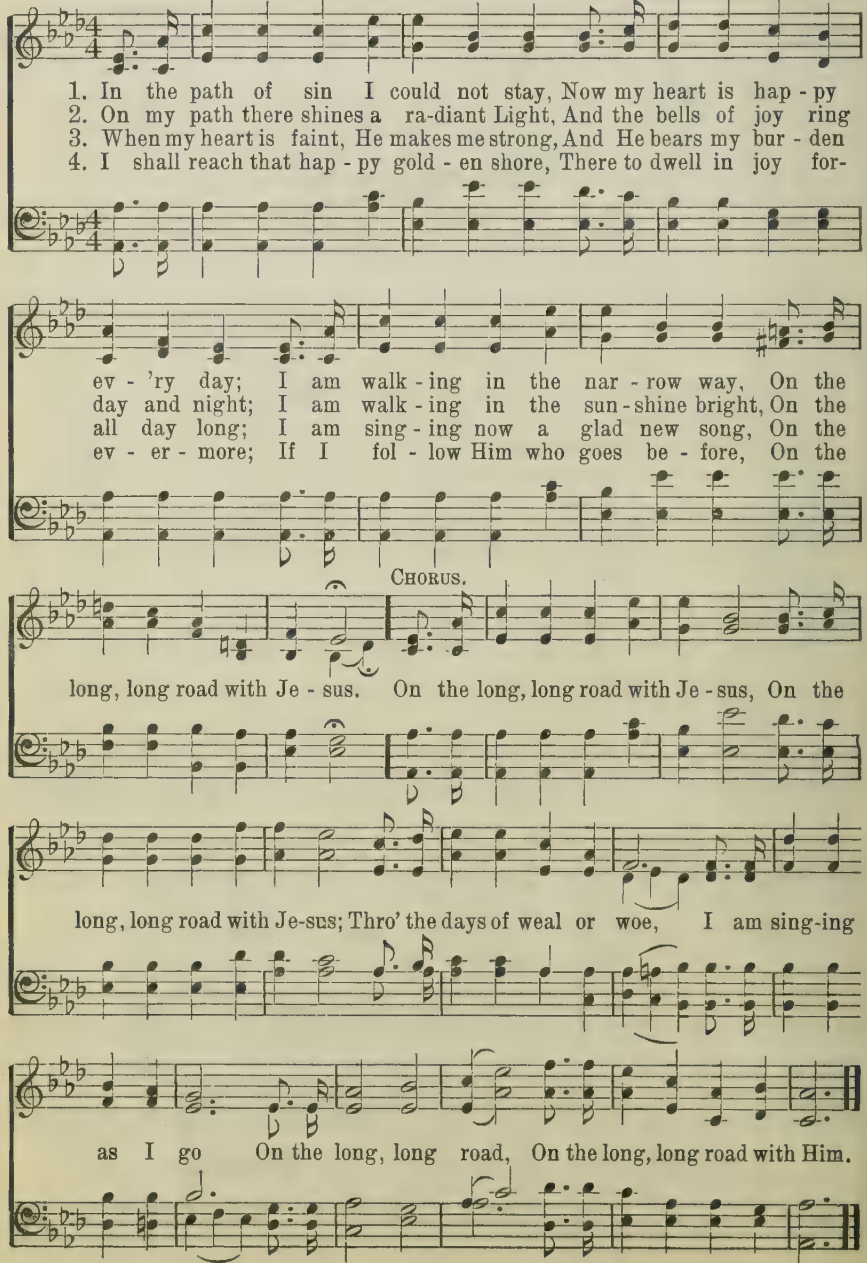
1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is hap - py
2. On my path there shines a ra-diant Light, And the bells of joy ring
3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my bur - den
4. I shall reach that hap - py gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for-
ev - 'ry day; I am walk - ing in the nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
ev - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the
Chorus.
long, long road with Je - sus. On the long, long road with Je - sus, On the
long, long road with Je-sus; Thro' the days of weal or woe, I am sing-ing
as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.

299 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

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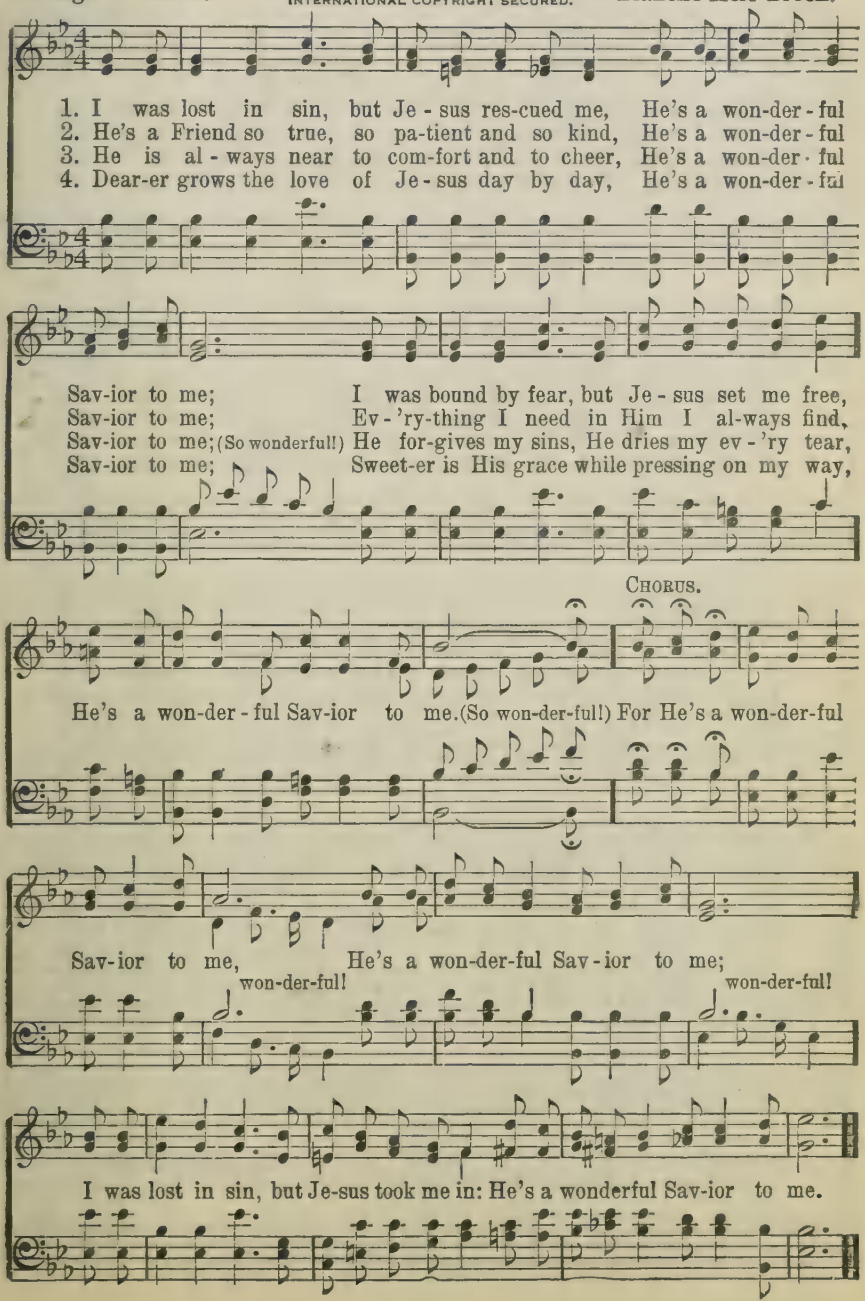
1. I was lost in sin, but Je - sus res-cued me, He's a won-der - ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der - ful
3. He is al - ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der - ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, He's a won-der - ful
Sav-ior to me;
Sav-ior to me;
Sav-ior to me;
Sav-ior to me;
(So wonderful!)
I was bound by fear, but Je - sus set me free,
Ev - 'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,
He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev - 'ry tear,
Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,
CHORUS.
He's a won-der - ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful!) For He's a won-der-ful
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav - ior to me;
won-der-ful!
won-der-ful!
I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.

300 I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe.

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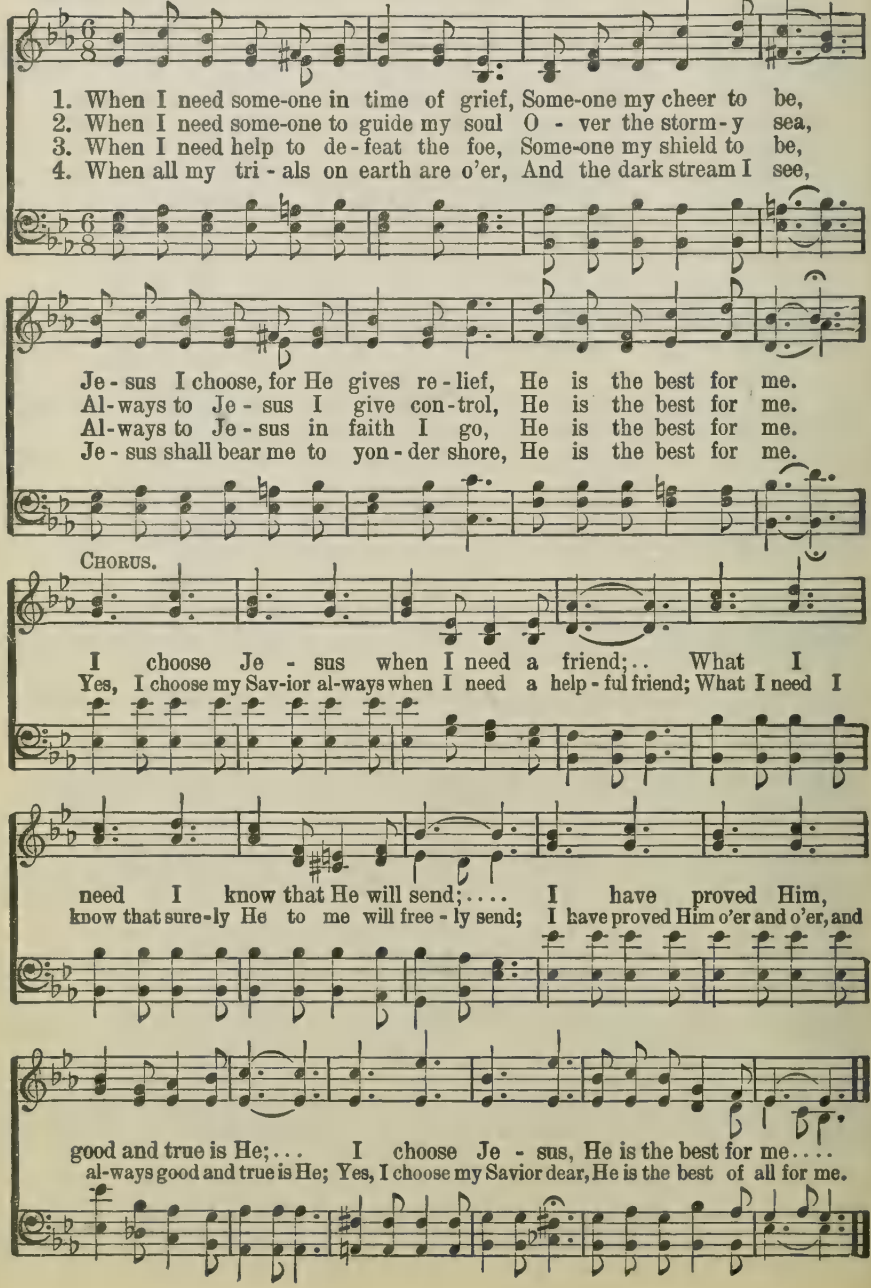
1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re-lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me.
Chorus.
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend;.. What I
Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I
need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him,
know that sure-ly He to me will free-ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and
good and true is He;... I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me....
al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.

301 Smile.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Smile when your heart is all troub - led, Smile when you're wea-ry and blue;
2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tle with sin;
3. Smile when your bur-dens are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun-shine, Smile as you meet with the throng,

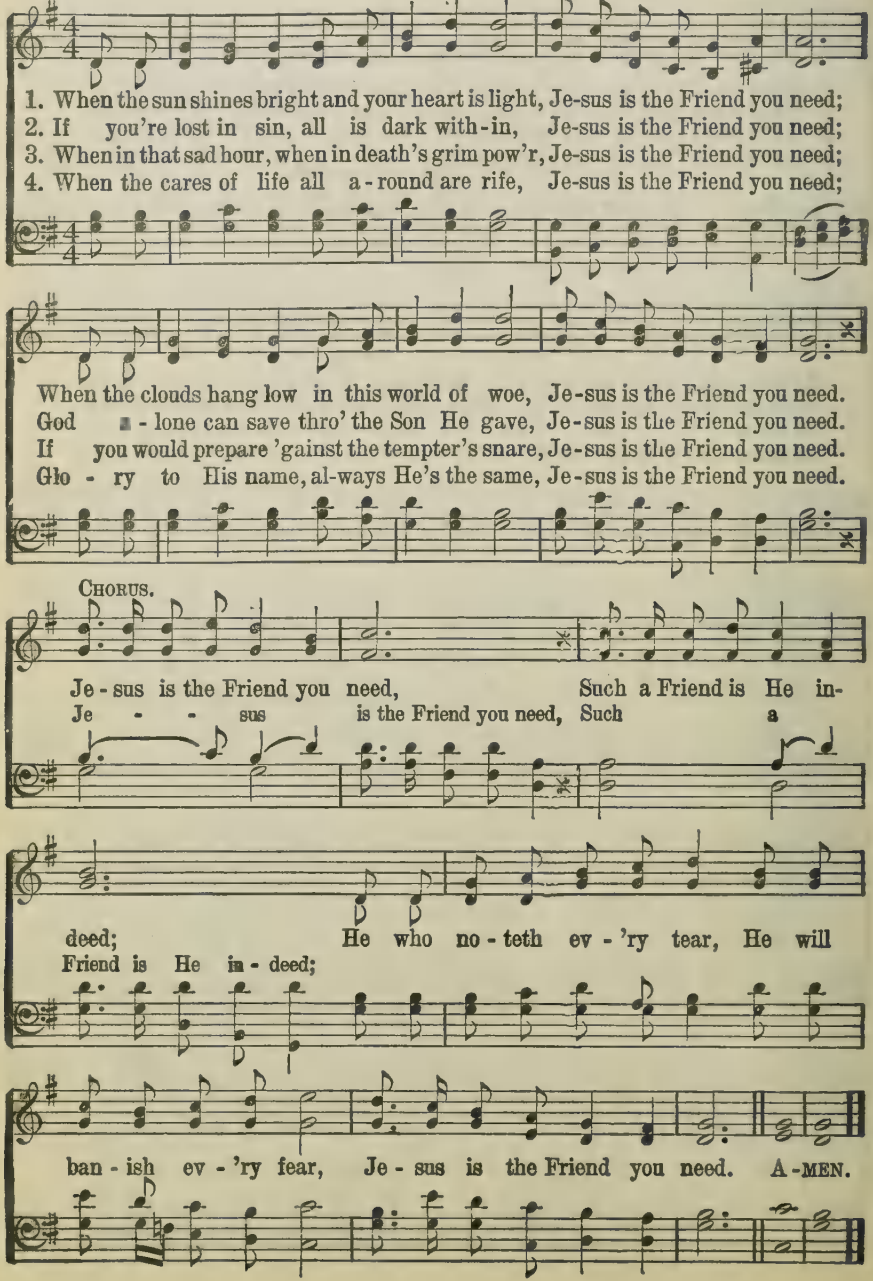
Smile, for the Sav - ior is guid - ing, Smile, for the Sav - ior is true.
Smile and your cour-age will strengthen, Smil - ing will help you to win.
Nev - er give up in the con - flict, Smil - ing is al - ways the best.
Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.

CHORUS. Arr.

Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, Sor-row and sigh-ing you may be - guile; Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile.....

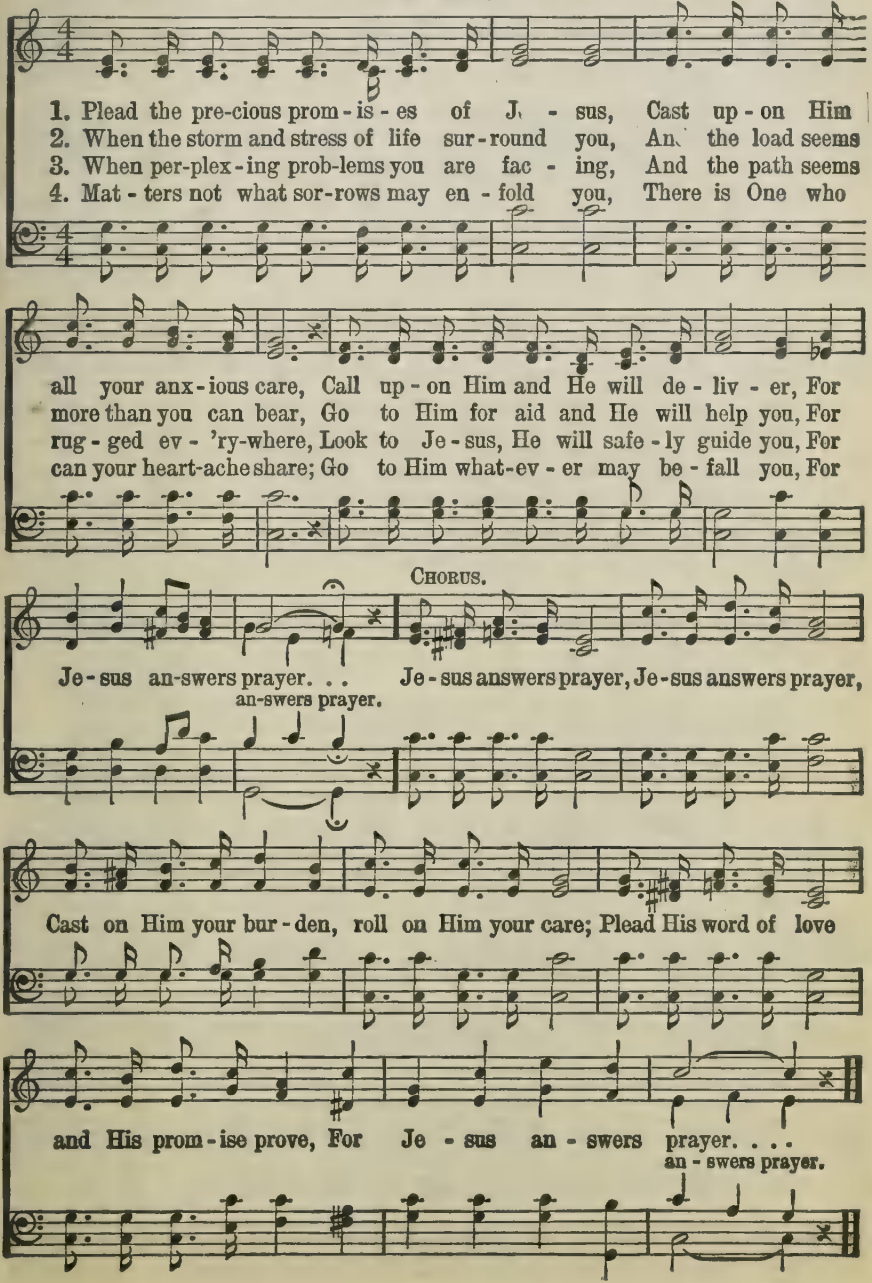
302 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.


1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will ban-ish ev-'ry fear,
Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.

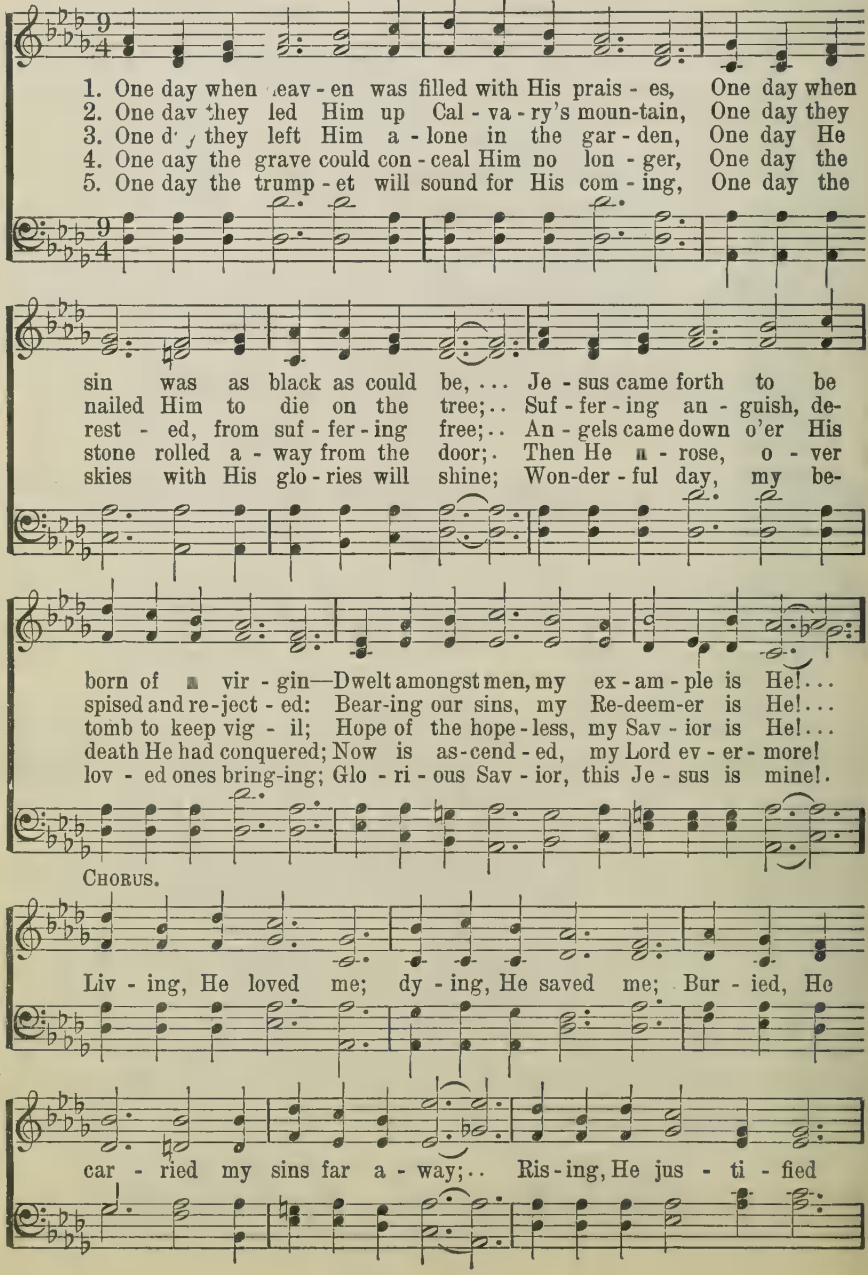
303 Jesus Answers Prayer.

Richard Hainsworth. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY HALDOR LILLENAS. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Haldor Lillenas

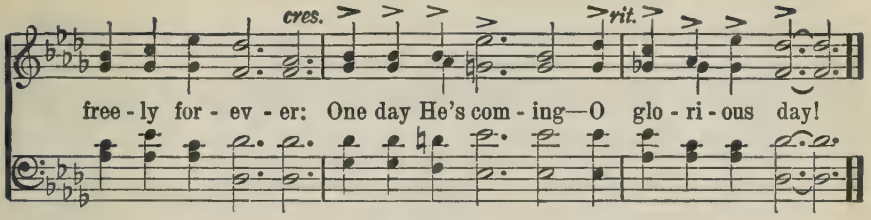

1. Plead the pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Cast up-on Him
2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, And the load seems
3. When per-plex-ing prob-lems you are fac-ing, And the path seems
4. Mat-ters not what sor-rows may en-fold you, There is One who
all your anx-ious care, Call up-on Him and He will de-liv-er, For
more than you can bear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
rug-ged ev-'ry-where, Look to Je-sus, He will safe-ly guide you, For
can your heart-ache share; Go to Him what-ev-er may be-fall you, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . Je-sus answers prayer, Je-sus answers prayer,
an-swers prayer.
Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love
and His prom-ise prove, For Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . .
an-swers prayer.

304 One Day!

Copyright, 1910. By Chas. H. Marsh, Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
5. One day the trump - et will sound for His com - ing, One day the
sin was as black as could be, . . . Je - sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; . . Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de-
rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; . . An - gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a - way from the door; . Then He a - rose, o - ver
skies with His glo - ries will shine; Won-der - ful day, my be-
born of a vir - gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex - am - ple is He! . . .
spised and re-ject - ed: Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deem-er is He! . . .
tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - ior is He! . . .
death He had conquered; Now is as-cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
lov - ed ones bring-ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!.
CHORUS.
Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He
car - ried my sins far a - way; . . Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

One Day!



305 Just for To-day.

Eben E. Rexford.

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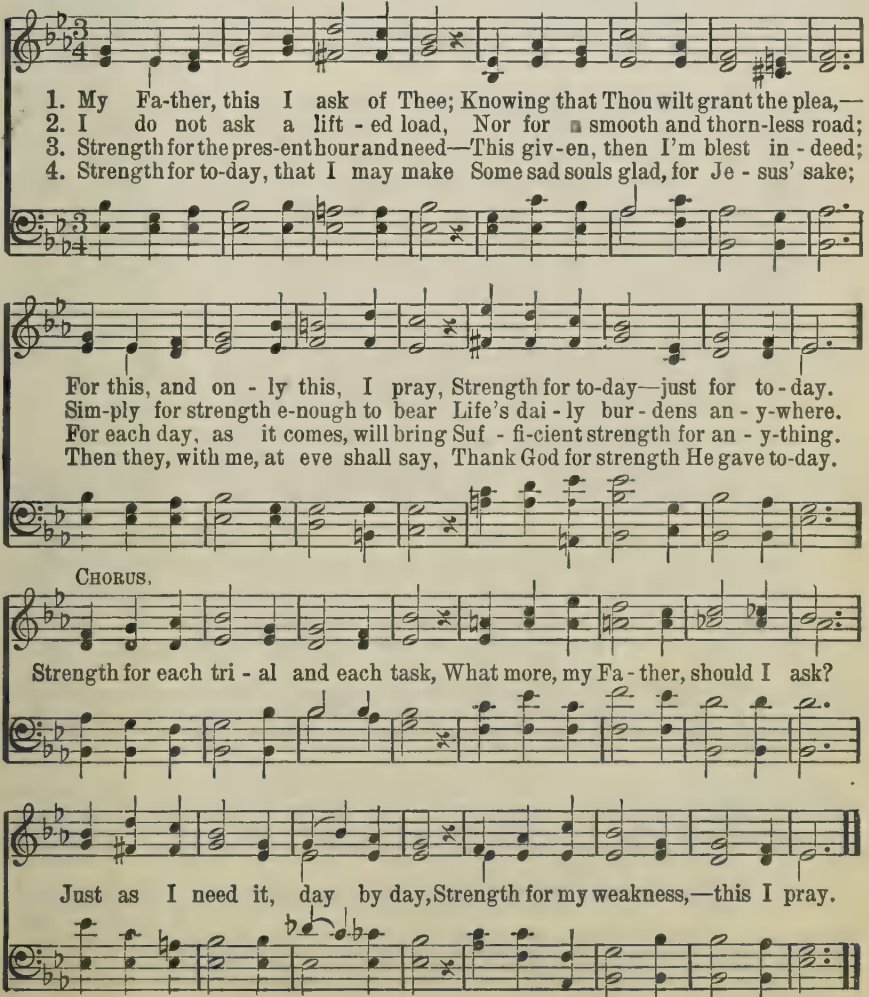
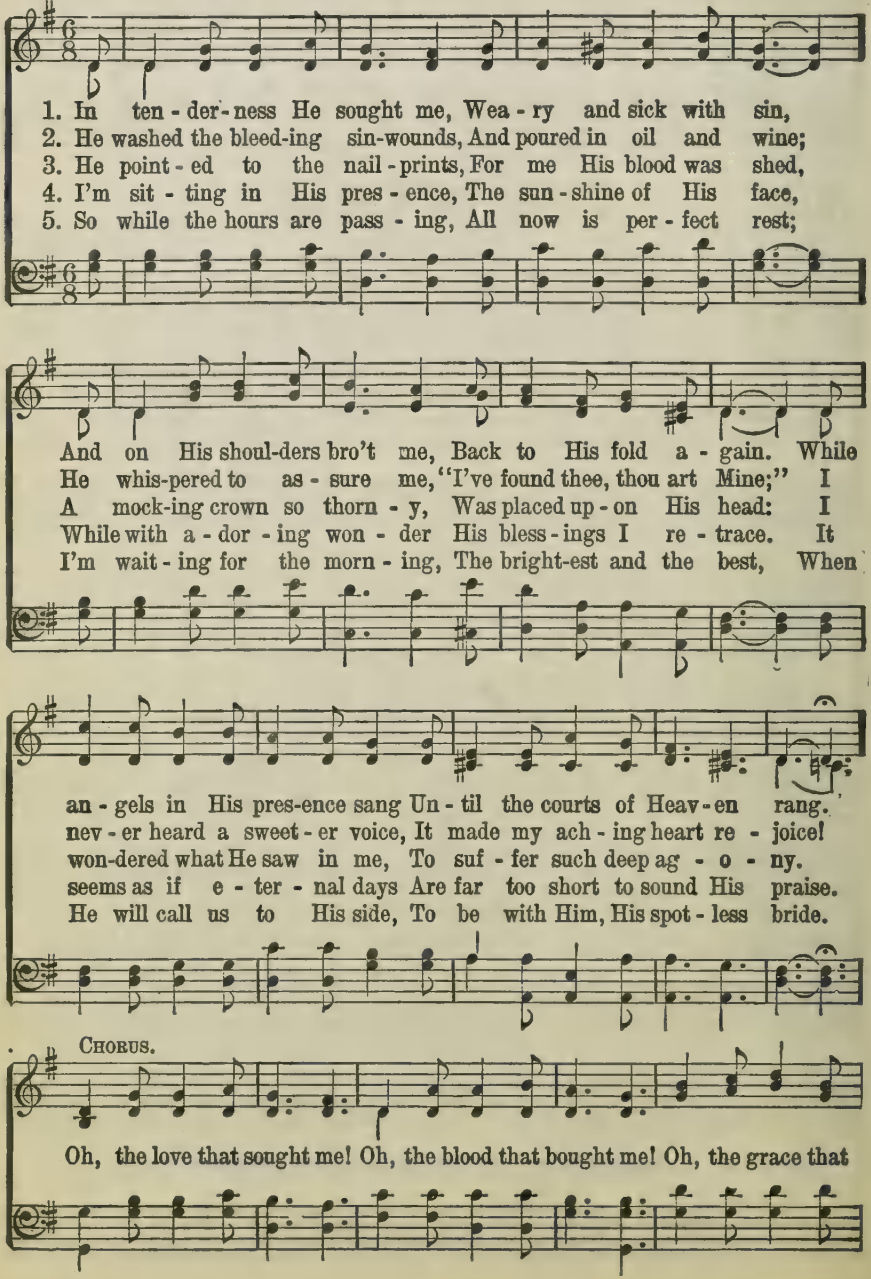
Hope Publishing Co., owner.

Victor H. Benke

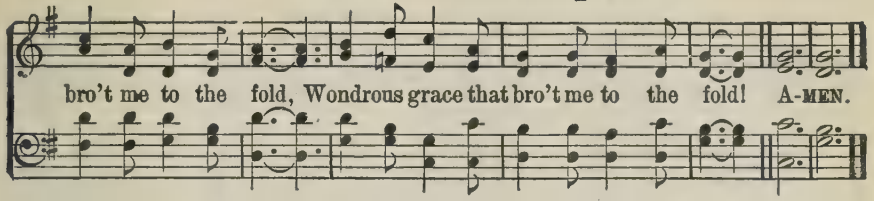

1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—
2. I do not ask a lift - ed load, Nor for a smooth and thorn-less road;
3. Strength for the pres-ent hour and need—This giv-en, then I'm blest in - deed;
4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je - sus' sake;
For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to - day.
Sim-ply for strength e-nough to bear Life's dai - ly bur - dens an - y-where.
For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf - fi-cient strength for an - y-thing.
Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.
Chorus.
Strength for each tri - al and each task, What more, my Fa - ther, should I ask?
Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.

306 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.


1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,
2. He washed the bleed-ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine;
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed,
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest;
And on His shoul-ders bro't me, Back to His fold a - gain. While
He whis-pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I
A mock-ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright-est and the best, When
an - gels in His pres-ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
won-dered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.
CHORUS.
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

In Tenderness He Sought Me.



307 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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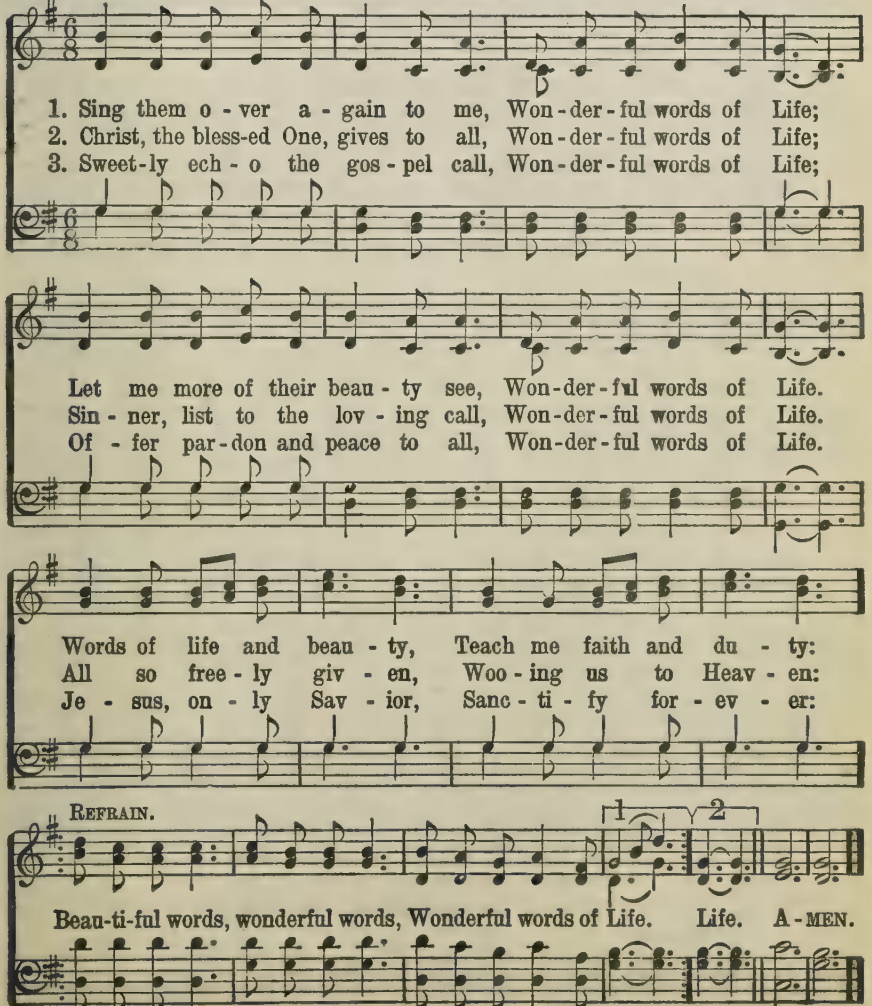
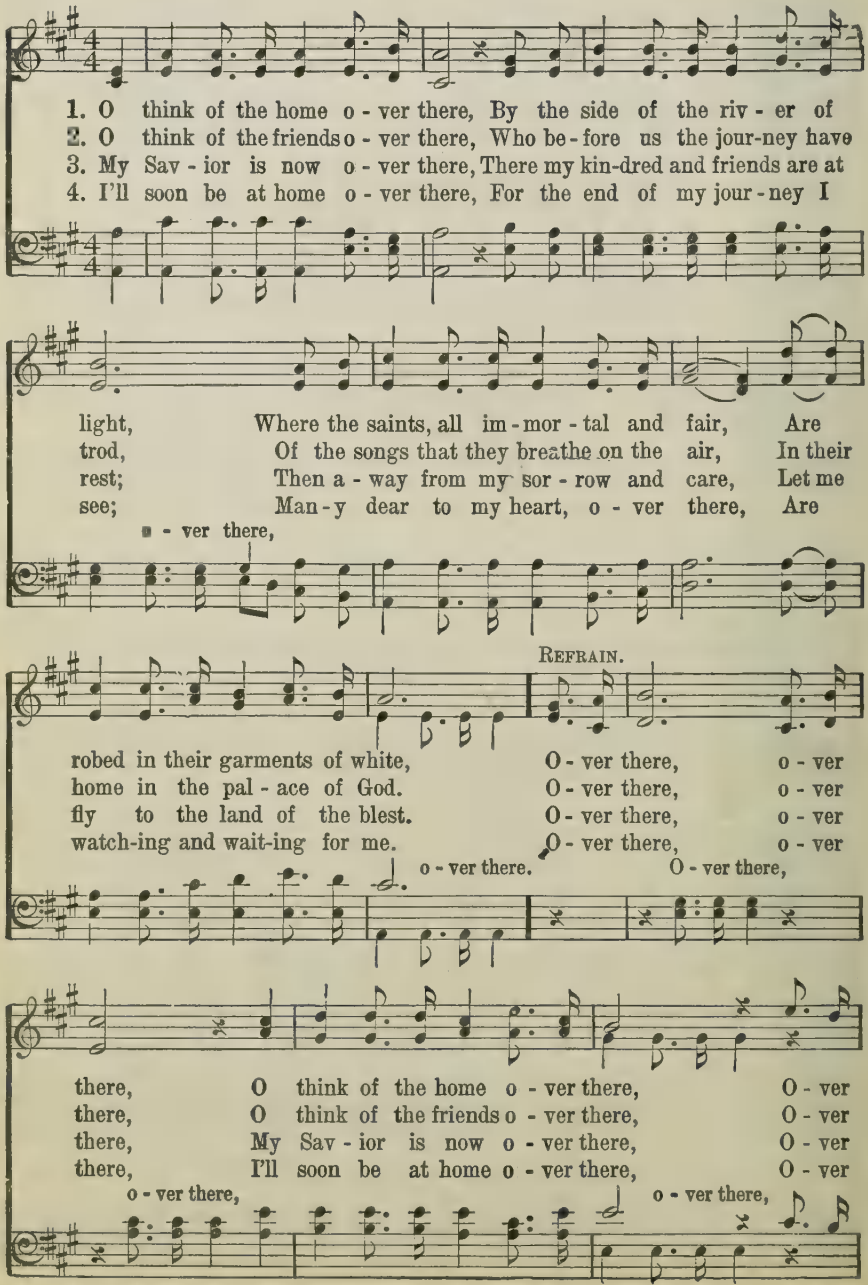
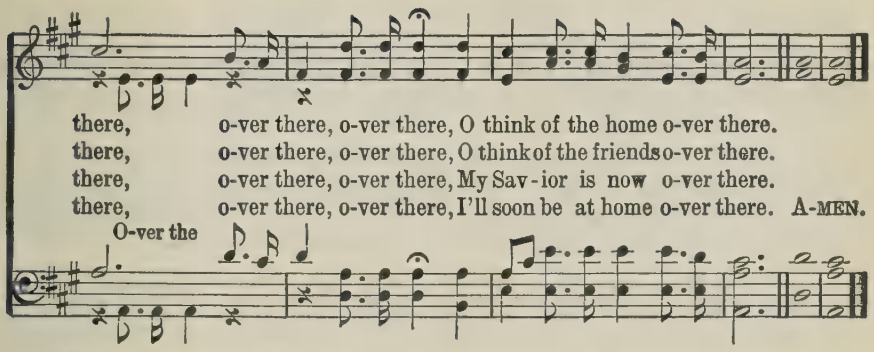
P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
REFRAIN.
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A-MEN.

308 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
Refrain.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there. O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There.


there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-MEN.
O-ver the

309 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

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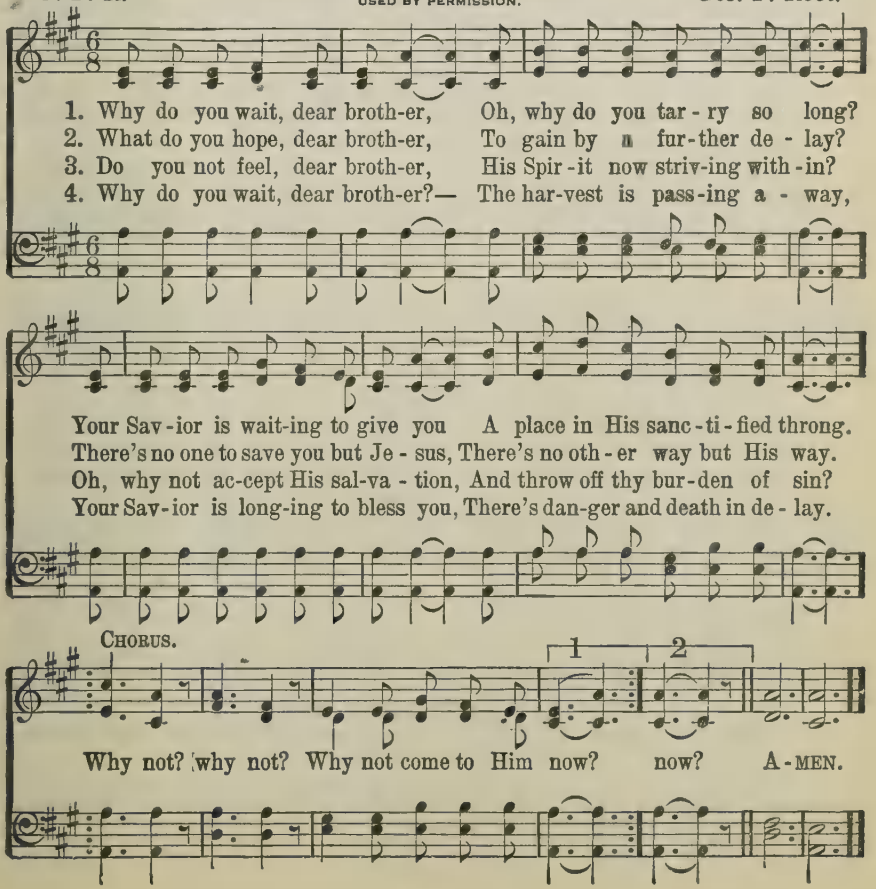
Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

310 If Jesus Goes With Me.

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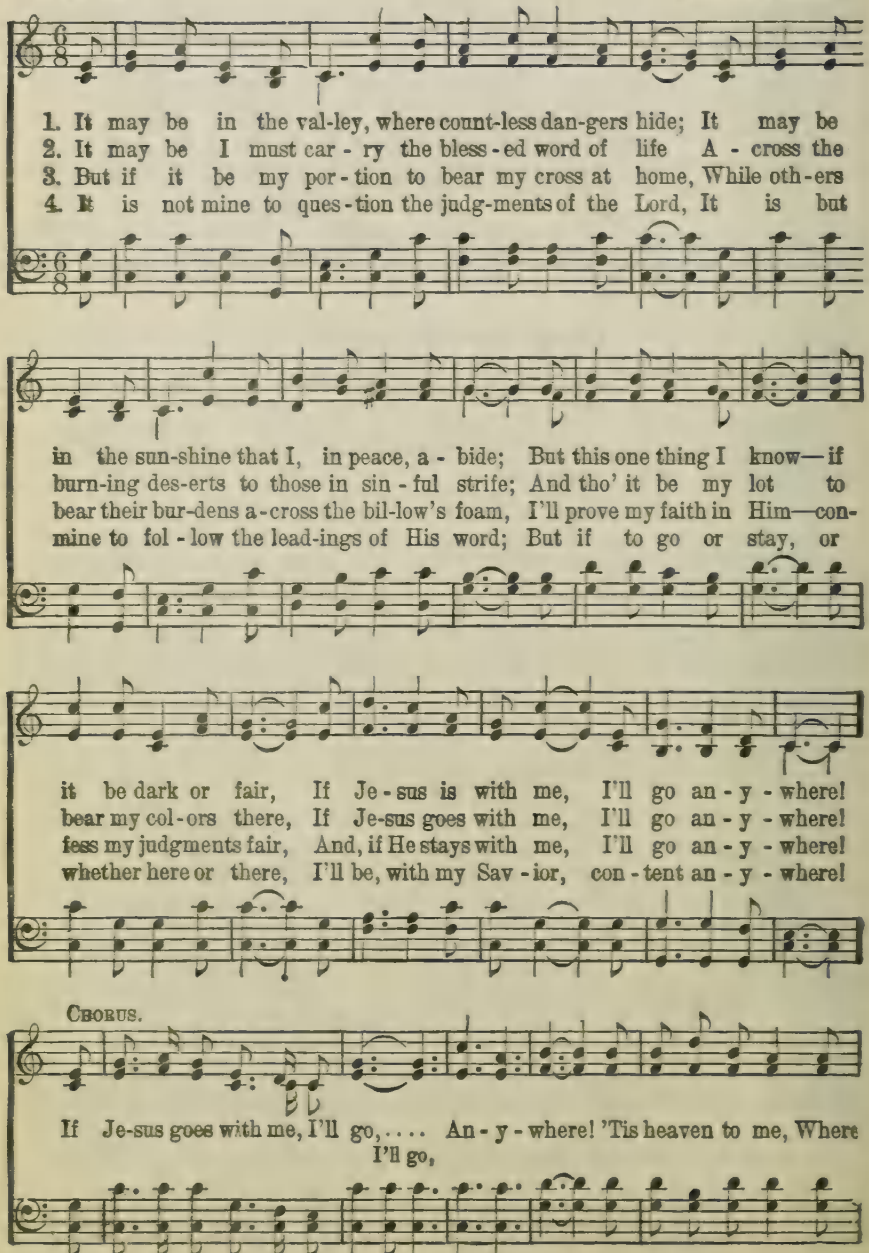
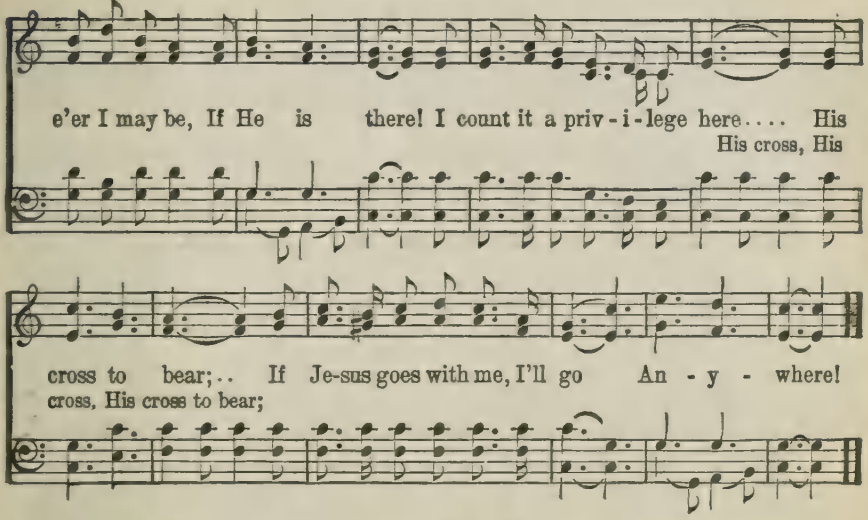
C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col - ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth - ers bear their bur-dens a - cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con- fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - ior, con - tent an - y - where!
Chorus.
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, ... An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where I'll go,

If Jesus Goes With Me.


e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here.... His
His cross, His
cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;

311 Pass Me Not.

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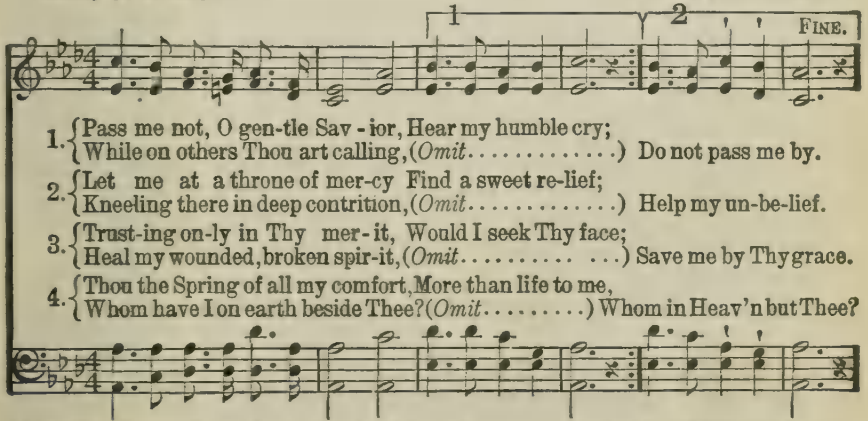
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



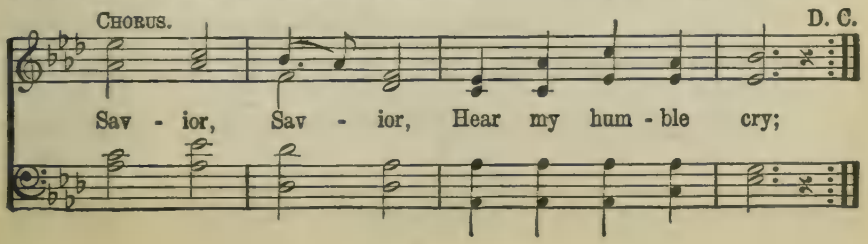
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.

2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (*Omit*.....) Help my un-be-lief.

3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (*Omit*..... ...) Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (*Omit*.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

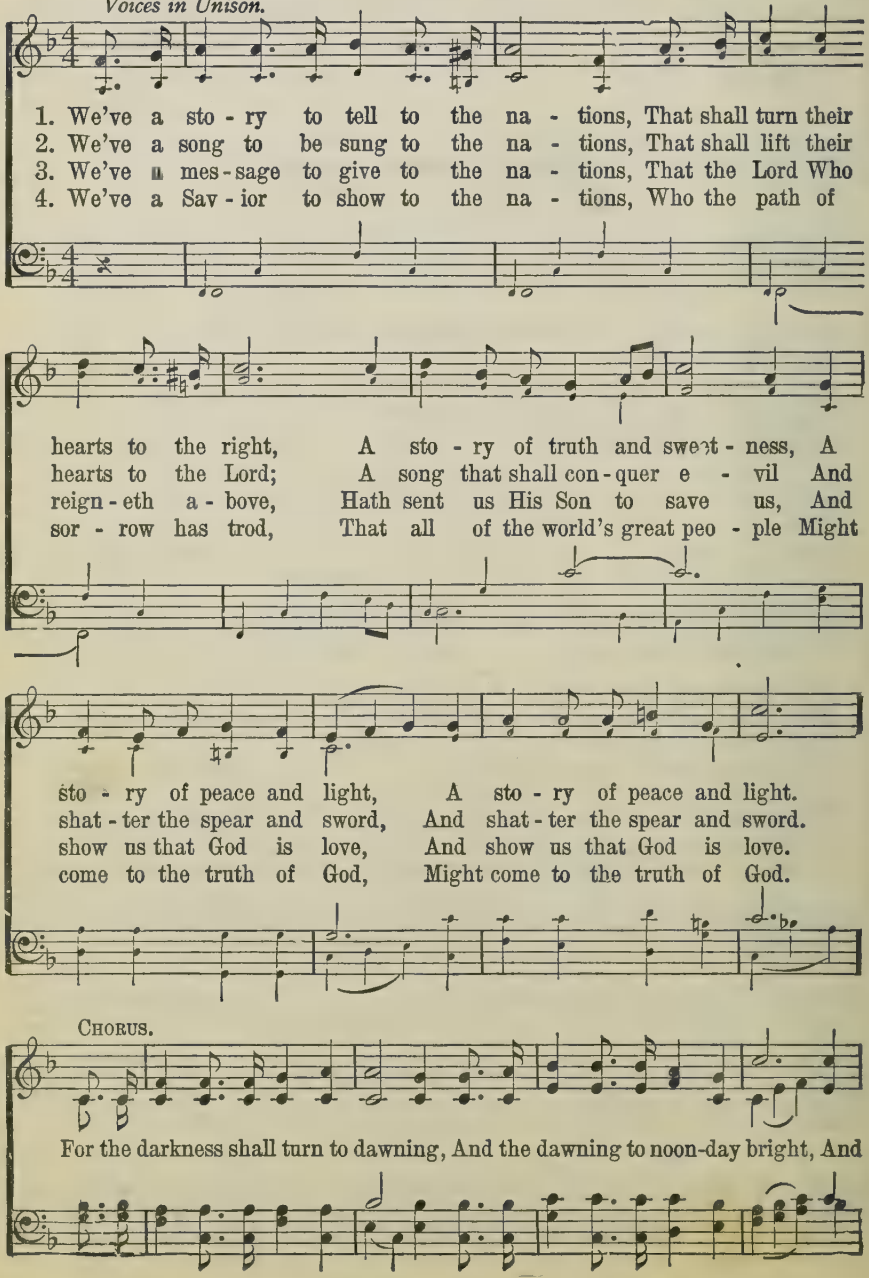
D.S.—*While on others Thou art call-ing,* (*Omit*.....) *Do not pass me by.*



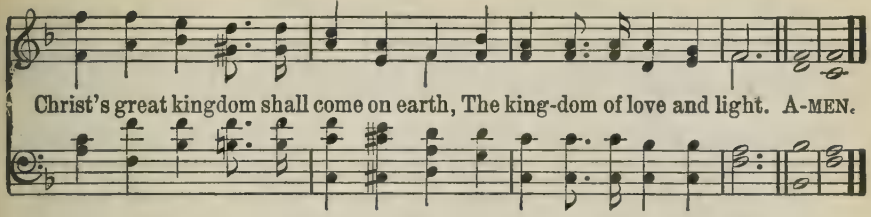
312 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

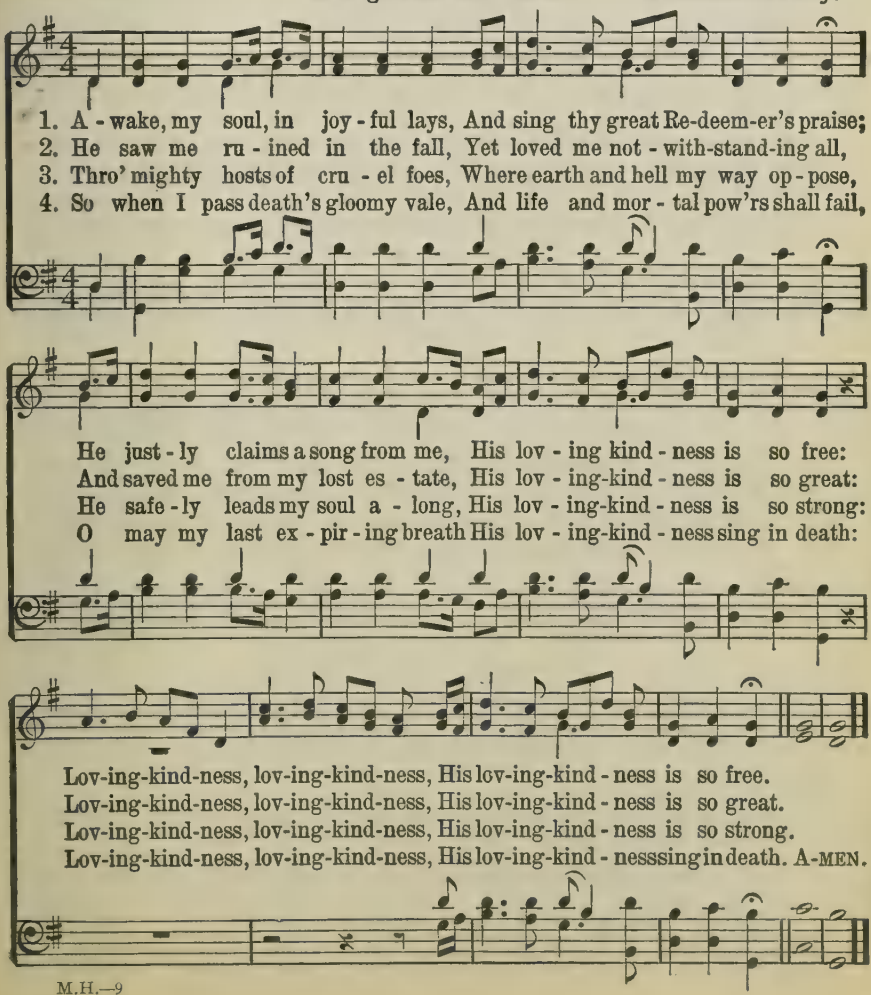

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of
hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And
sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might
sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.
Chorus.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



313 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.


1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-stand-ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal pow'rs shall fail,
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free:
And saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so great:
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing-kind - ness is so strong:
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing-kind - ness sing in death:
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so free.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so great.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - ness is so strong.
Lov-ing-kind-ness, lov-ing-kind-ness, His lov-ing-kind - nesssing in death. A-MEN.

314 Faith Is the Victory.

John H. Yates.

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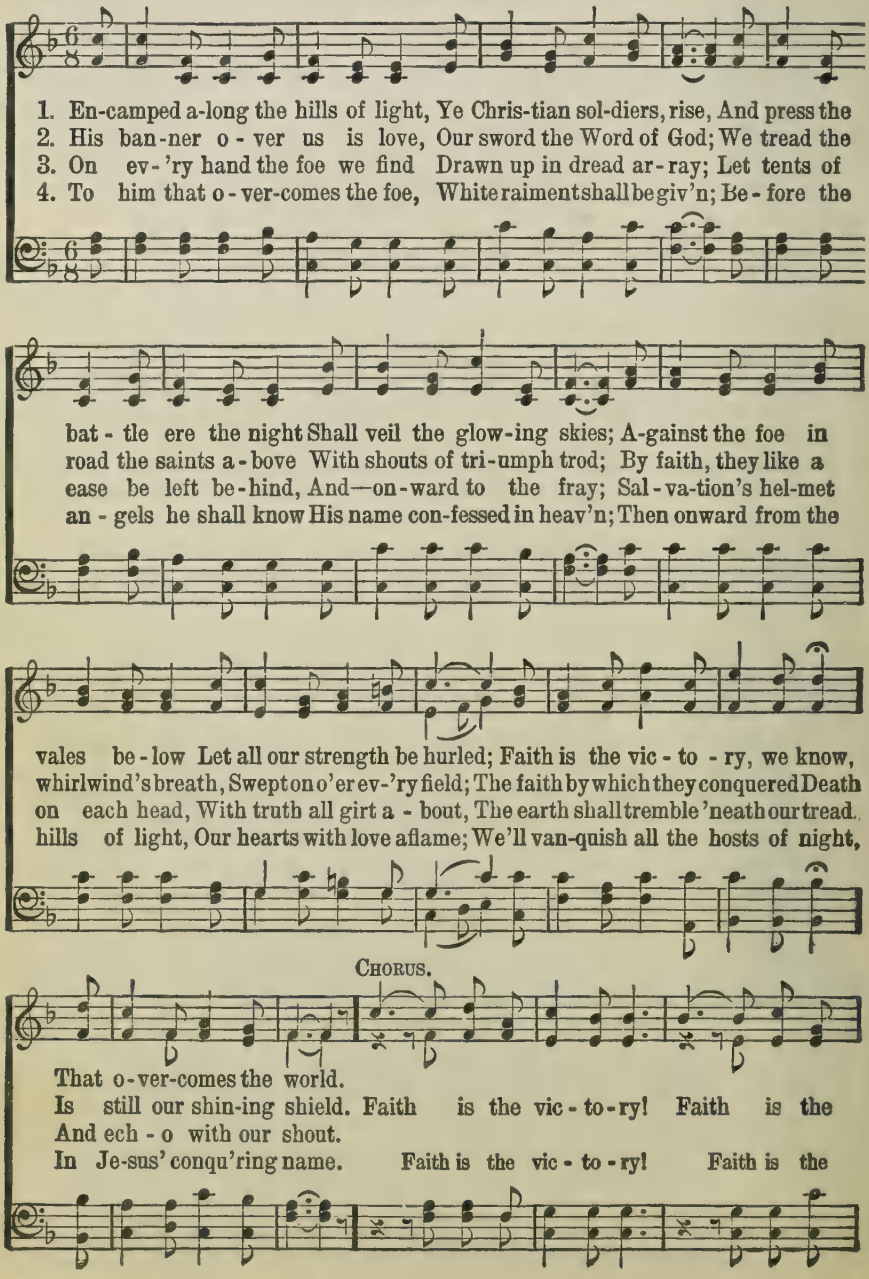
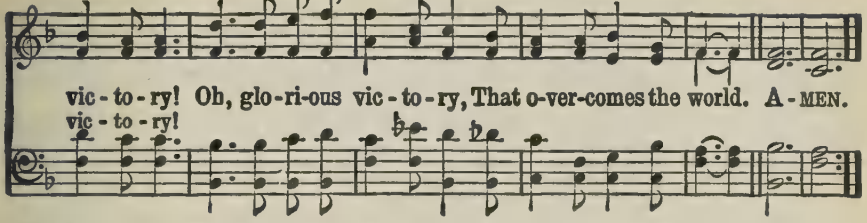
Ira D. Sankey.


1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n; Be - fore the
bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-gainst the foe in
road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then onward from the
vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
on each head, With truth all girt a - bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,
Chorus.
That o-ver-comes the world.
Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic - to-ry! Faith is the
And ech - o with our shout.
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the

Faith Is the Victory.



315 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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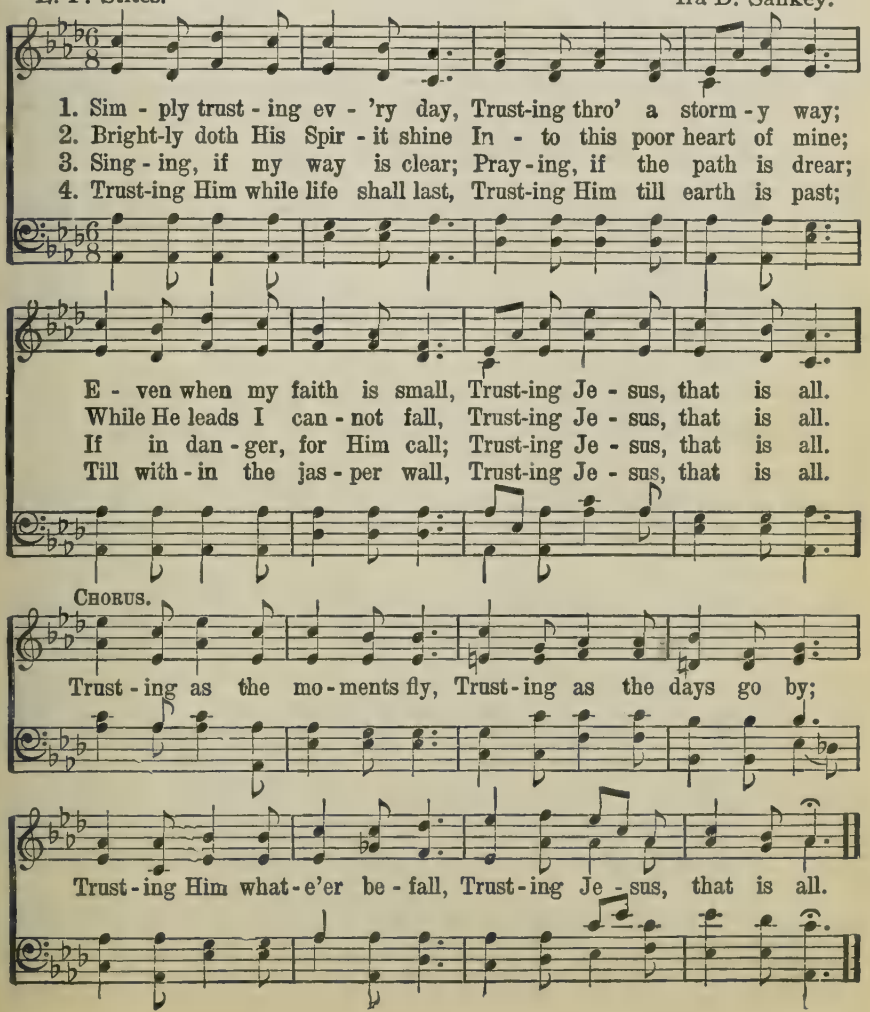
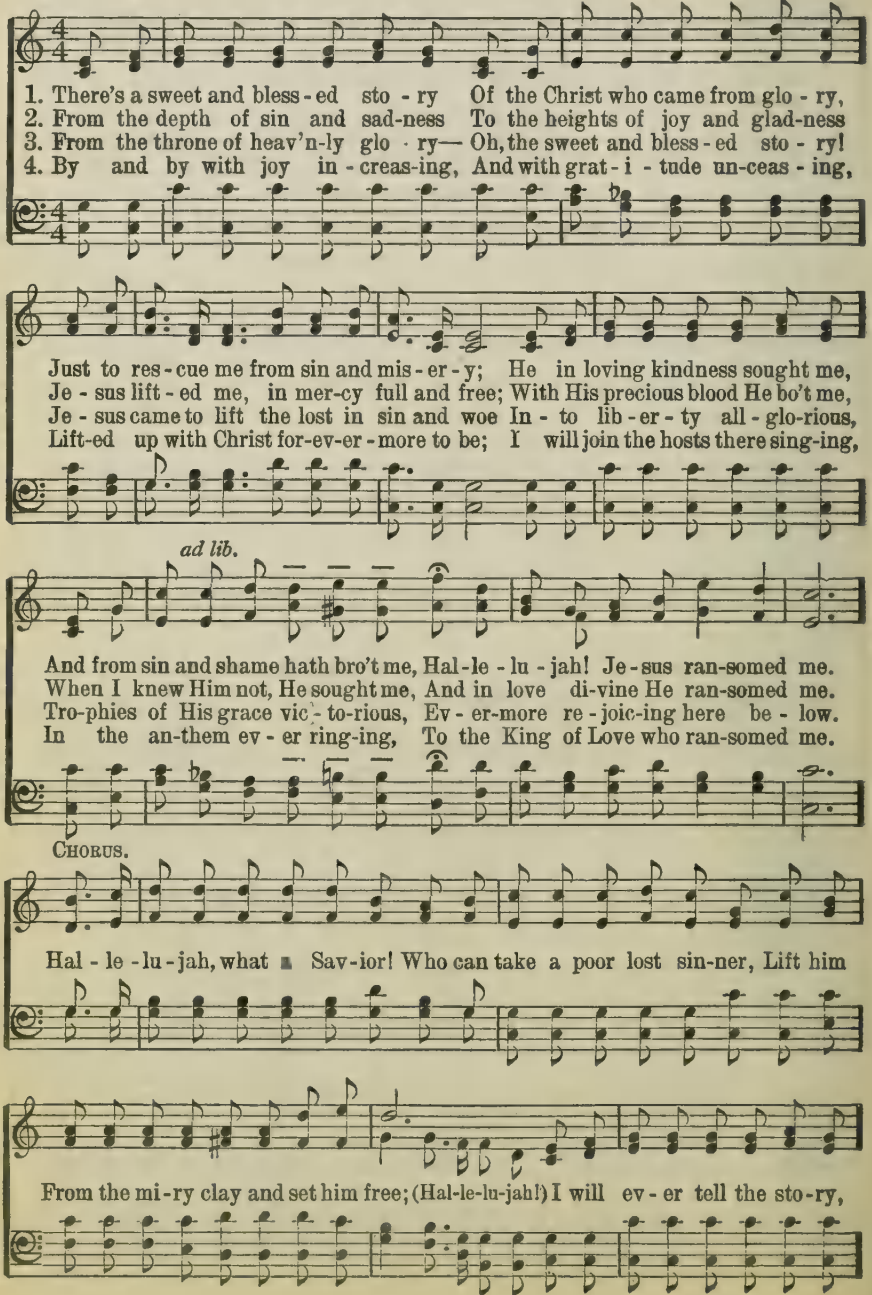
E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.

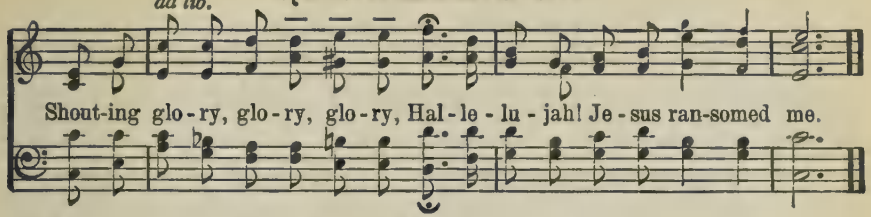

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

316 He Ransomed Me.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE. J. W. Henderson.


1. There's a sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry— Oh, the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry!
4. By and by with joy in - creas-ing, And with grat - i - tude un-ceas - ing,
Just to res - cue me from sin and mis - er - y; He in loving kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift - ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all - glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev-er - more to be; I will join the hosts there sing-ing,
ad lib.
And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic - to-rious, Ev - er-more re - joic-ing here be - low.
In the an-them ev - er ring-ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-ior! Who can take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him
From the mi-ry clay and set him free; (Hal-le-lu-jah!) I will ev - er tell the sto-ry,

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

317 To the Harvest Field.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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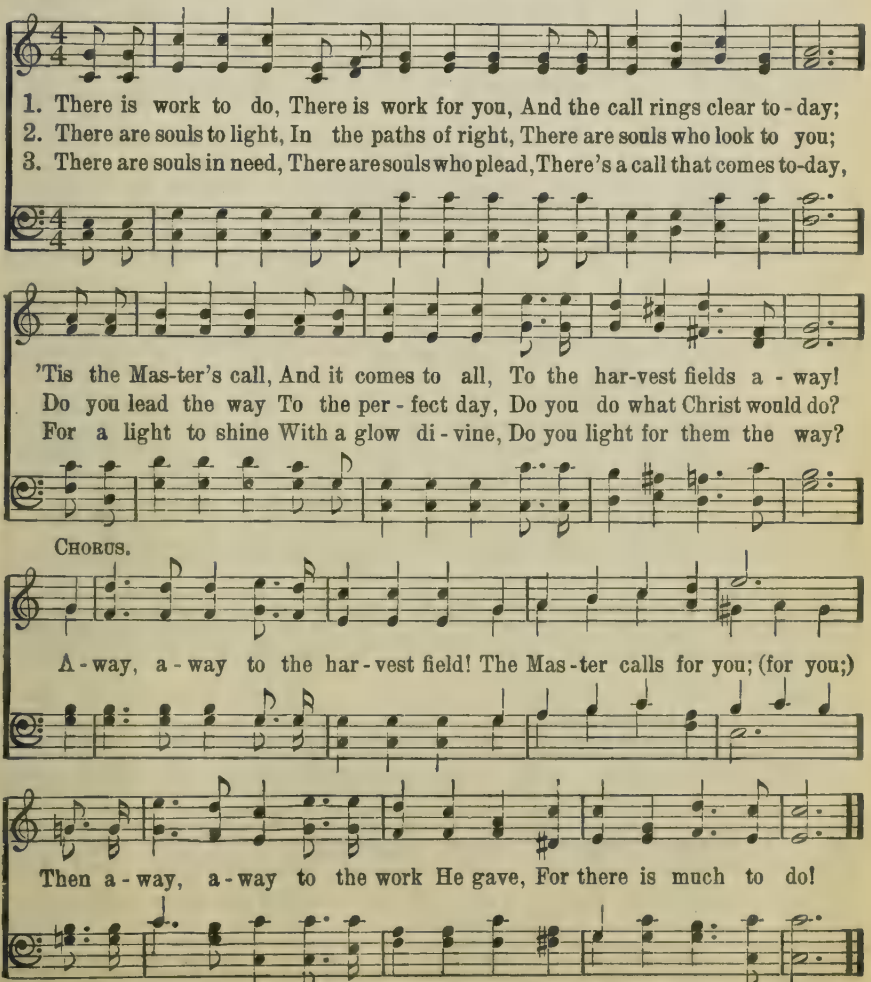
Geo. C. Stebbins.

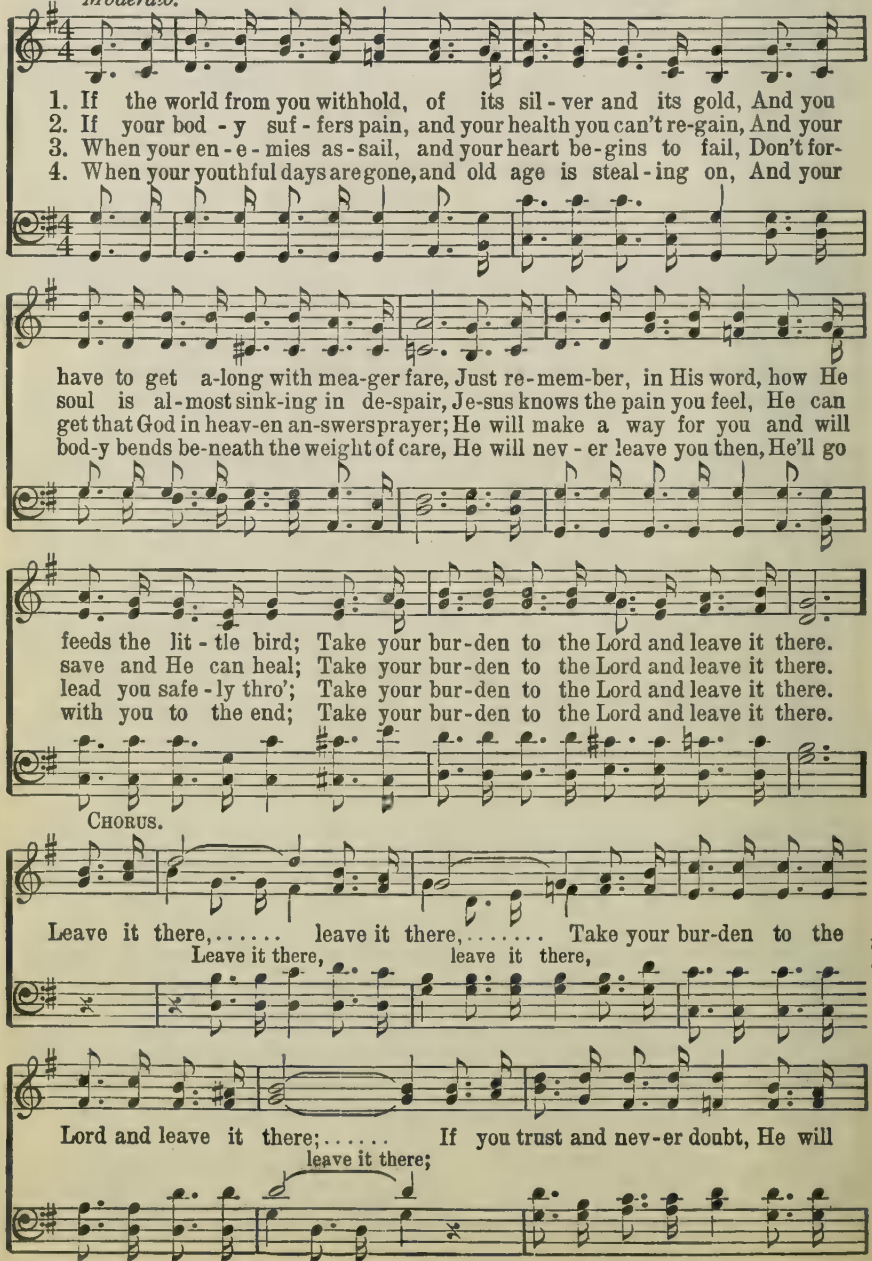

1. There is work to do, There is work for you, And the call rings clear to-day;
2. There are souls to light, In the paths of right, There are souls who look to you;
3. There are souls in need, There are souls who plead, There's a call that comes to-day,
'Tis the Mas-ter's call, And it comes to all, To the har-vest fields a-way!
Do you lead the way To the per-fect day, Do you do what Christ would do?
For a light to shine With a glow di-vine, Do you light for them the way?
Chorus.
A-way, a-way to the har-vest field! The Mas-ter calls for you; (for you;)
Then a-way, a-way to the work He gave, For there is much to do!

318 Leave It There.

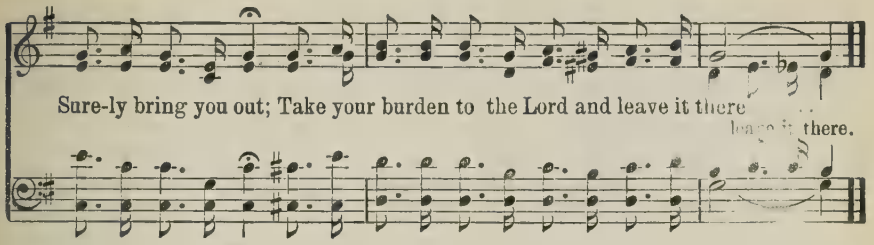
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley. Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.

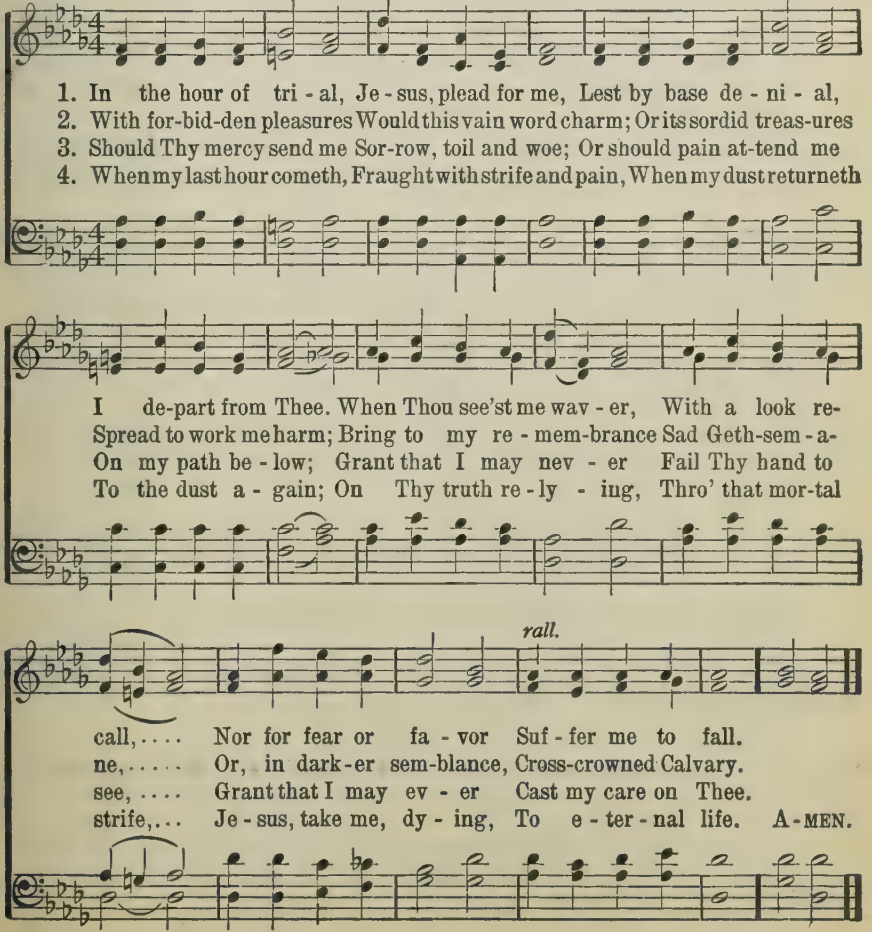

1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil - ver and its gold, And you have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He feeds the lit - tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
2. If your bod - y suf - fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
3. When your en - e - mies as - sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for- get that God in heav-en an-swers prayer; He will make a way for you and will lead you safe - ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal - ing on, And your bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev - er leave you then, He'll go with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
CHORUS.
Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there;..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
Leave it there, leave it there,
leave it there;

Leave It There.



319 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery. Spencer Lane.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain word charm; Or its sordid treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth
I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re-
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth-sem - a-
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal
rall.
call, ... Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, ... Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
see, ... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, . . . Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

320 Dwelling In Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

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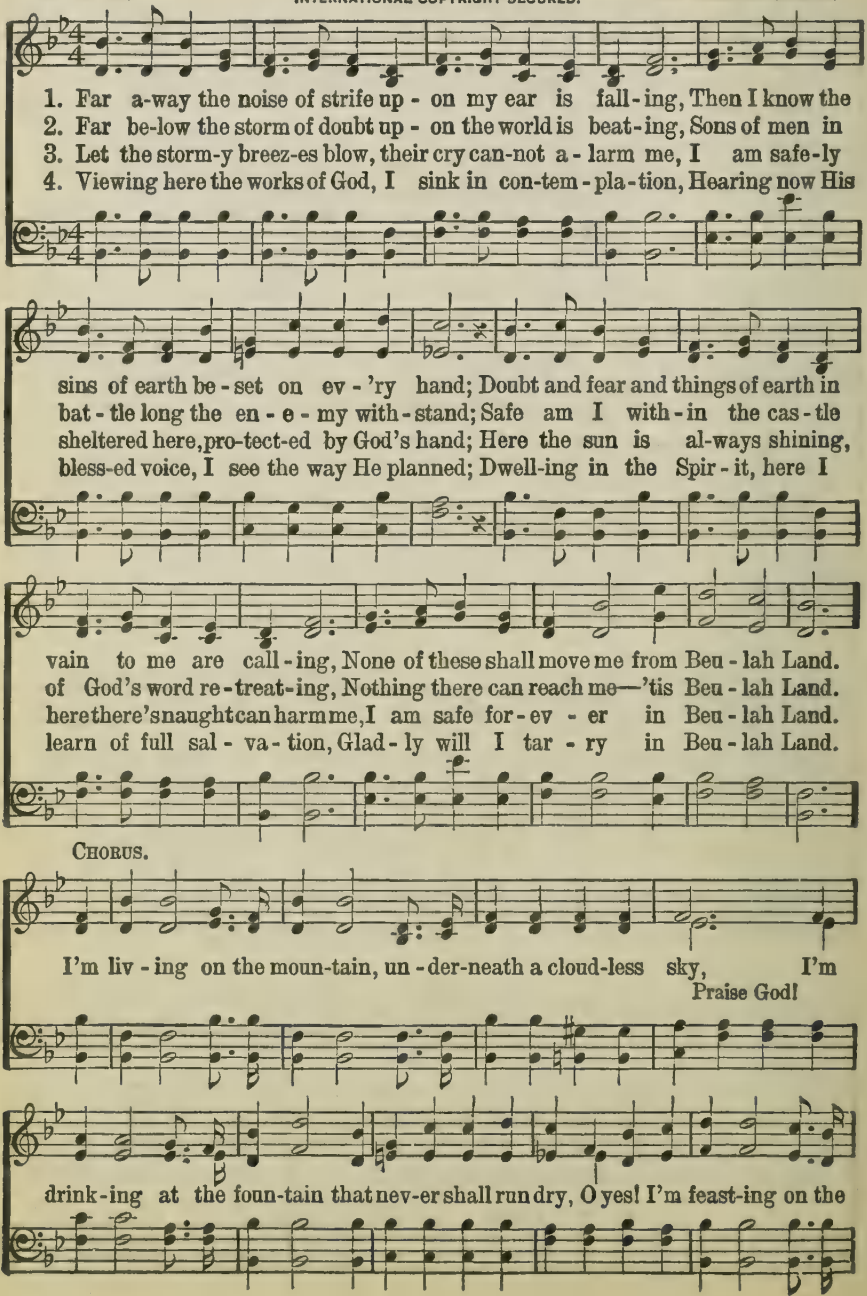
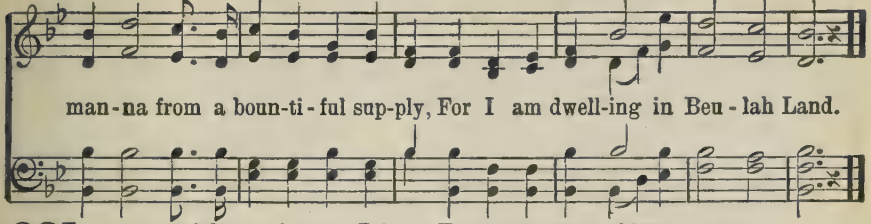
C. Austin Miles.


1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem - pla - tion, Hearing now His
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.
CHORUS.
I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink - ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling In Beulah Land.



321 Bearing His Cross for Me.

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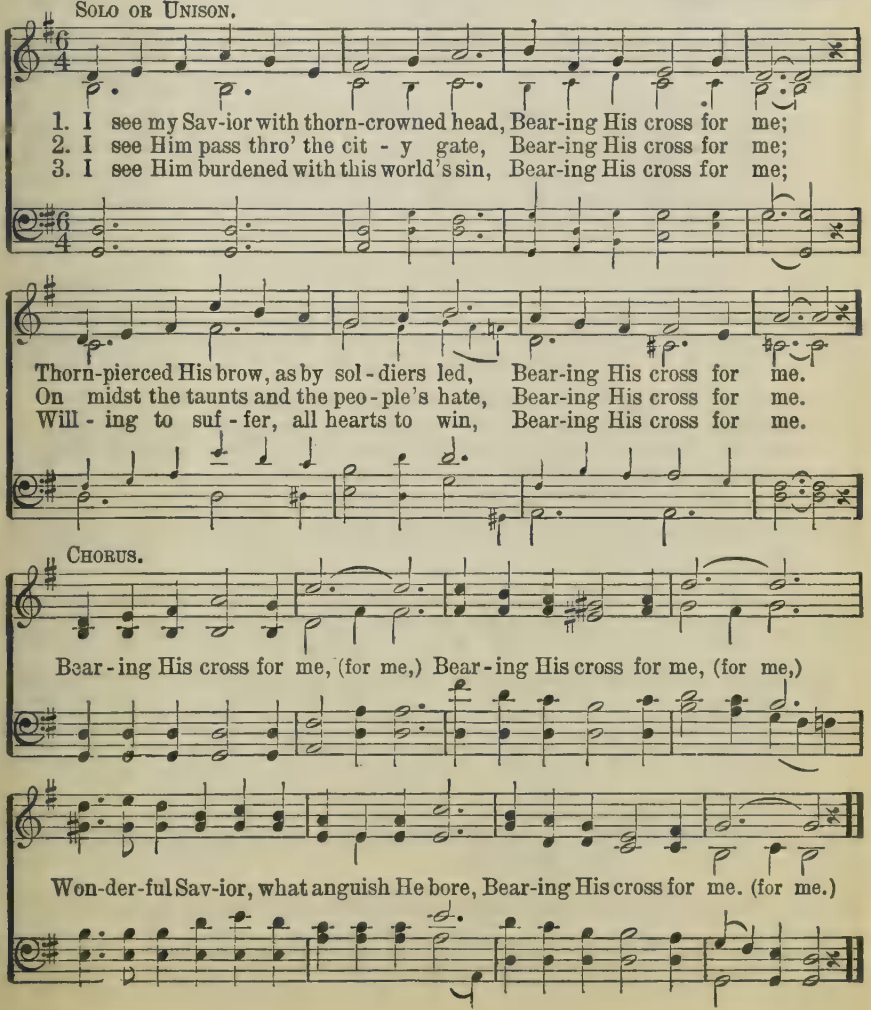
SOLO OR UNISON.


1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me;
Thorn-pierced His brow, as by sol-diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On midst the taunts and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will - ing to suf - fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.
CHORUS.
Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,)
Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me. (for me.)

322 The Way is Growing Brighter.

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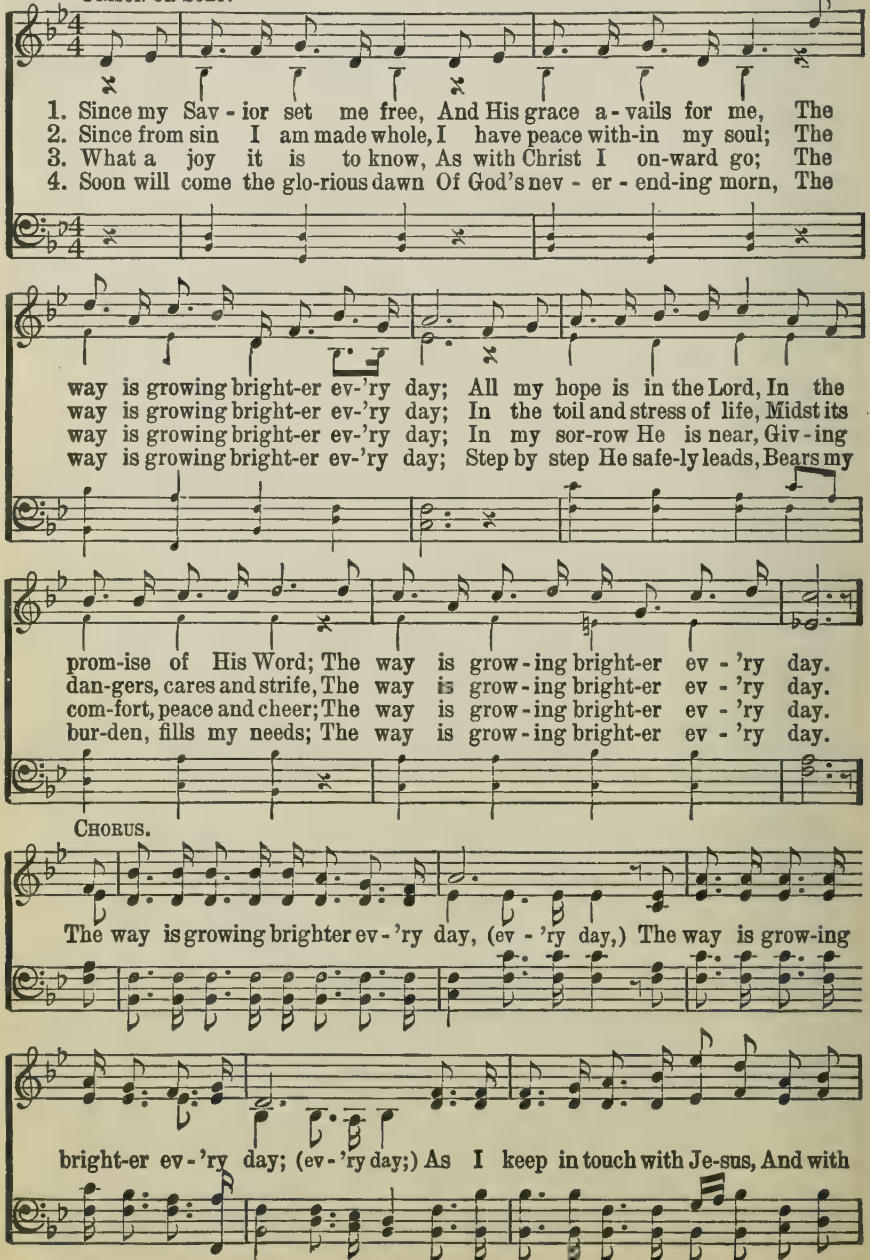
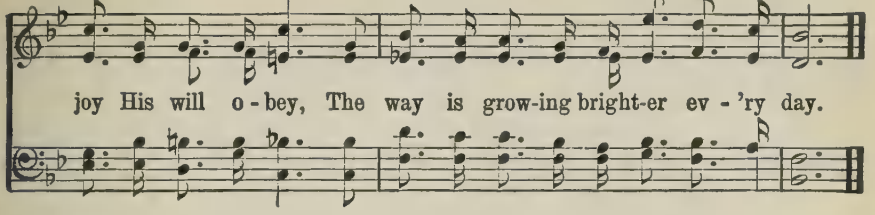
UNISON OR SOLO.

1. Since my Sav - ior set me free, And His grace a - vails for me, The
2. Since from sin I am made whole, I have peace with-in my soul; The
3. What a joy it is to know, As with Christ I on-ward go; The
4. Soon will come the glo-rious dawn Of God's nev - er - end-ing morn, The
way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; All my hope is in the Lord, In the
way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In the toil and stress of life, Midst its
way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; In my sor-row He is near, Giv-ing
way is growing bright-er ev-'ry day; Step by step He safe-ly leads, Bears my
prom-ise of His Word; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
dan-gers, cares and strife, The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
com-fort, peace and cheer; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
bur-den, fills my needs; The way is grow-ing bright-er ev - 'ry day.
CHORUS.
The way is growing brighter ev - 'ry day, (ev - 'ry day,) The way is grow-ing
bright-er ev - 'ry day; (ev - 'ry day;) As I keep in touch with Je-sus, And with

The Way is Growing Brighter.



323 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

J. P. S.

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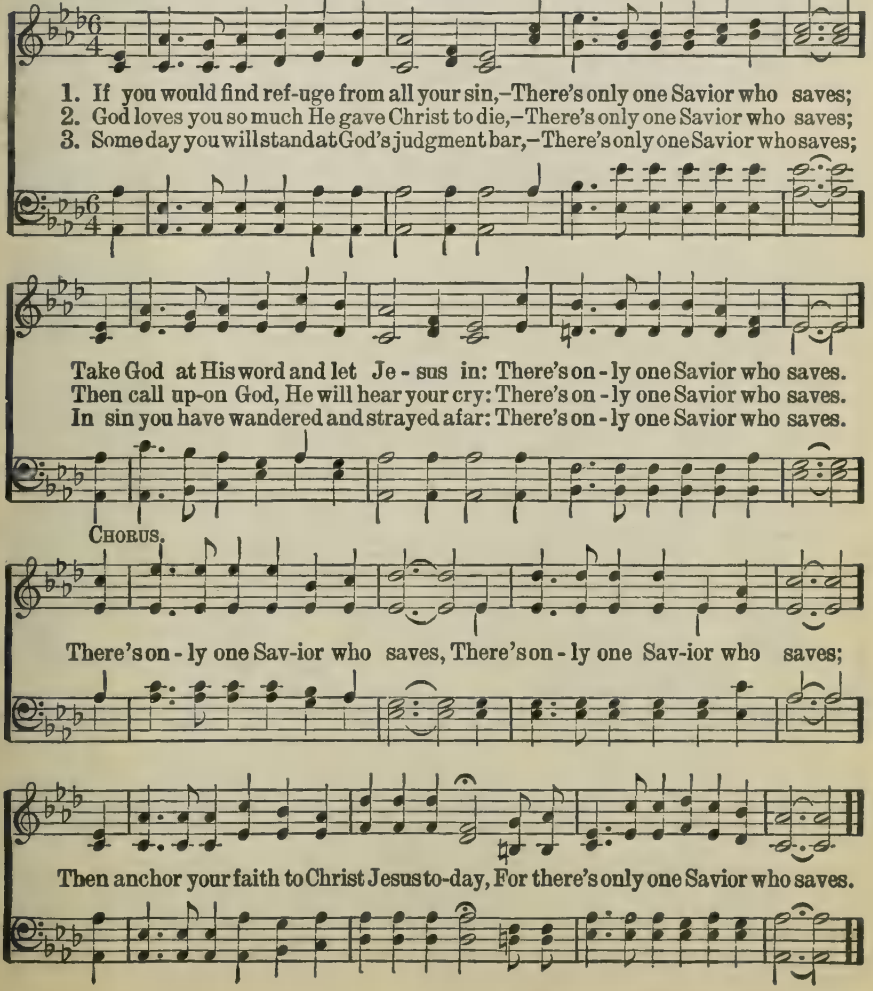
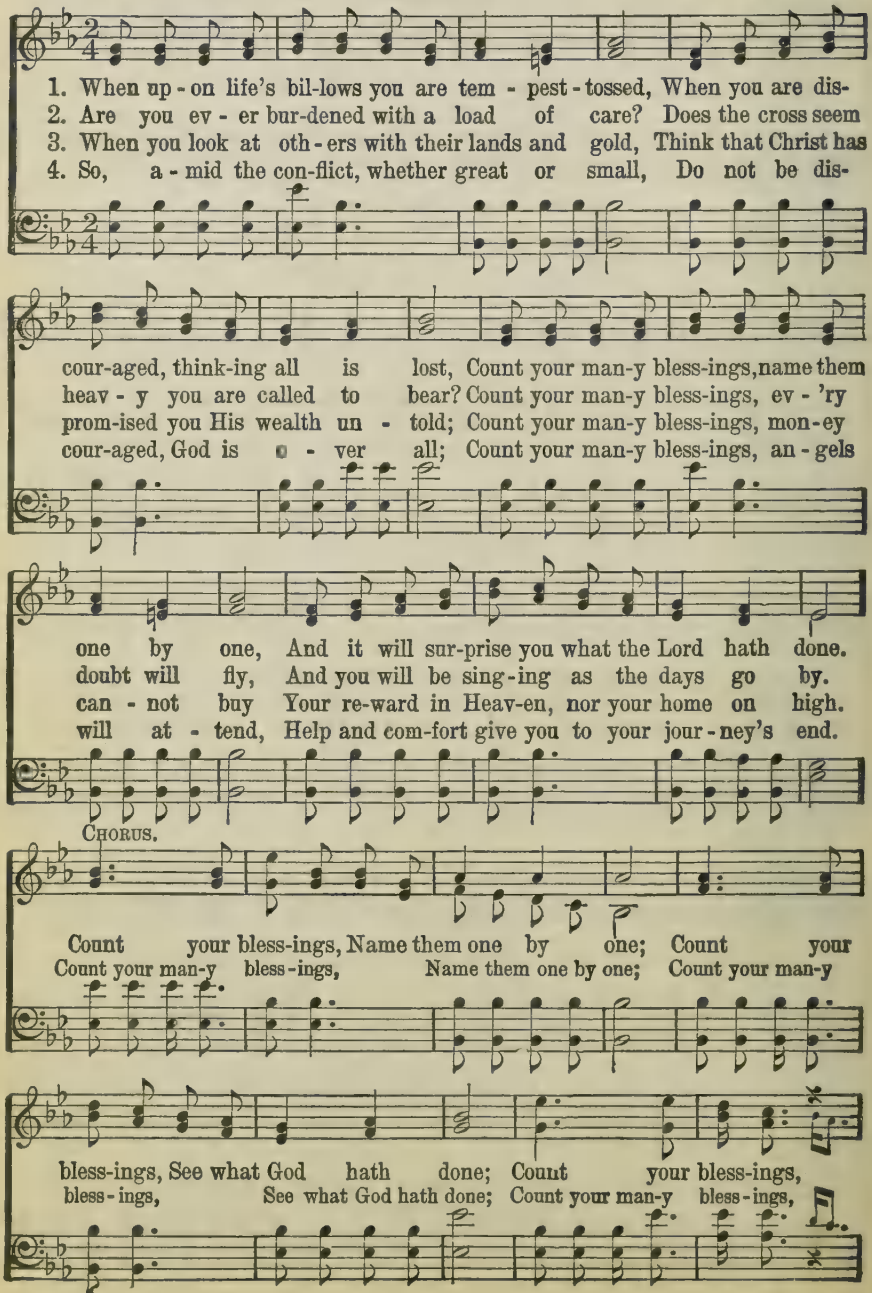
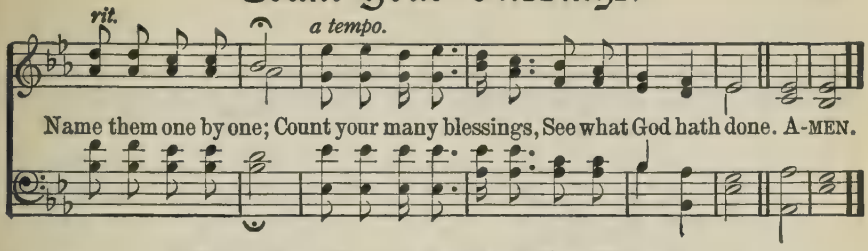
J. P. Scholfield.

1. If you would find ref-uge from all your sin,–There's only one Savior who saves;
2. God loves you so much He gave Christ to die,–There's only one Savior who saves;
3. Some day you will stand at God's judgment bar,–There's only one Savior who saves;
Take God at His word and let Je - sus in: There's on - ly one Savior who saves.
Then call up-on God, He will hear your cry: There's on - ly one Savior who saves.
In sin you have wandered and strayed afar: There's on - ly one Savior who saves.
Chorus.
There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves;
Then anchor your faith to Christ Jesus to-day, For there's only one Savior who saves.

324 Count Your Blessings.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

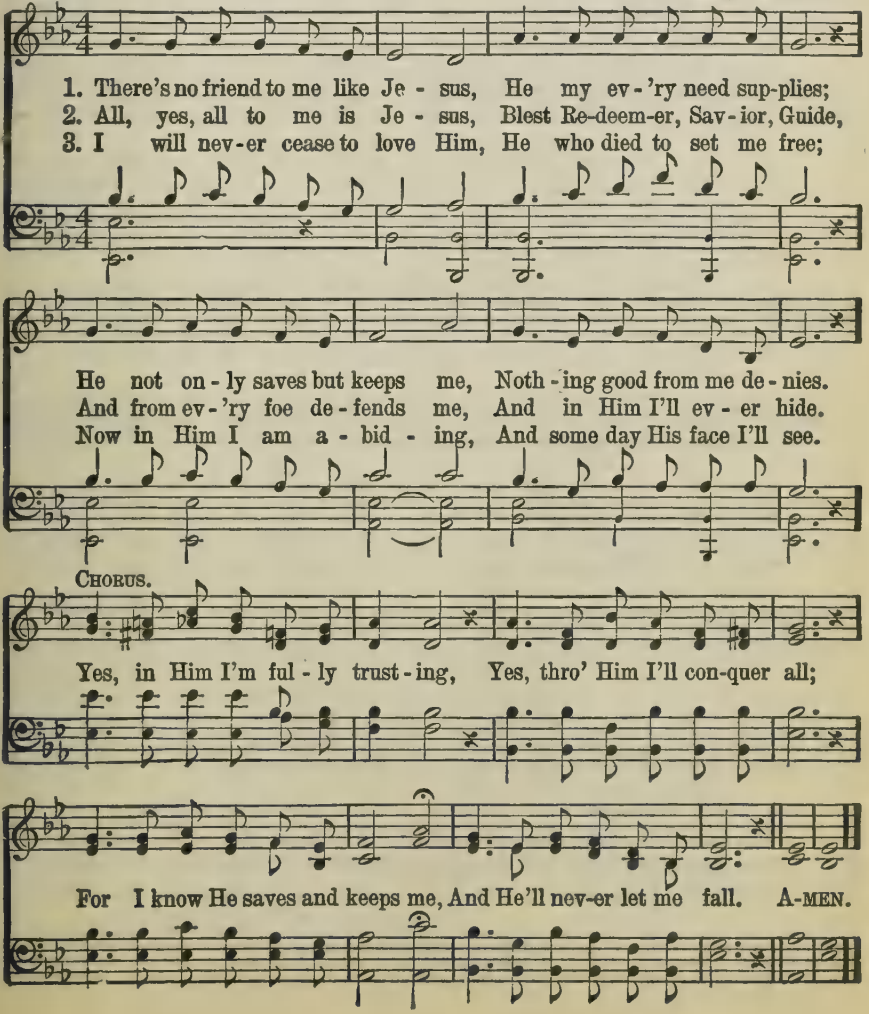

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless - ings,

Count Your Blessings.

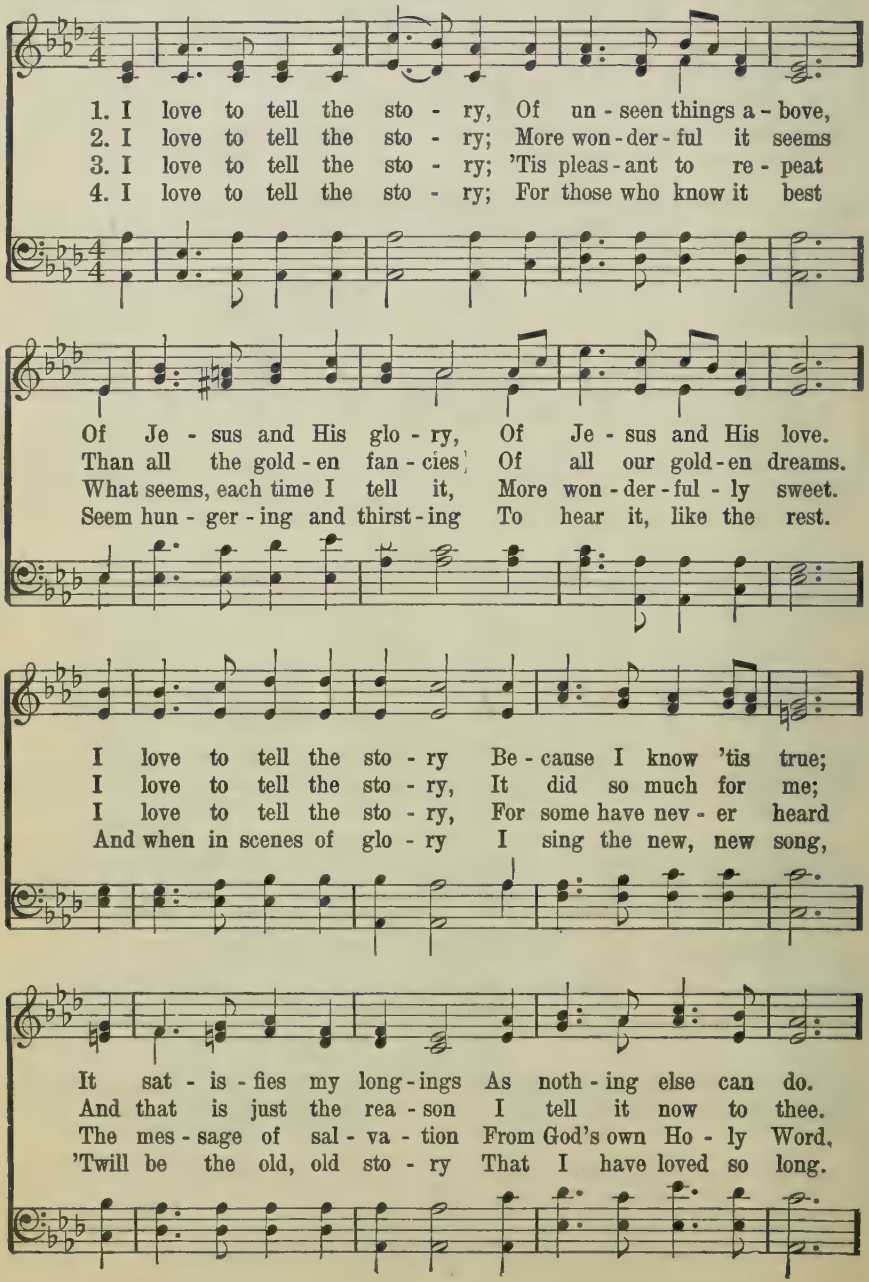


325 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

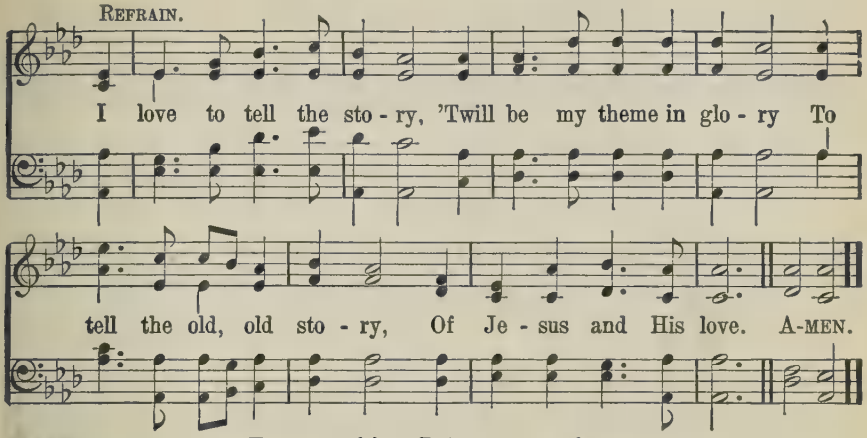
M. J. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. M. J. Babbitt.


1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - 'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav - ior, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;
He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.
CHORUS.
Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fall. A-MEN.

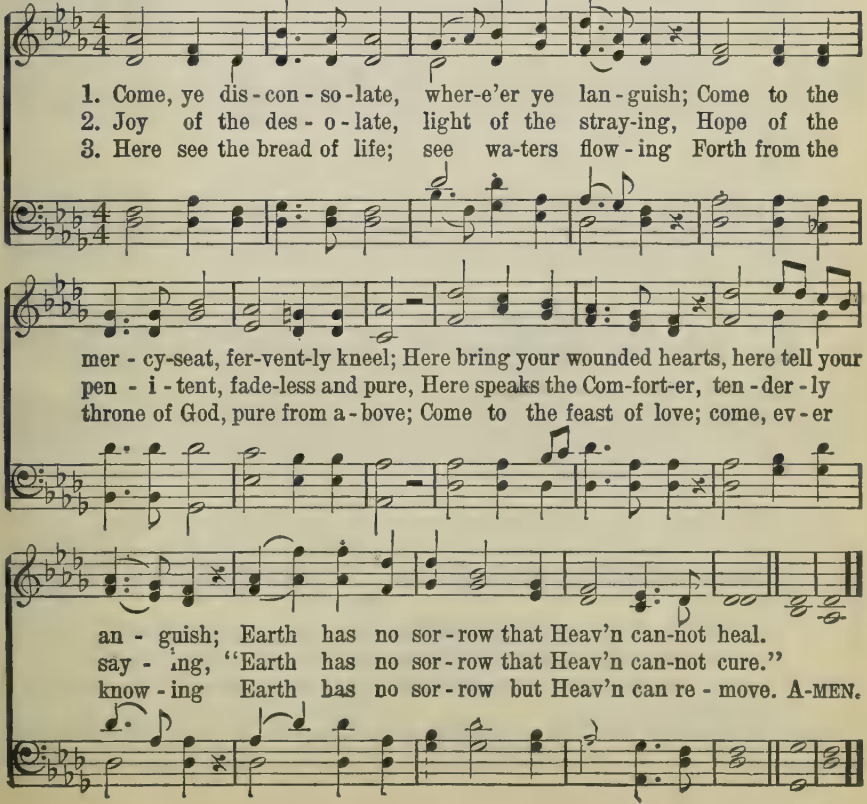
326 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I Love to Tell the Story.

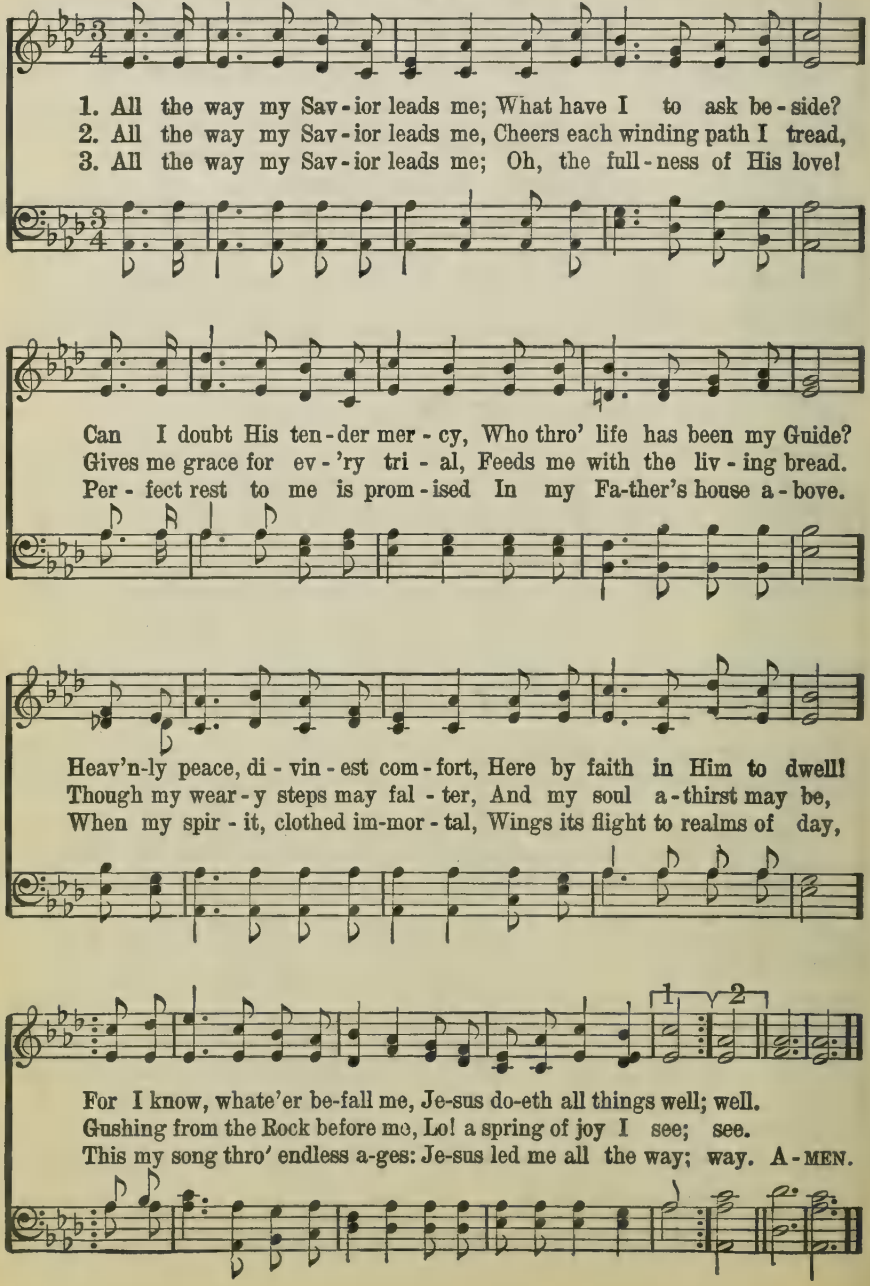
REFRAIN.

327 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

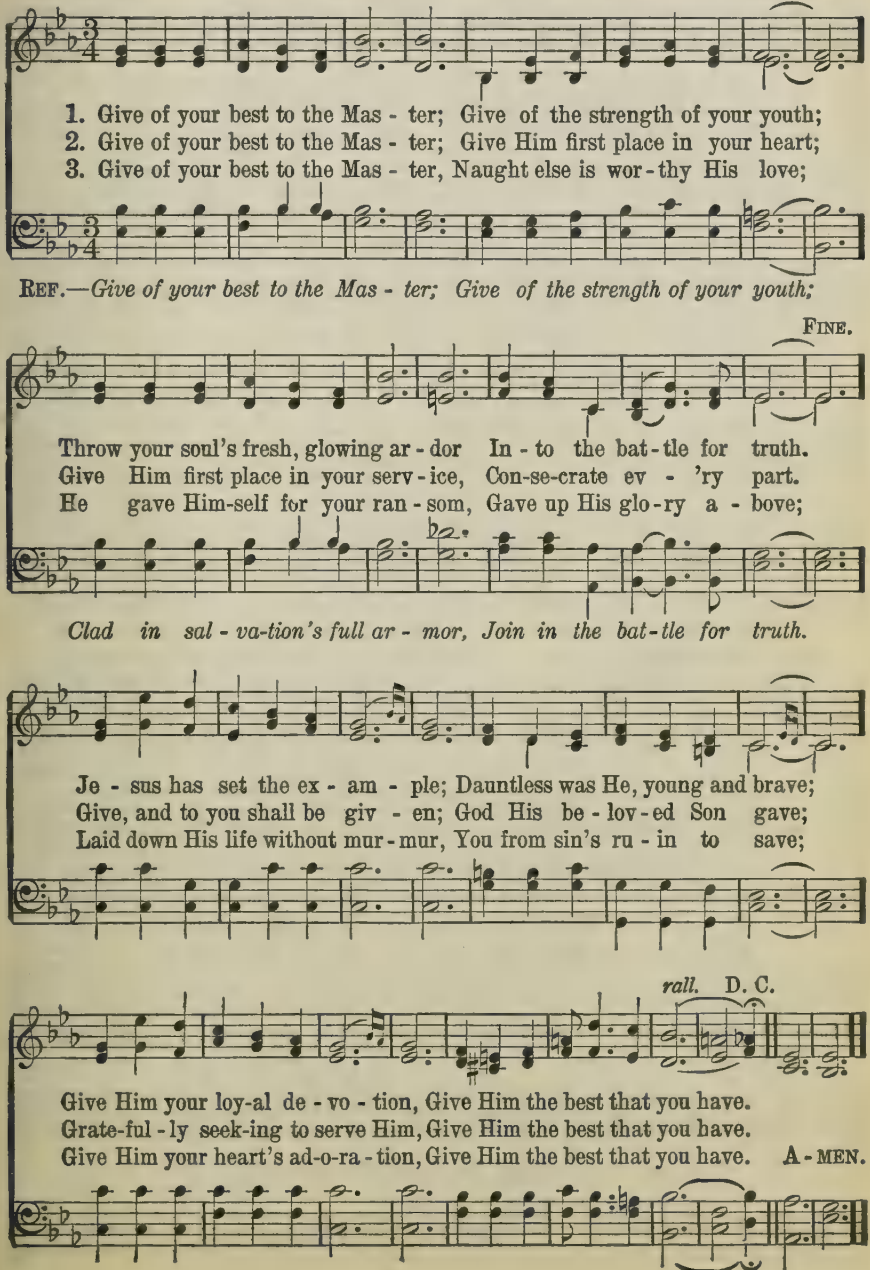

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er
an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

328 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove.
Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
1
2
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A - MEN.

329 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
FINE.
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;
rall. D. C.
Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

330 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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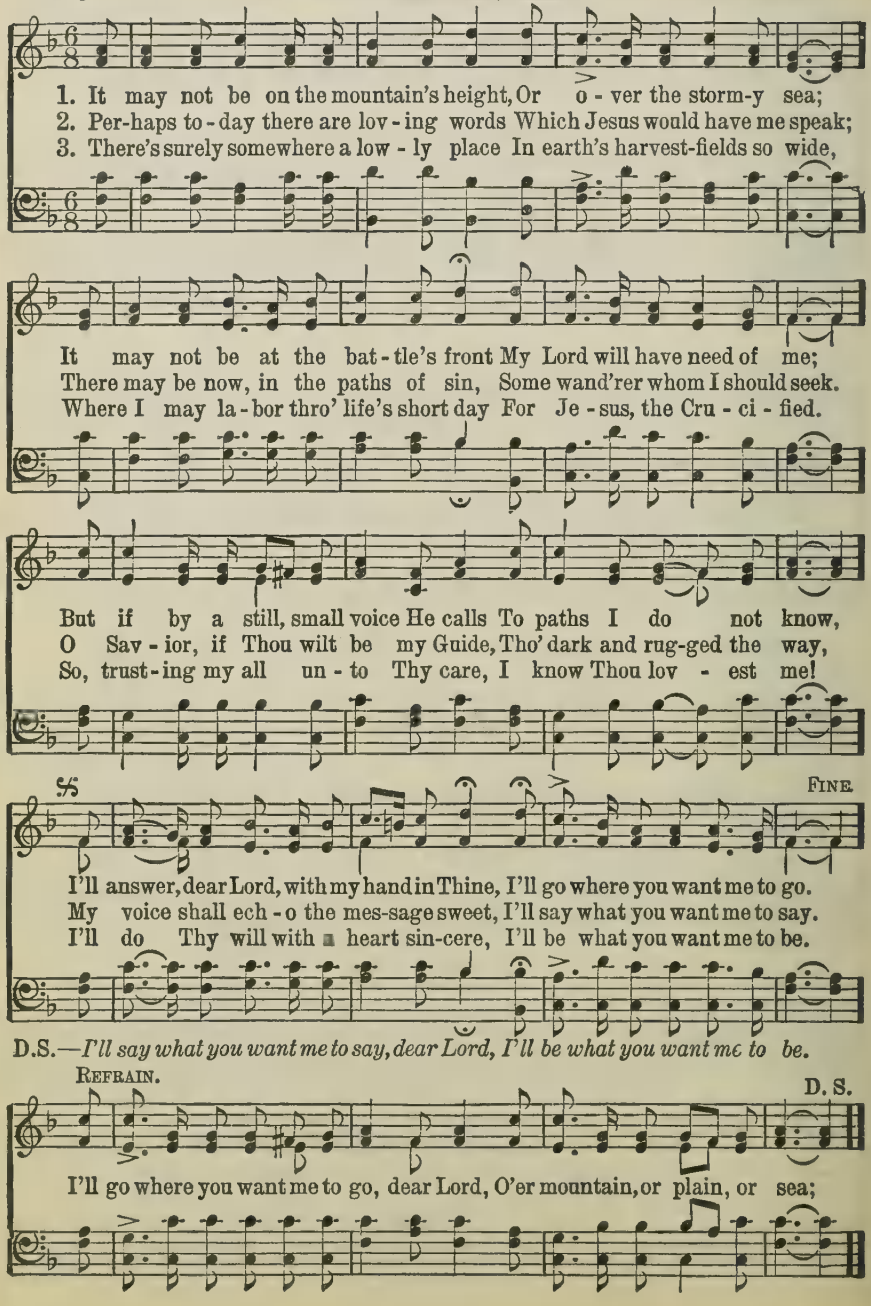
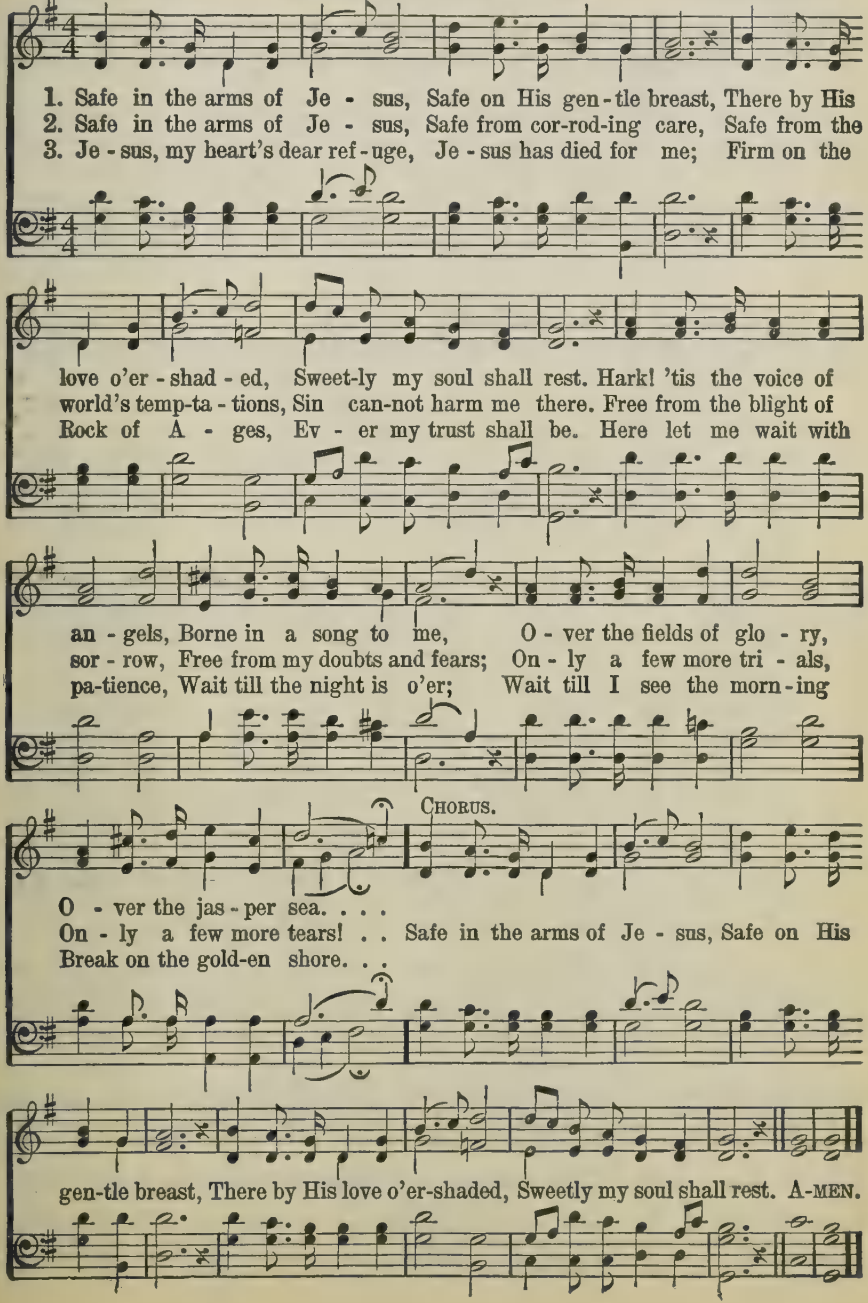
Carrie E. Rounsefell.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

331 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS.
O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore. . .
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

332 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt.

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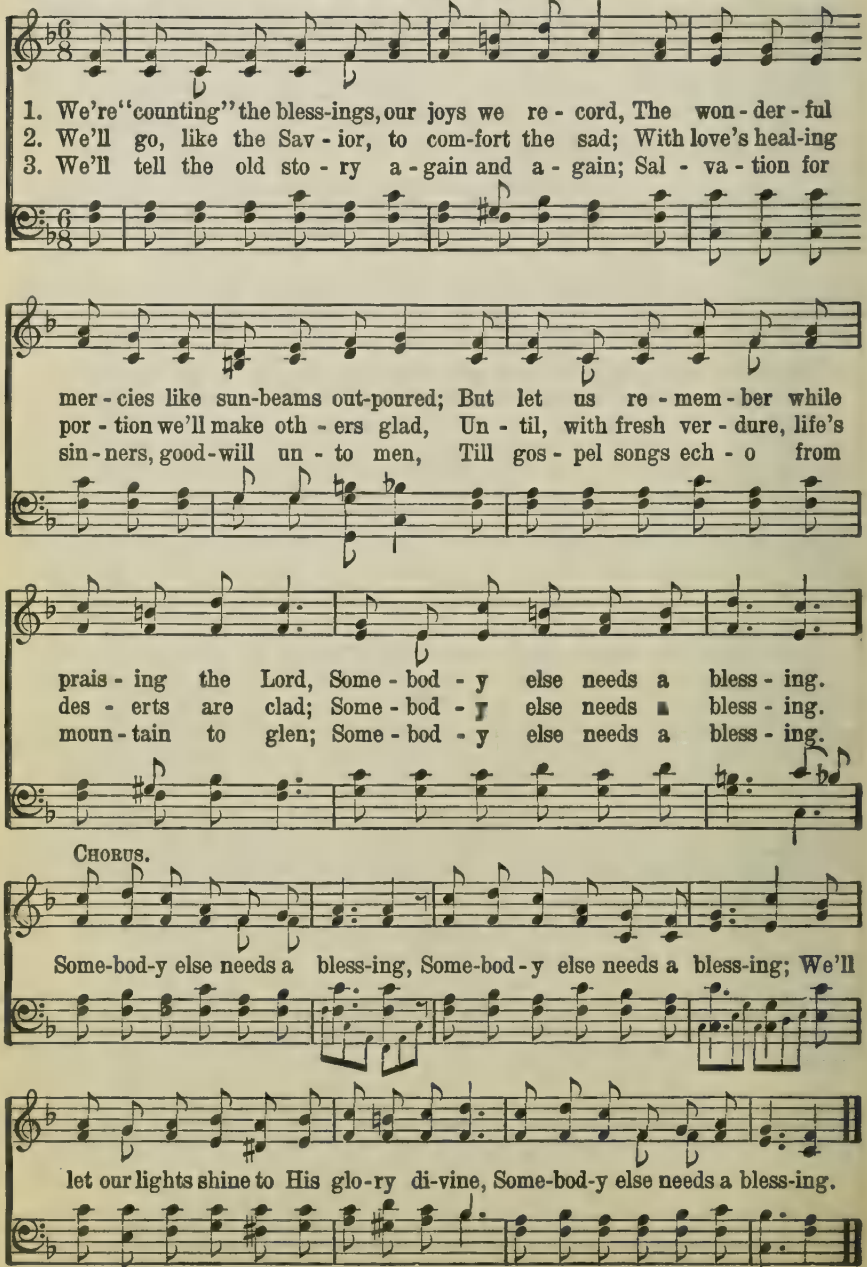
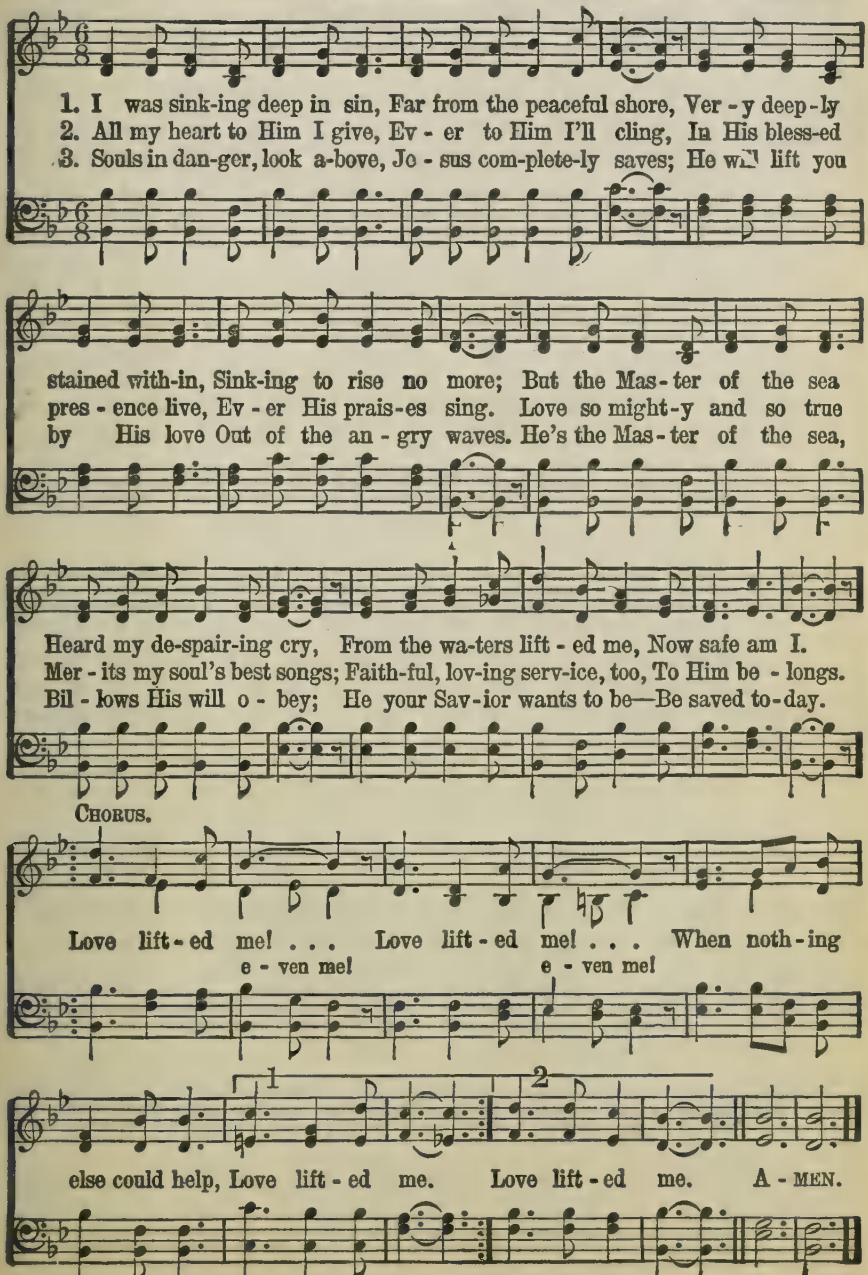
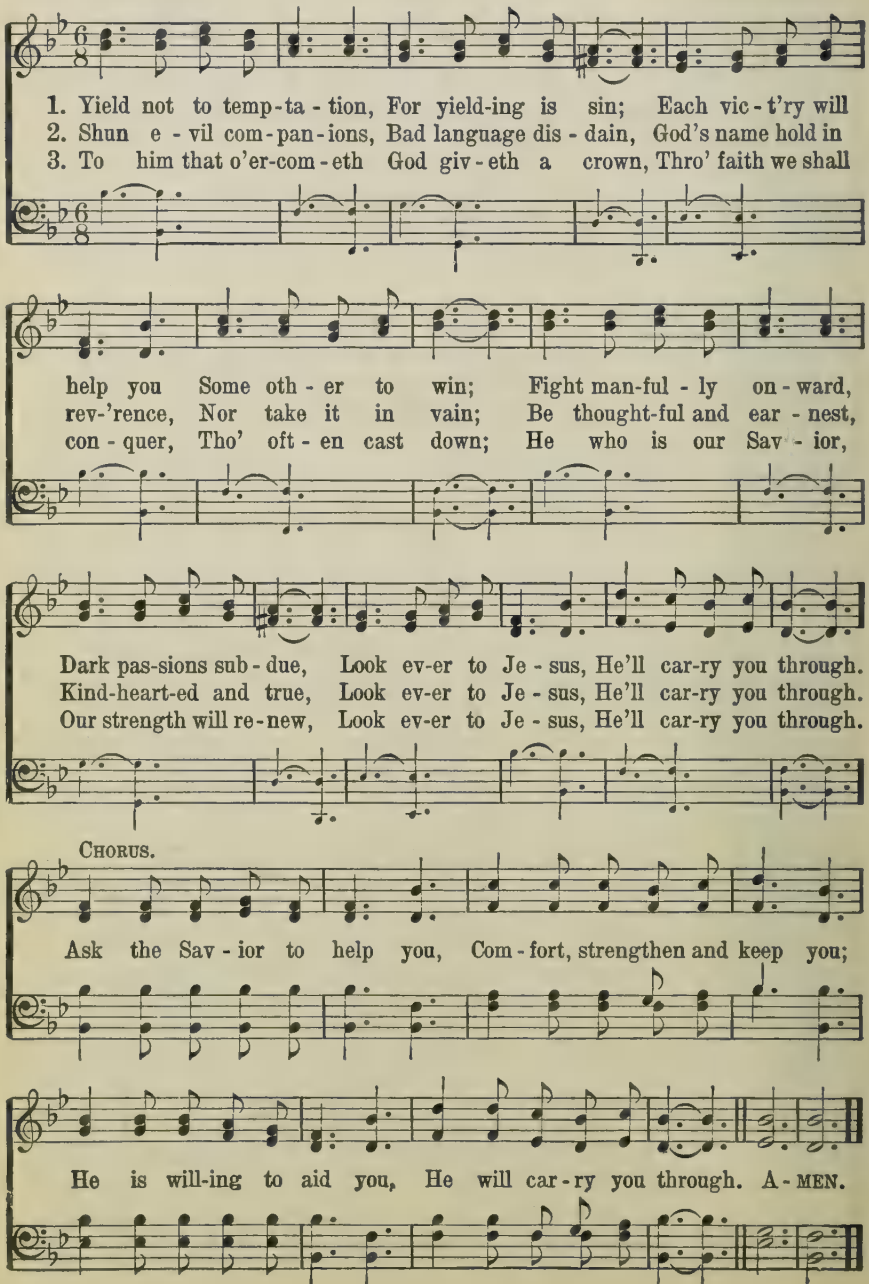

1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for
mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from
prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
Chorus.
Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod - y else needs a bless-ing; We'll
let our lights shine to His glo-ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

333 Love Lifted Me.

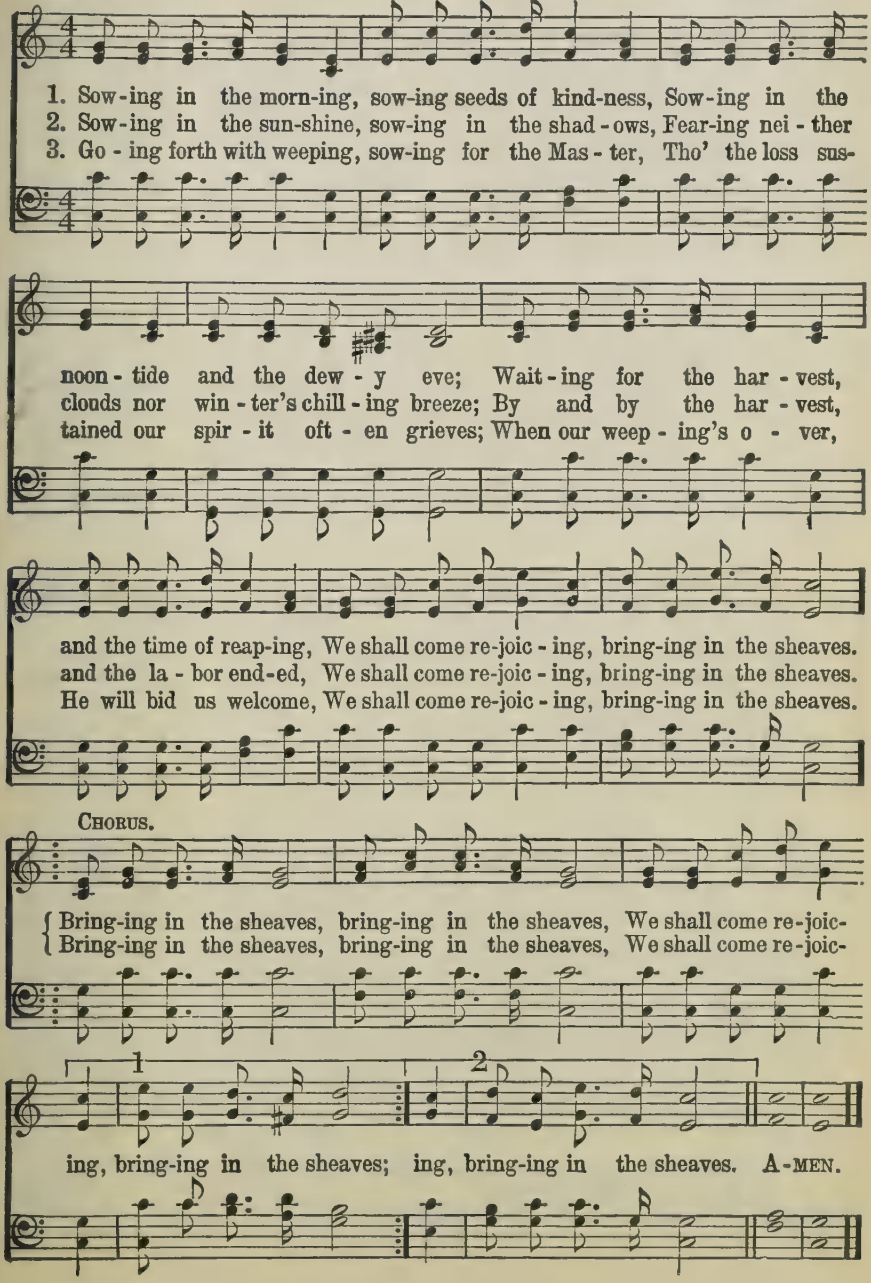
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN, ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.


1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A-MEN.

334 Yield Not to Temptation

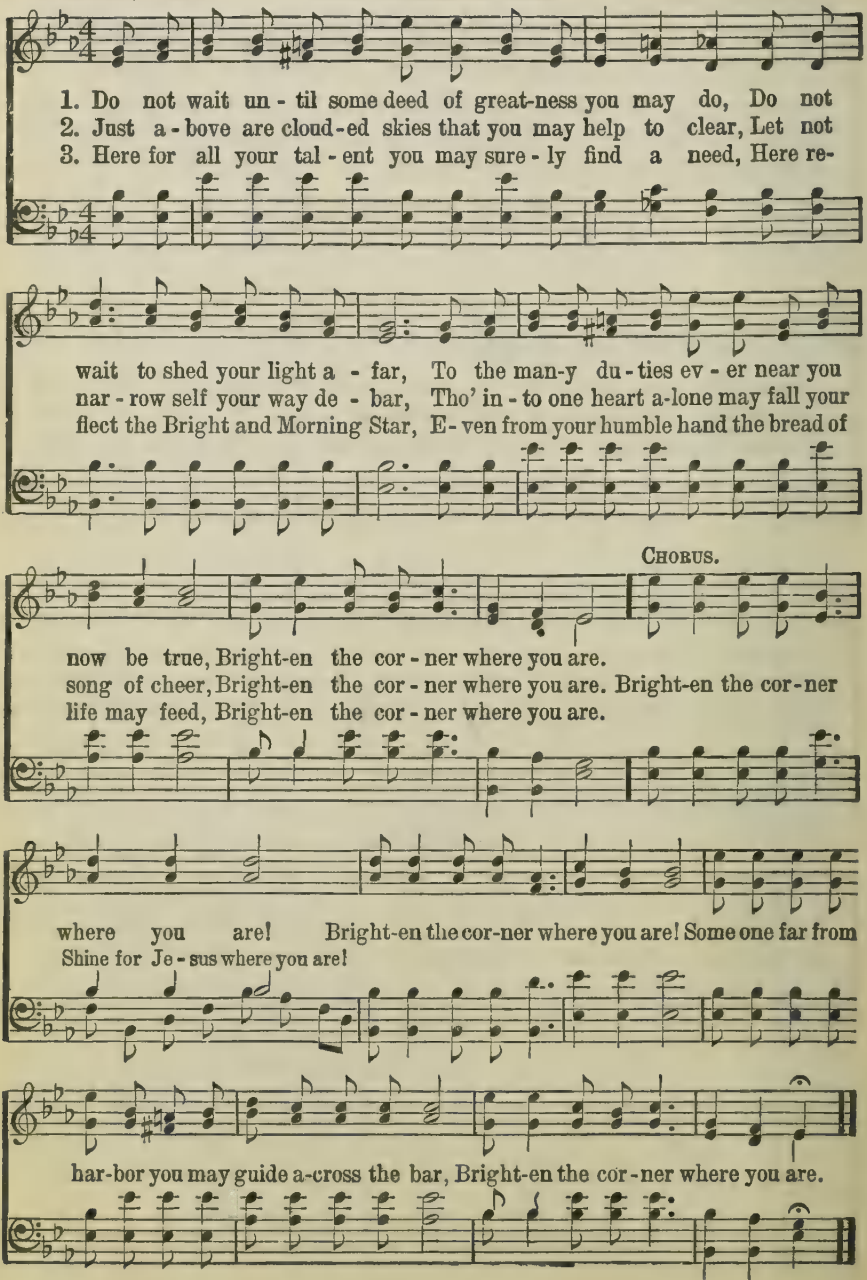
H. R. P. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

335 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
1
2
ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.

336 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the man-y du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of
CHORUS.
now be true, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je - sus where you are!
har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.

337 Whisper a Prayer.

S. L.

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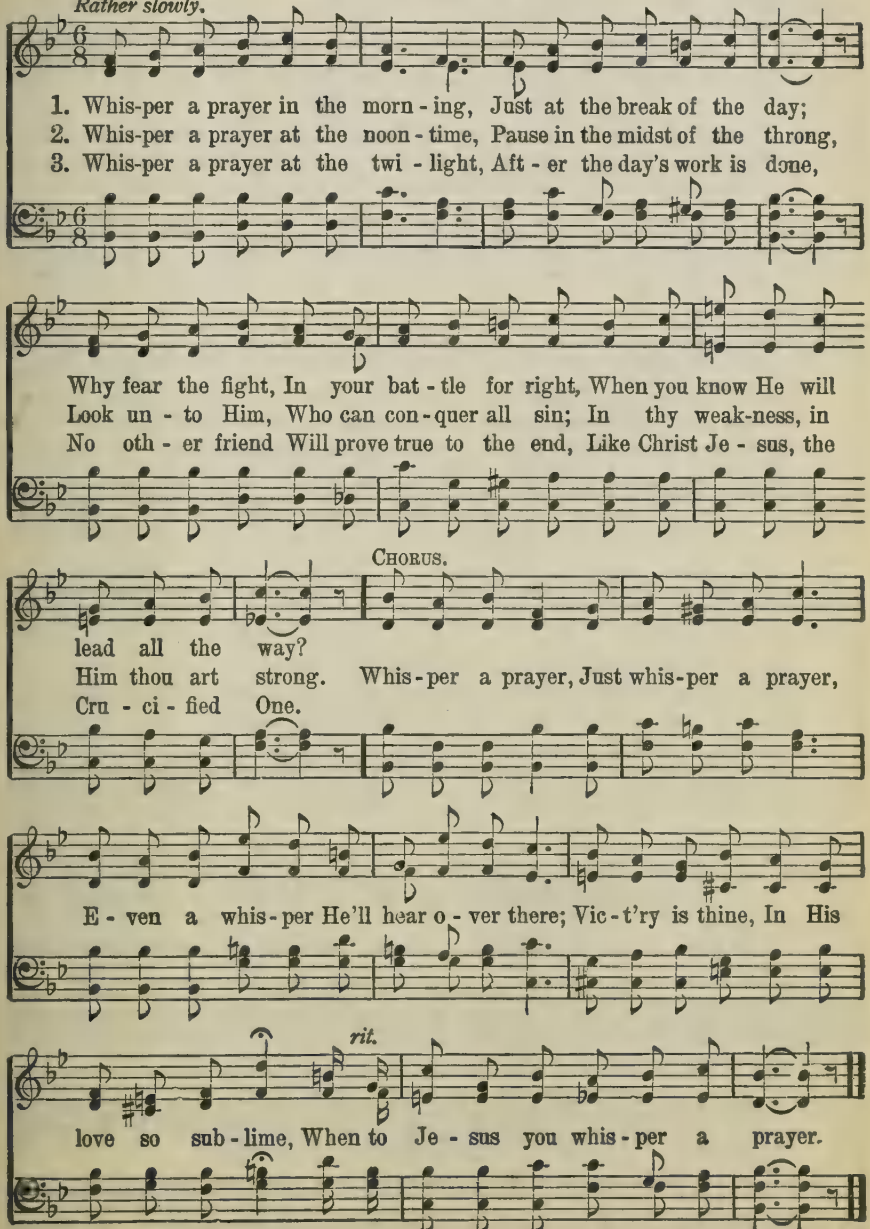
Scott Lawrence.

Rather slowly.


1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn - ing, Just at the break of the day;
2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon - time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi - light, Aft - er the day's work is done,
Why fear the fight, In your bat - tle for right, When you know He will
Look un - to Him, Who can con - quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
No oth - er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je - sus, the
Chorus.
lead all the way?
Him thou art strong. Whis-per a prayer, Just whis-per a prayer,
Cru - ci - fied One.
E - ven a whis-per He'll hear o - ver there; Vic - t'ry is thine, In His
rit.
love so sub - lime, When to Je - sus you whis - per a prayer.

338 My Desire.

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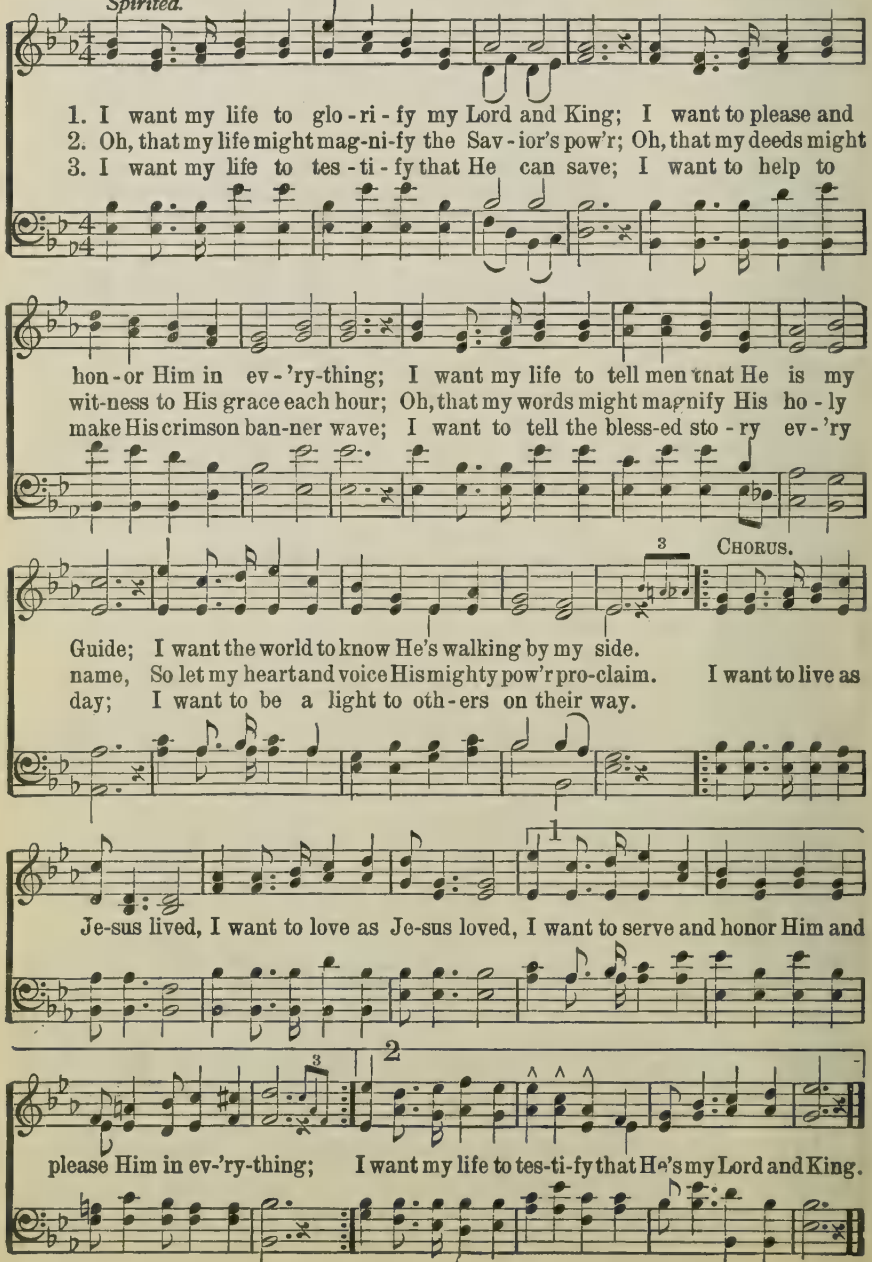
J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.

1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav - ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save; I want to help to
hon - or Him in ev - 'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
wit-ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho - ly
make His crimson ban-ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto - ry ev - 'ry
CHORUS.
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as
day; I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.
Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and
please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.

339 Get God's Sunshine.

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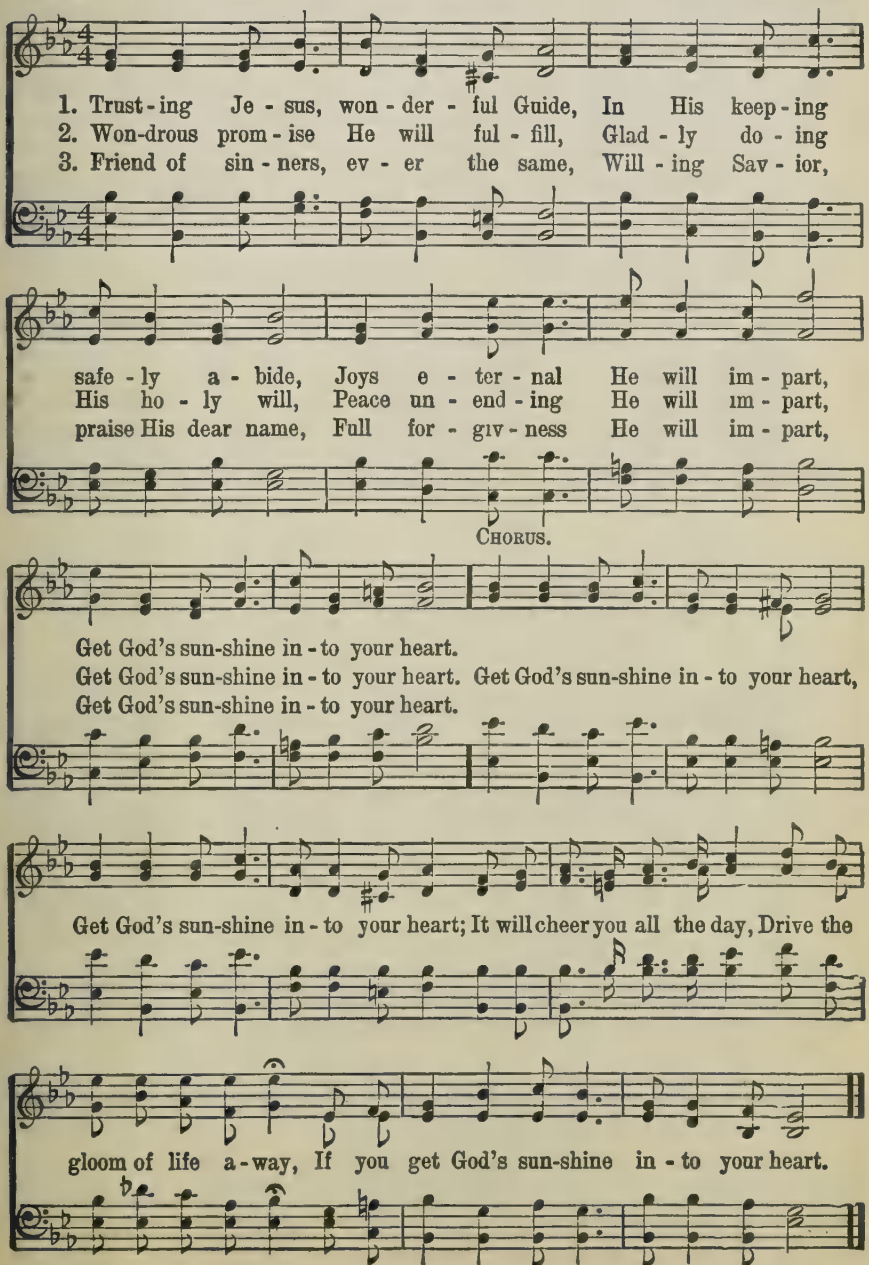
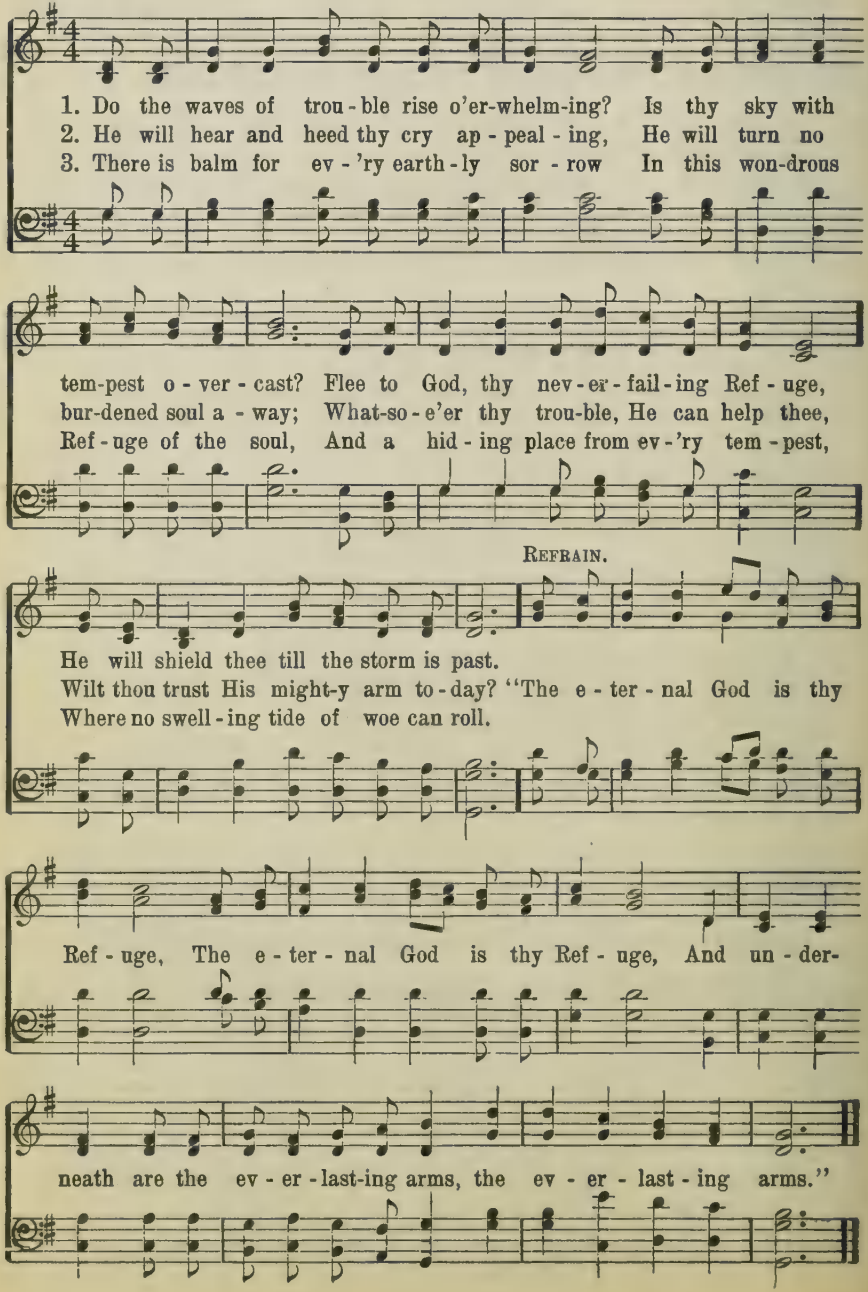

1. Trust-ing Je-sus, won-der-ful Guide, In His keep-ing
2. Won-drous prom-ise He will ful-fill, Glad-ly do-ing
3. Friend of sin-ners, ev-er the same, Will-ing Sav-ior,
safe-ly a-bide, Joys e-ter-nal He will im-part,
His ho-ly will, Peace un-end-ing He will im-part,
praise His dear name, Full for-giv-ness He will im-part,
CHORUS.
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart. Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart,
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.
Get God's sun-shine in-to your heart; It will cheer you all the day, Drive the
gloom of life a-way, If you get God's sun-shine in-to your heart.

340 Our Refuge.

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. I. H. Meredith.


1. Do the waves of trou - ble rise o'er-whelm-ing? Is thy sky with
2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap - peal - ing, He will turn no
3. There is balm for ev - 'ry earth - ly sor - row In this won-drous
tem-pest o - ver - cast? Flee to God, thy nev - er - fail - ing Ref - uge,
bur-dened soul a - way; What-so - e'er thy trou-ble, He can help thee,
Ref - uge of the soul, And a hid - ing place from ev - 'ry tem - pest,
REFRAIN.
He will shield thee till the storm is past.
Wilt thou trust His might-y arm to - day? "The e - ter - nal God is thy
Where no swell - ing tide of woe can roll.
Ref - uge, The e - ter - nal God is thy Ref - uge, And un - der-
neath are the ev - er - last-ing arms, the ev - er - last - ing arms."

341 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

Gene Routh.

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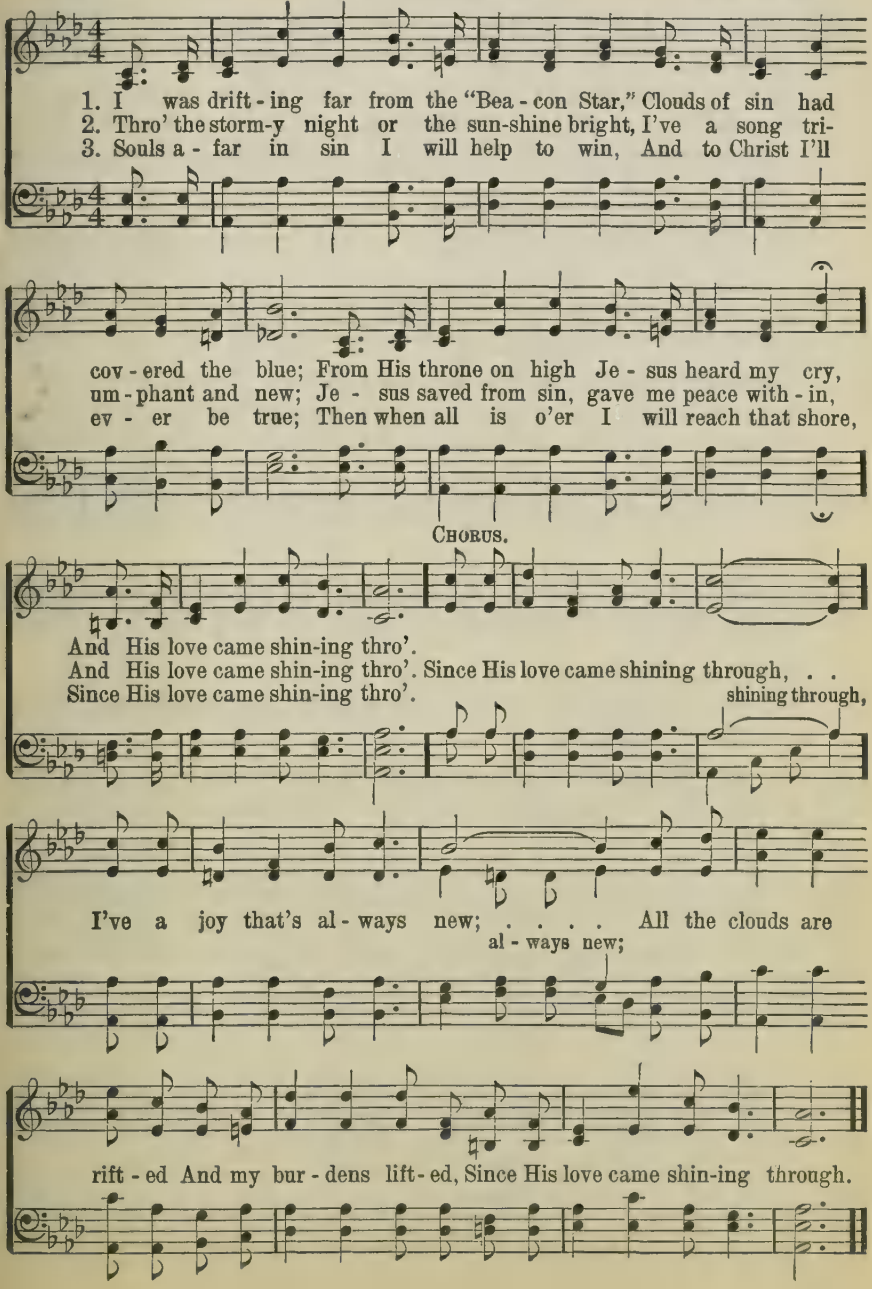
1. I was drift - ing far from the "Bea - con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm-y night or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll
cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,
Chorus.
And His love came shin-ing thro'.
And His love came shin-ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . .
Since His love came shin-ing thro'.
shining through,
I've a joy that's al - ways new; . . . . All the clouds are
al - ways new;
rift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

342 Our Best.

S. C. Kirk.

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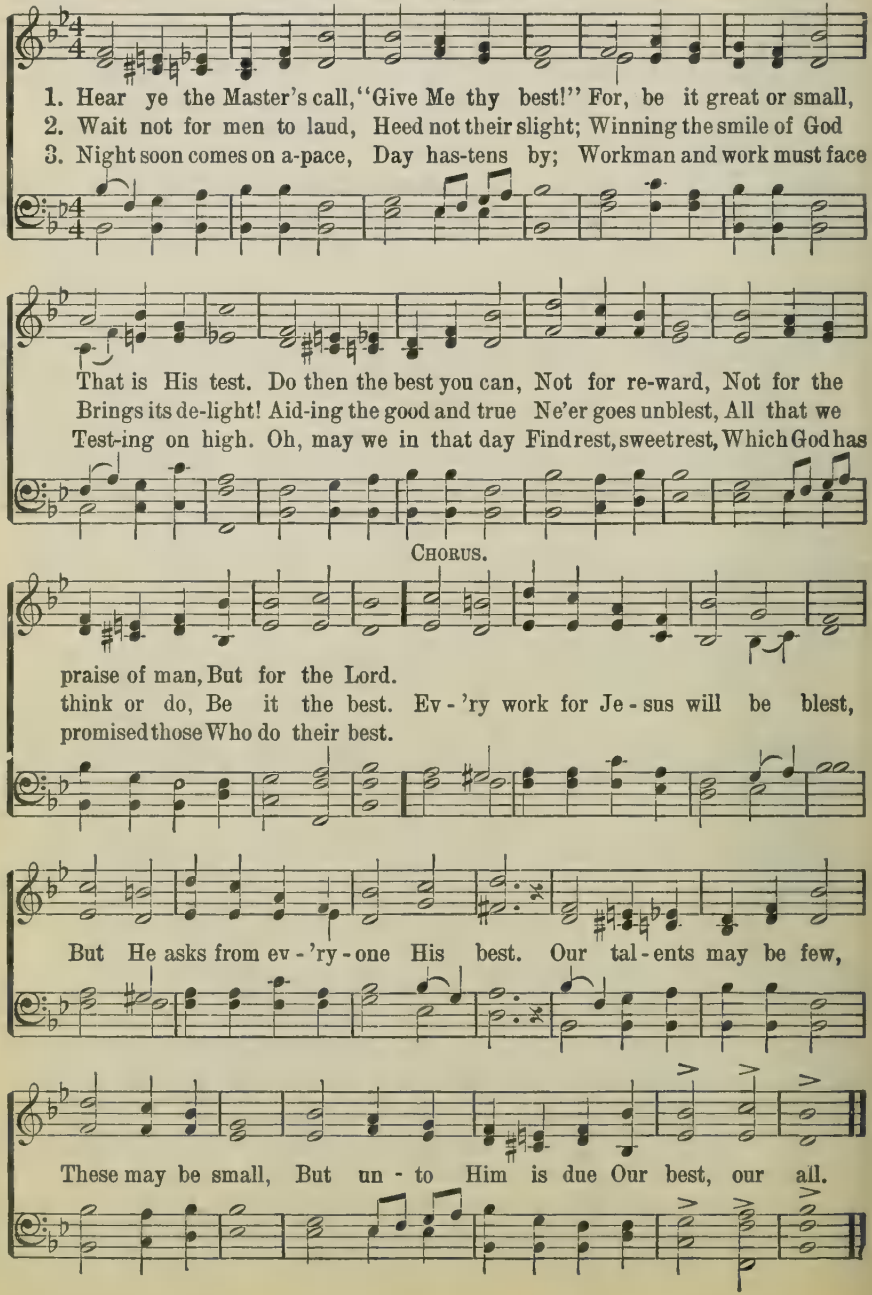
1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face
That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
praise of man, But for the Lord.
Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we
think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has
promised those Who do their best.
CHORUS.
But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,
These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.

343 The Day of All Days

James M. Black. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY HERBERT G. TOVEY.
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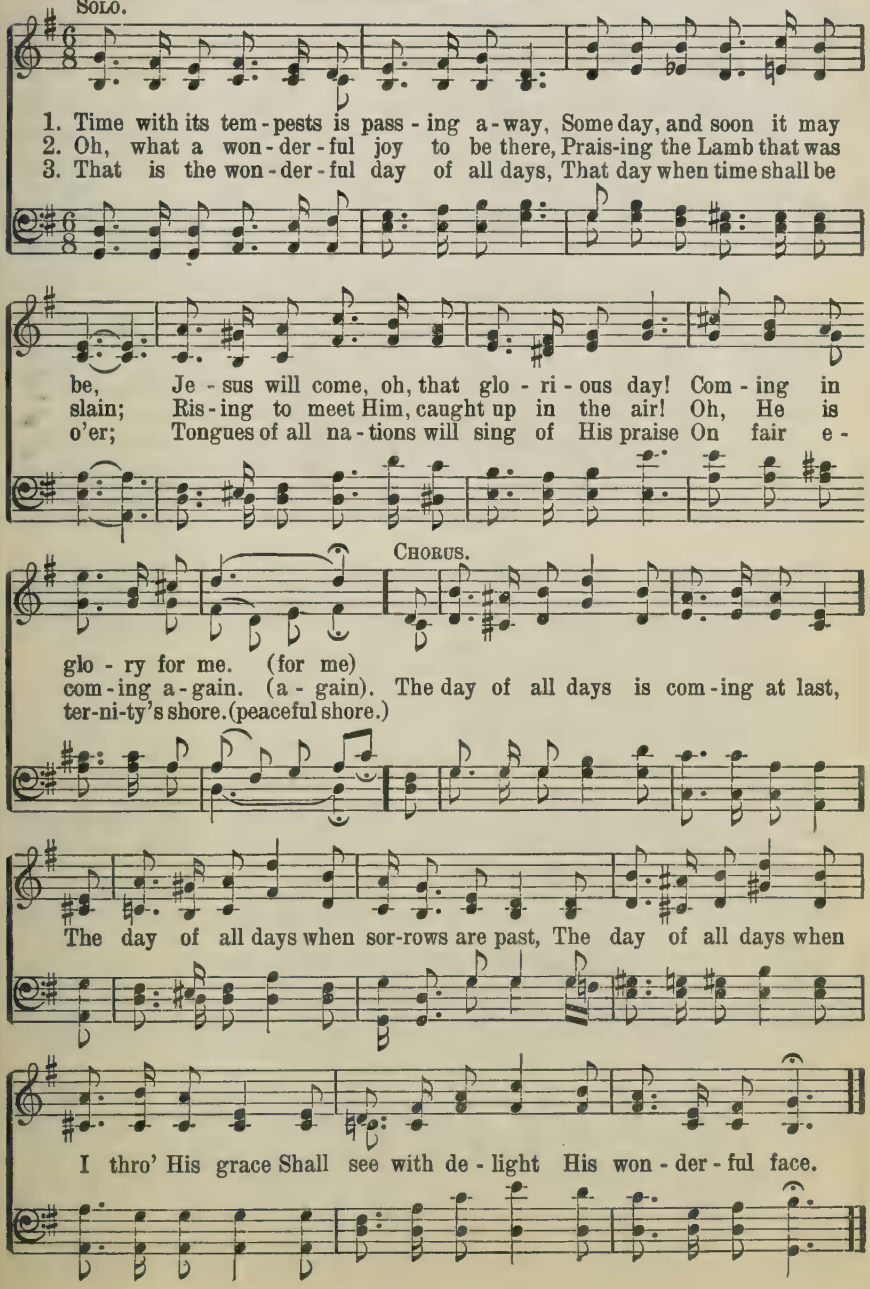
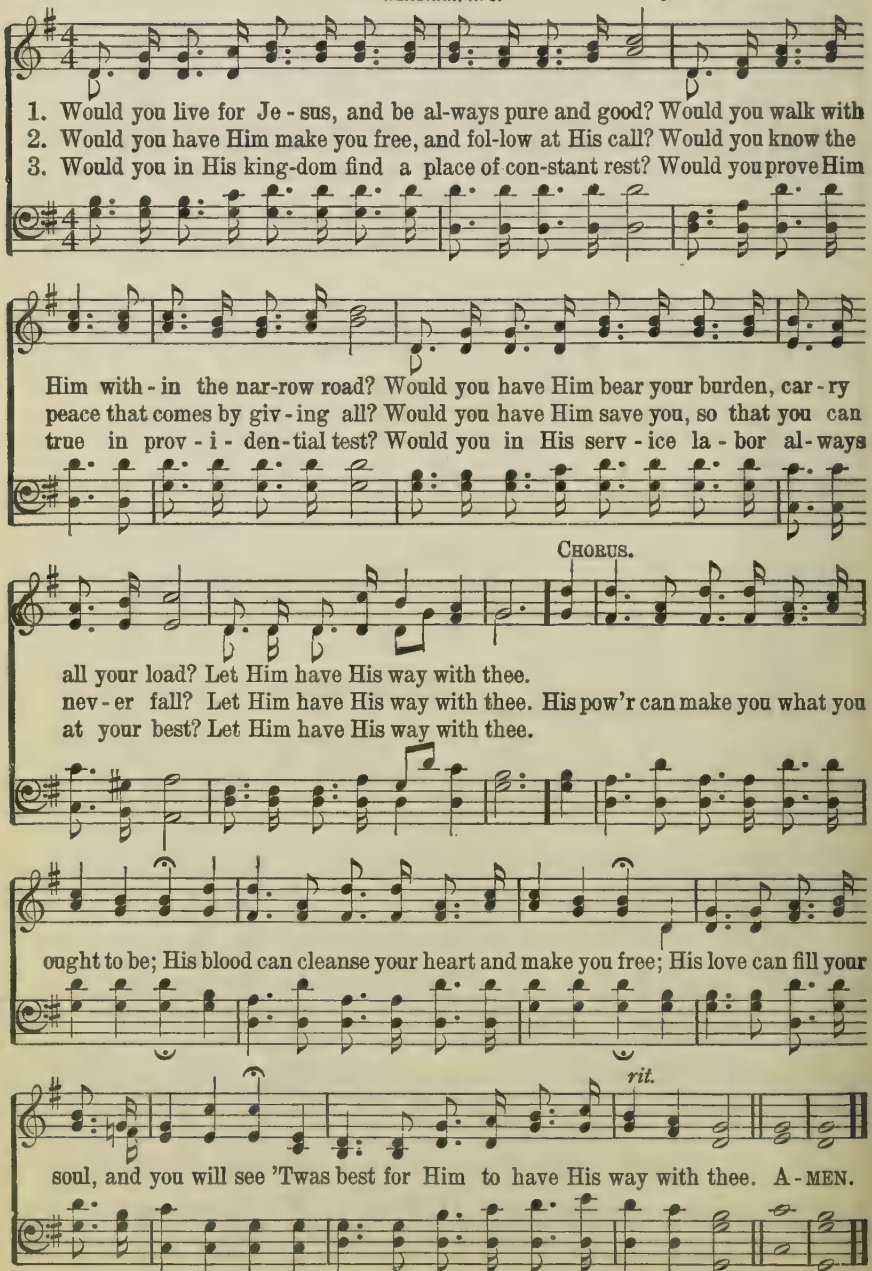

Solo.
1. Time with its tem - pests is pass - ing a - way, Some day, and soon it may
2. Oh, what a won - der - ful joy to be there, Prais-ing the Lamb that was
3. That is the won - der - ful day of all days, That day when time shall be
be, Je - sus will come, oh, that glo - ri - ous day! Com - ing in
slain; Ris - ing to meet Him, caught up in the air! Oh, He is
o'er; Tongues of all na - tions will sing of His praise On fair e -
Chorus.
glo - ry for me. (for me)
com - ing a - gain. (a - gain). The day of all days is com - ing at last,
ter-ni-ty's shore. (peaceful shore.)
The day of all days when sor-rows are past, The day of all days when
I thro' His grace Shall see with de - light His won - der - ful face.

344 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

345 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

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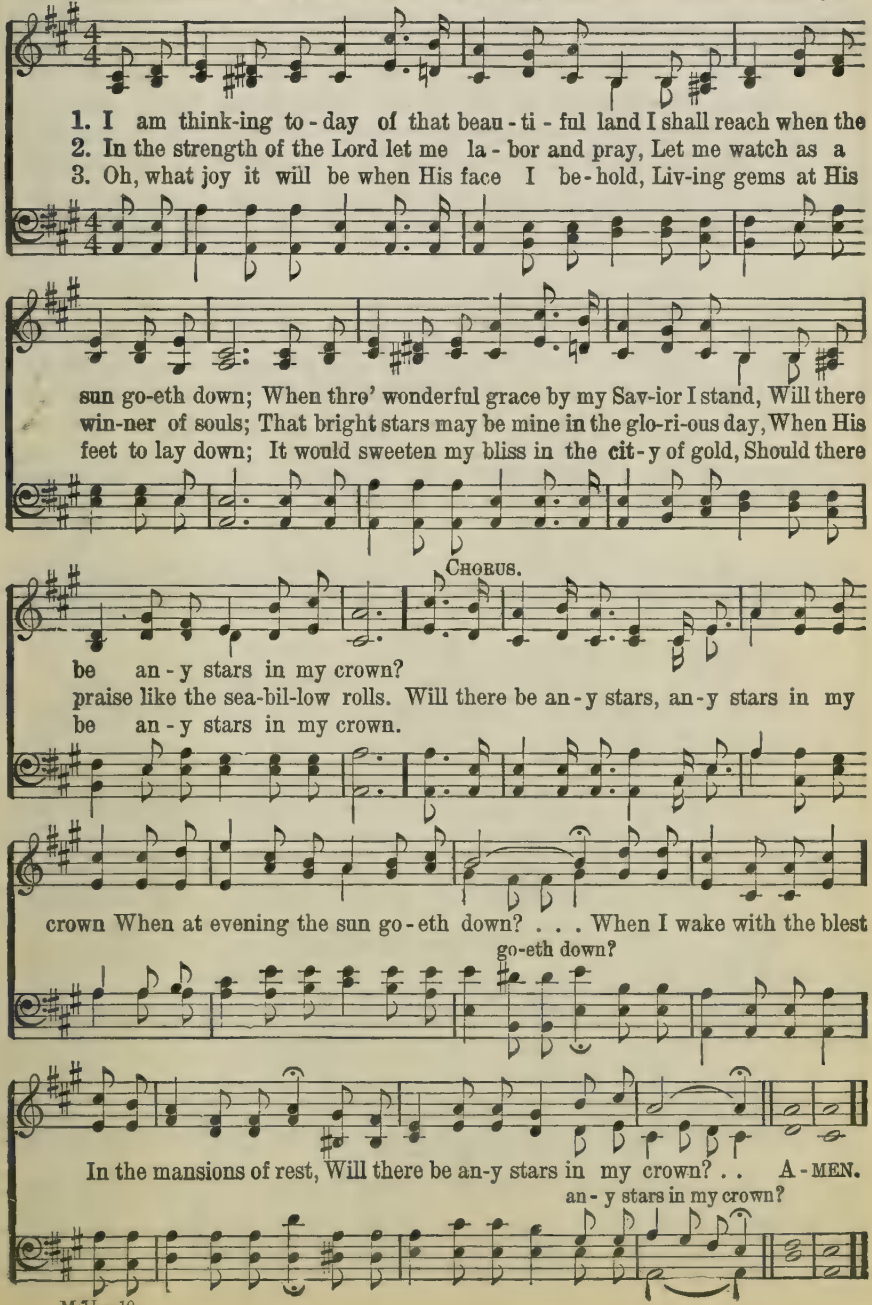
1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
CHORUS.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my
be an-y stars in my crown.
crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

346 His Promise To Me.

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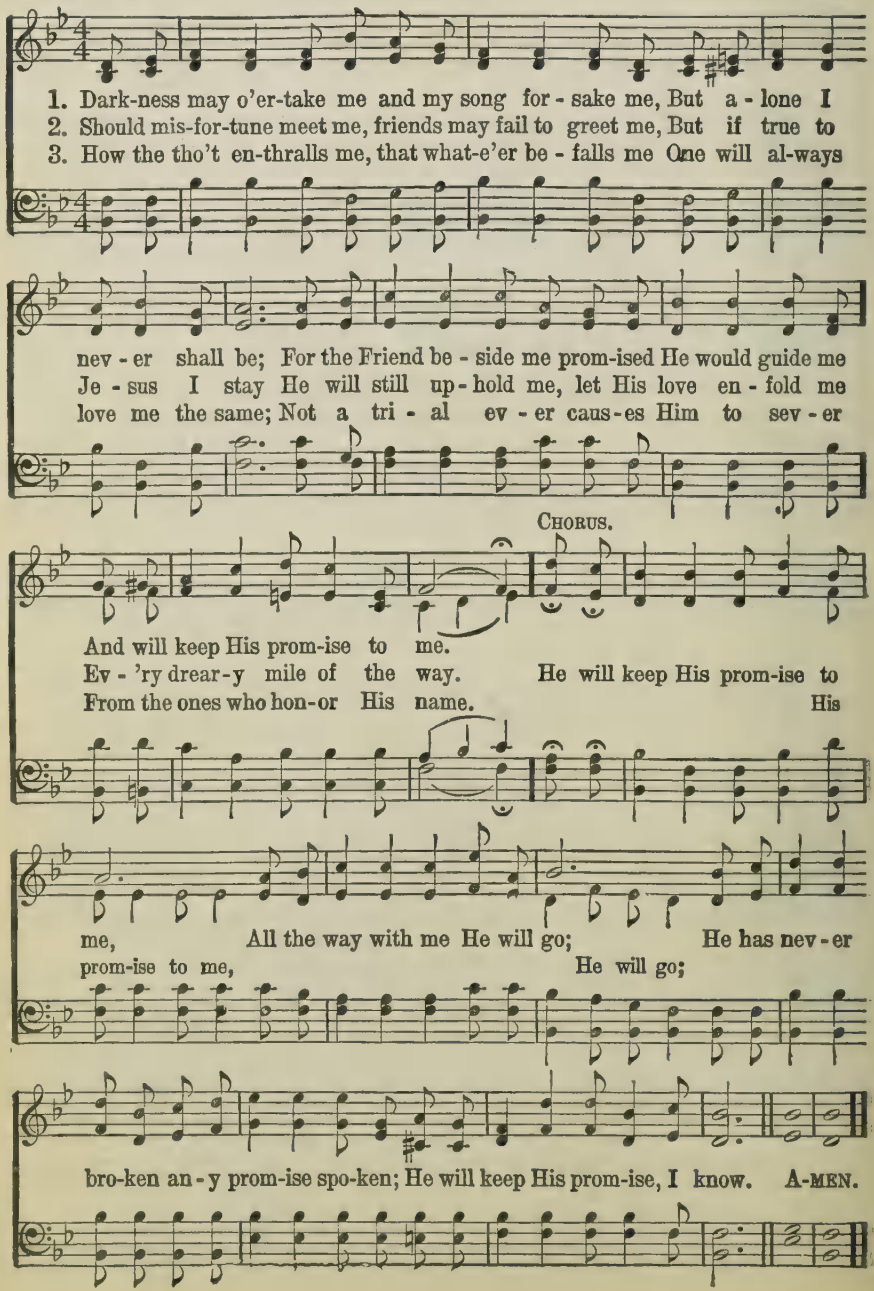
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways
nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus - es Him to sev - er
CHORUS.
And will keep His prom-ise to me.
Ev - 'ry drear - y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
From the ones who hon-or His name. His
me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
prom-ise to me, He will go;
bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.

347 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

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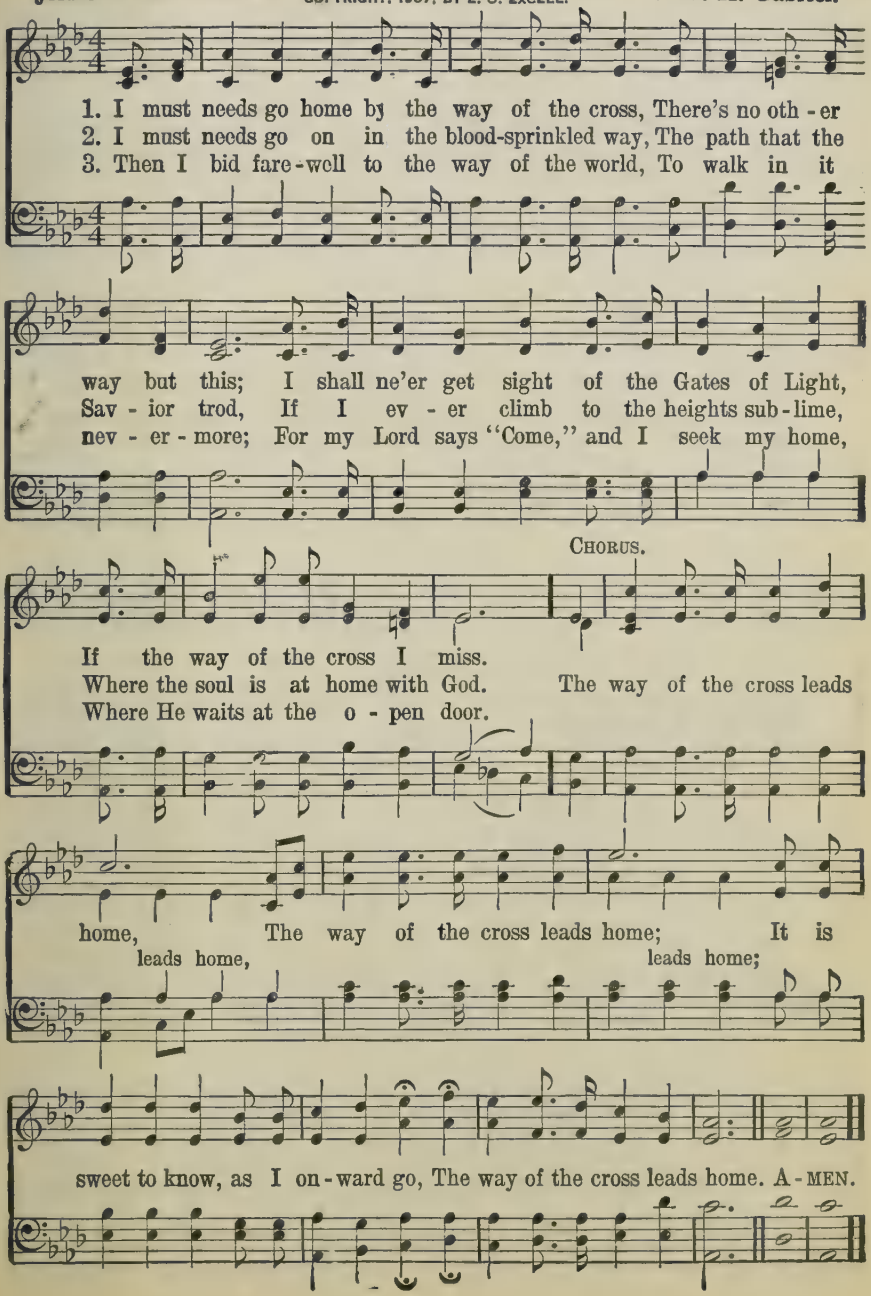
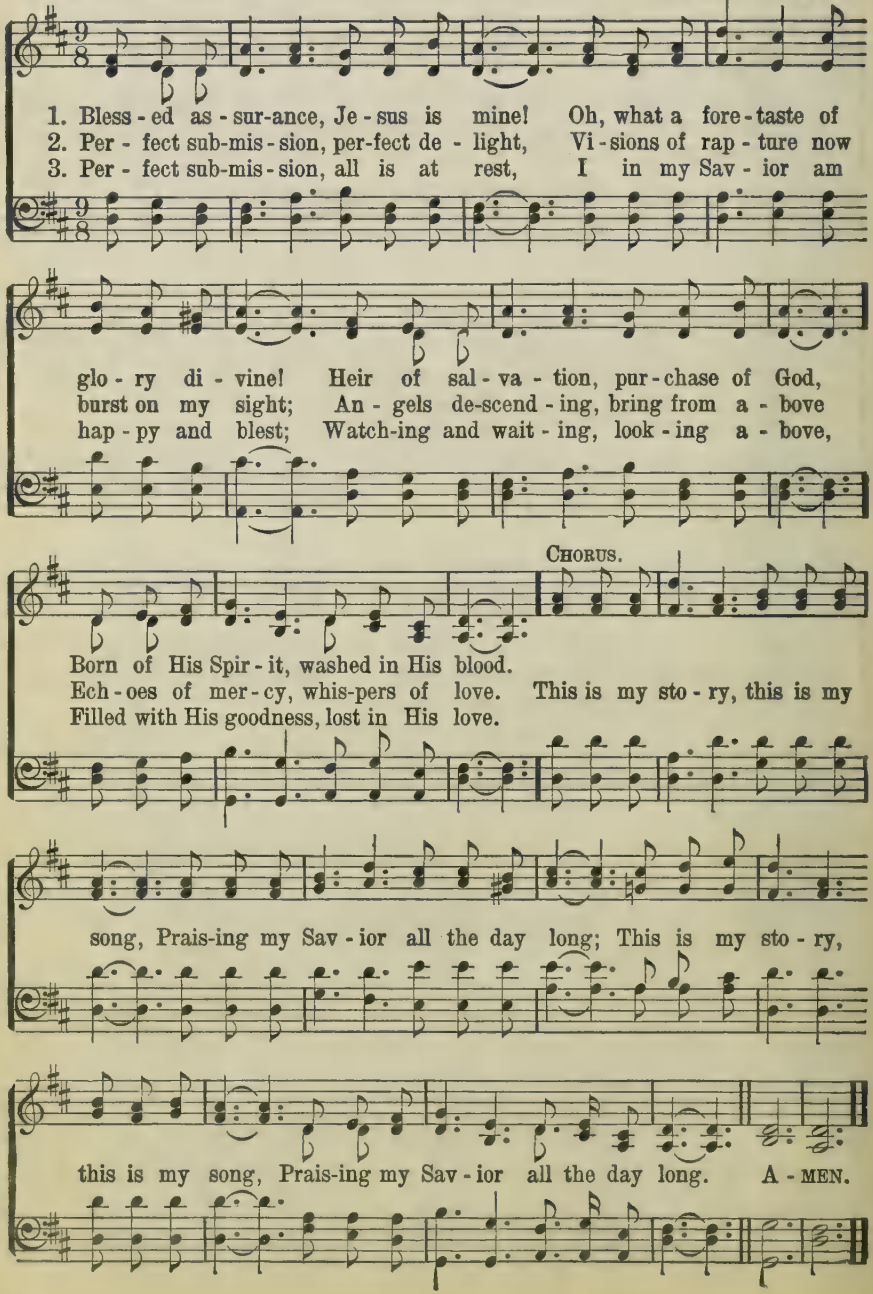

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.
leads home,
leads home;

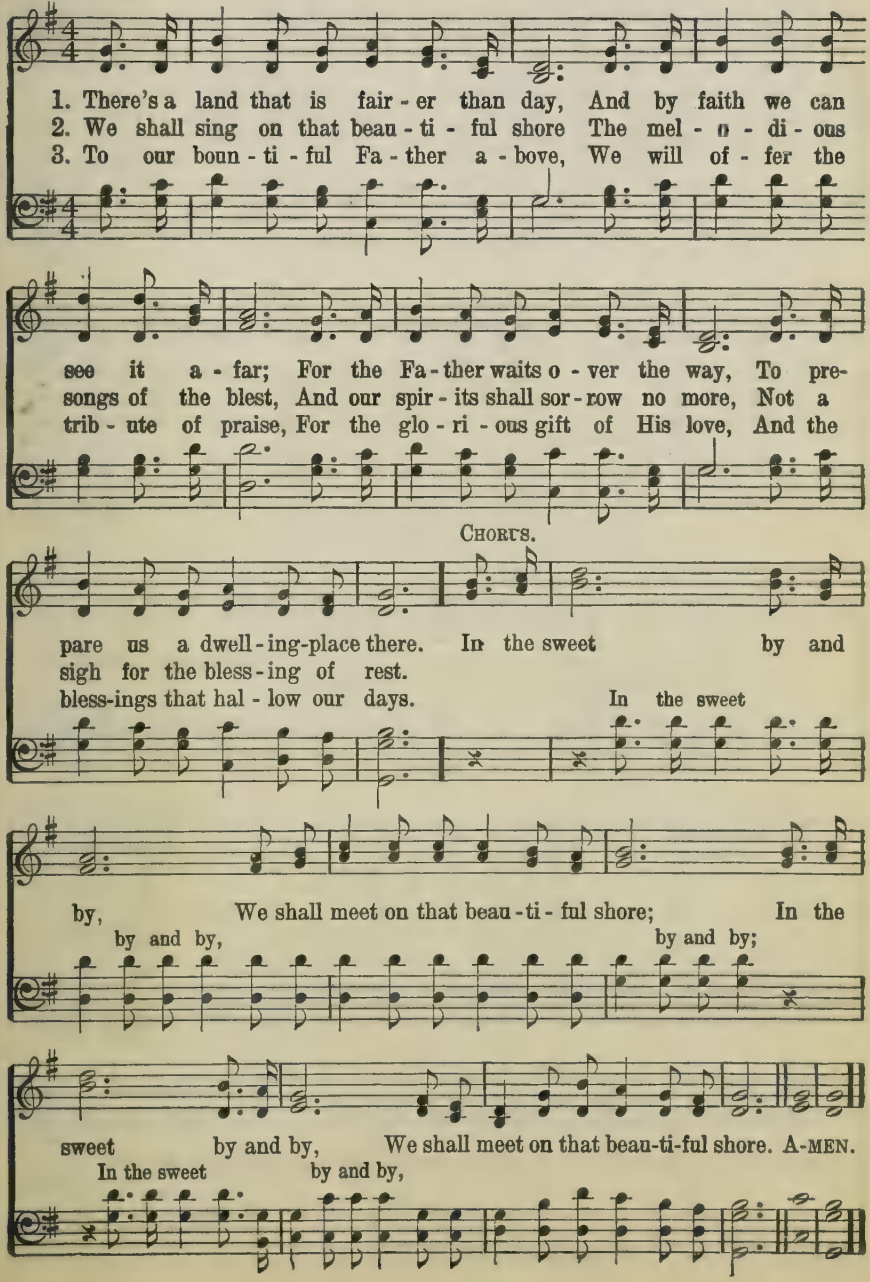
348 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
Chorus.
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

349 Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

350 He Is Knocking.

E. E. Hewitt.

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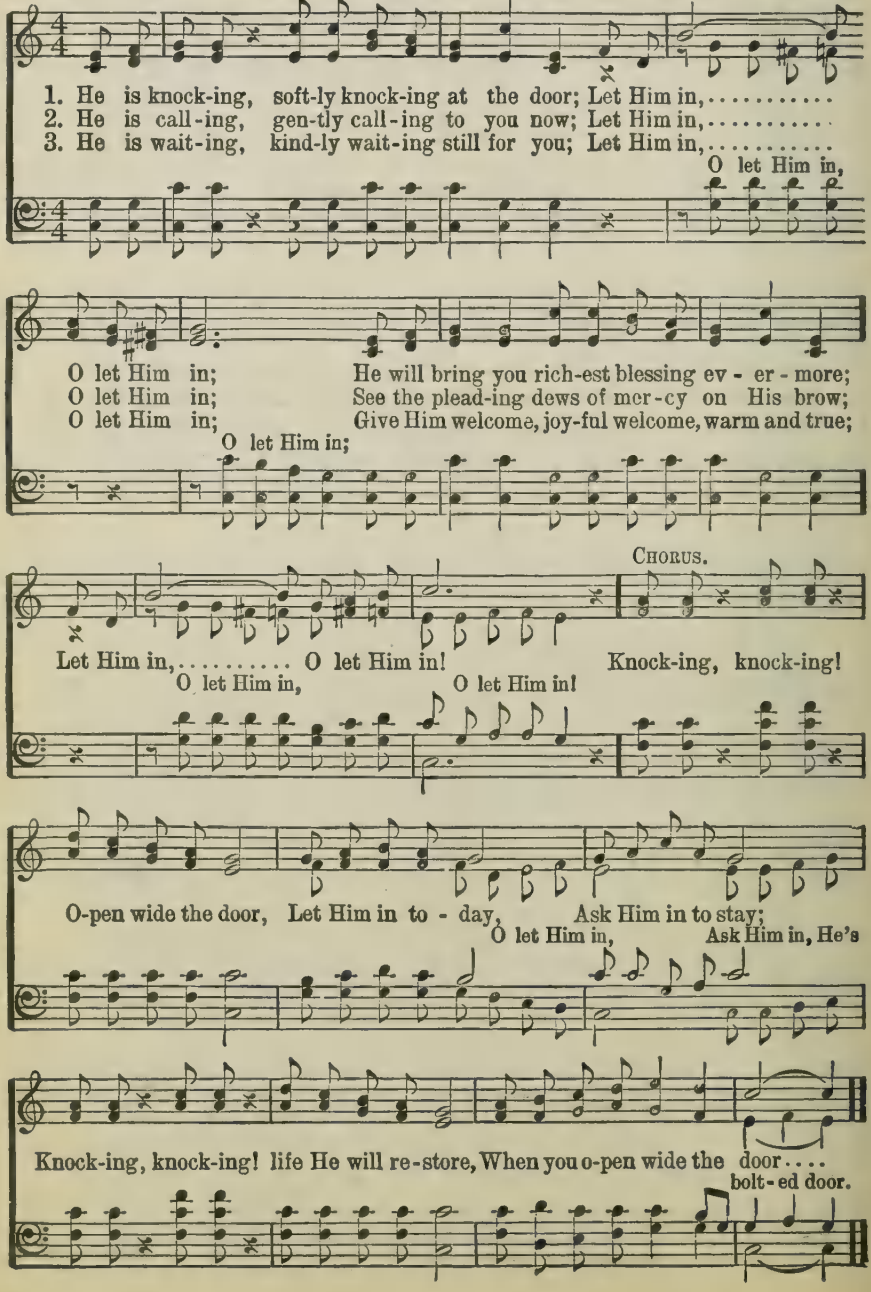
1. He is knock-ing, soft-ly knock-ing at the door; Let Him in,.....
2. He is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing to you now; Let Him in,.....
3. He is wait-ing, kind-ly wait-ing still for you; Let Him in,.....
O let Him in,
O let Him in; He will bring you rich-est blessing ev - er - more;
O let Him in; See the plead-ing dews of mer-cy on His brow;
O let Him in; Give Him welcome, joy-ful welcome, warm and true;
O let Him in;
CHORUS.
Let Him in,..... O let Him in! Knock-ing, knock-ing!
O let Him in, O let Him in!
O-pen wide the door, Let Him in to - day, Ask Him in to stay;
O let Him in, Ask Him in, He's
Knock-ing, knock-ing! life He will re-store, When you o-pen wide the door....
bolt-ed door.

351 The Whispers of Jesus.

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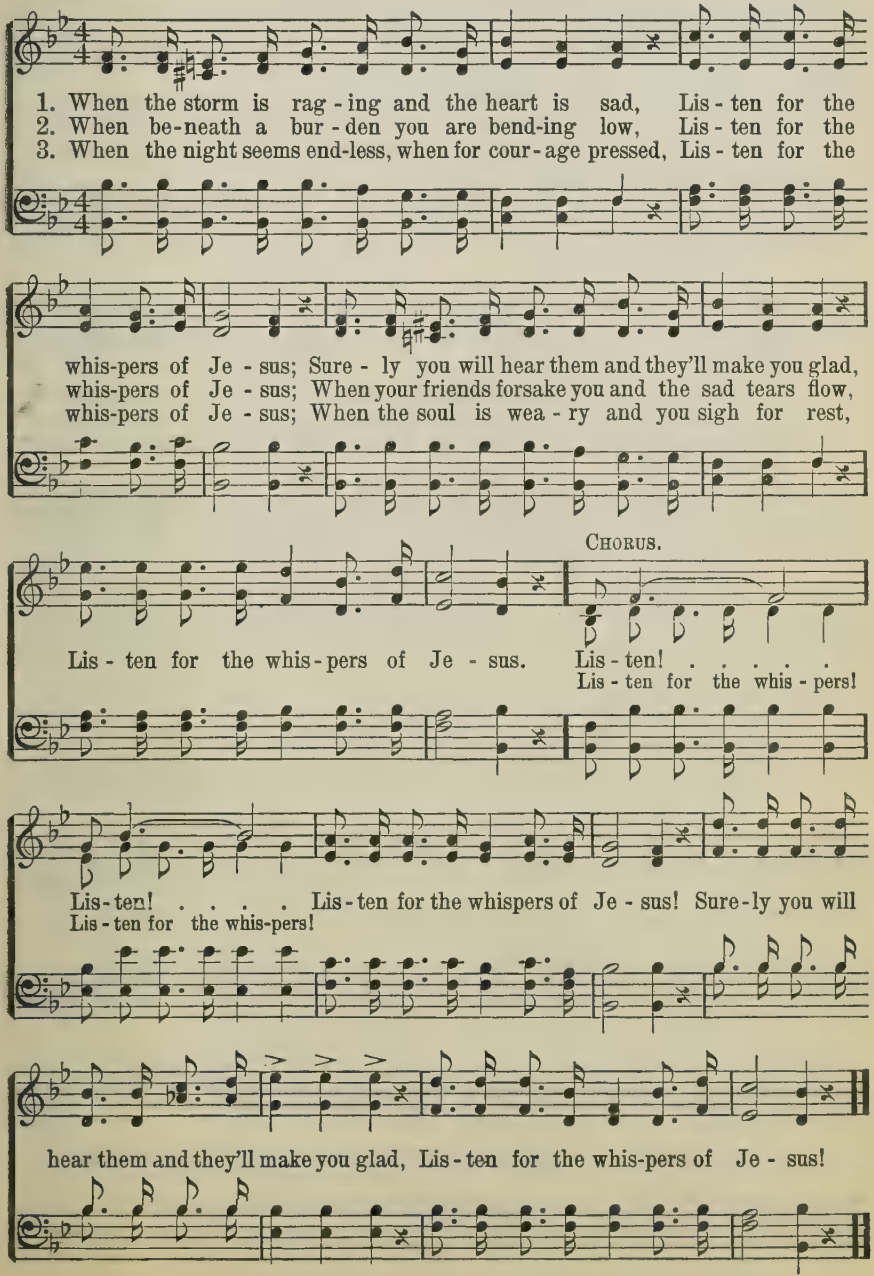
1. When the storm is rag - ing and the heart is sad, Lis - ten for the
2. When be-neath a bur - den you are bend-ing low, Lis - ten for the
3. When the night seems end-less, when for cour - age pressed, Lis - ten for the
whis-pers of Je - sus; Sure - ly you will hear them and they'll make you glad,
whis-pers of Je - sus; When your friends forsake you and the sad tears flow,
whis-pers of Je - sus; When the soul is wea - ry and you sigh for rest,
Chorus.
Lis - ten for the whis - pers of Je - sus. Lis - ten! . . . . .
Lis - ten for the whis - pers!
Lis - ten! . . . . Lis - ten for the whispers of Je - sus! Sure - ly you will
Lis - ten for the whis-pers!
hear them and they'll make you glad, Lis - ten for the whis-pers of Je - sus!

352 "Whosoever Will."

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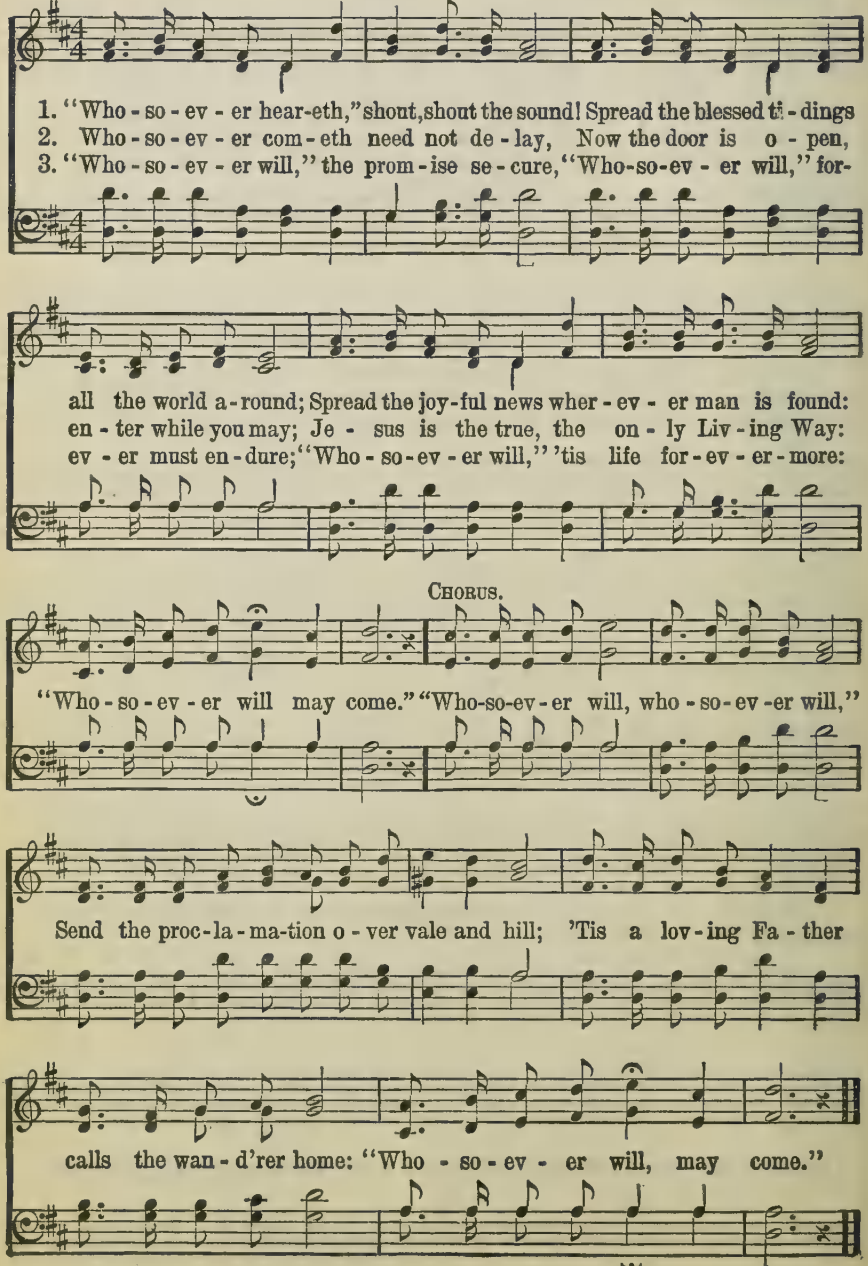
1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who-so-ev - er will," for-
all the world a - round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:
Chorus.
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther
calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

353 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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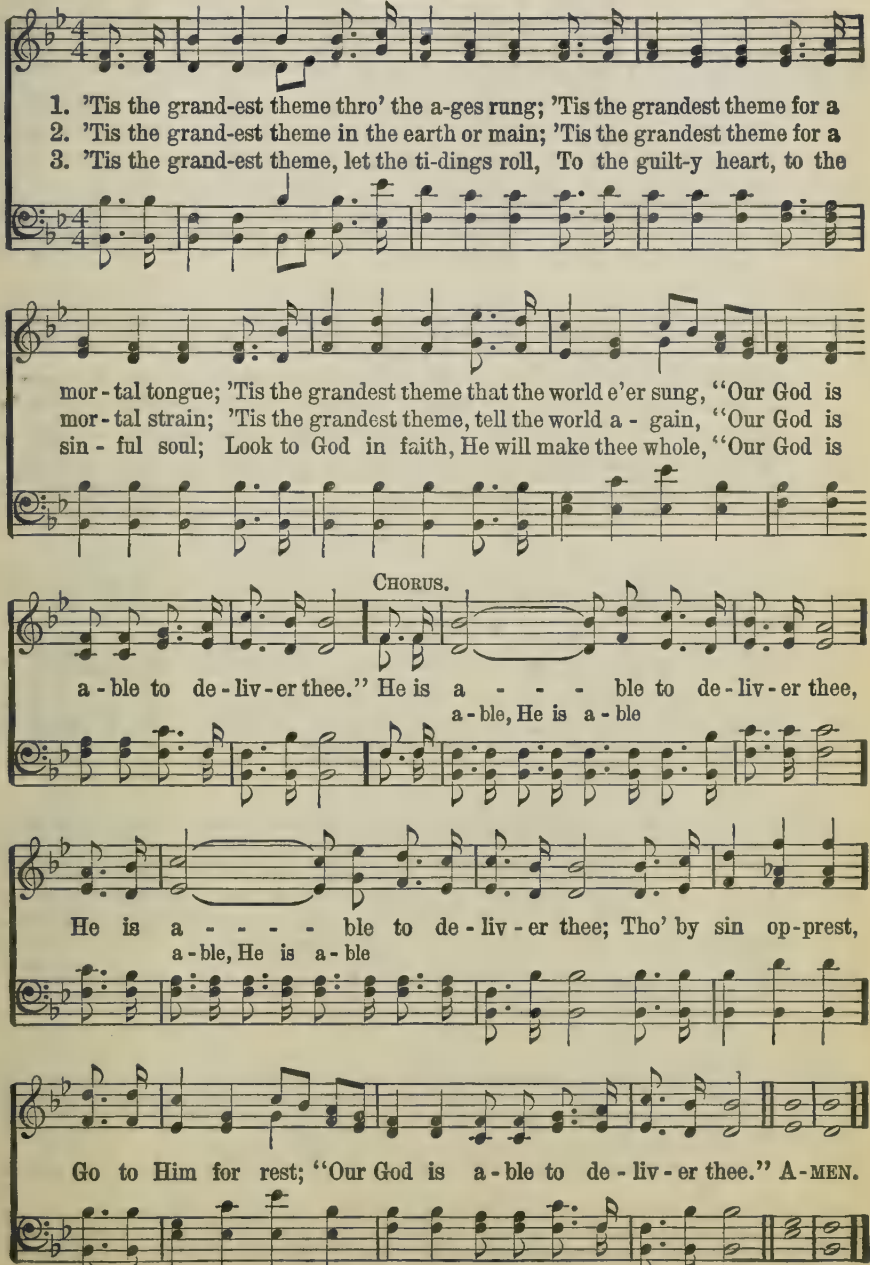
W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
CHORUS.
a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, He is a-ble
He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.

354 Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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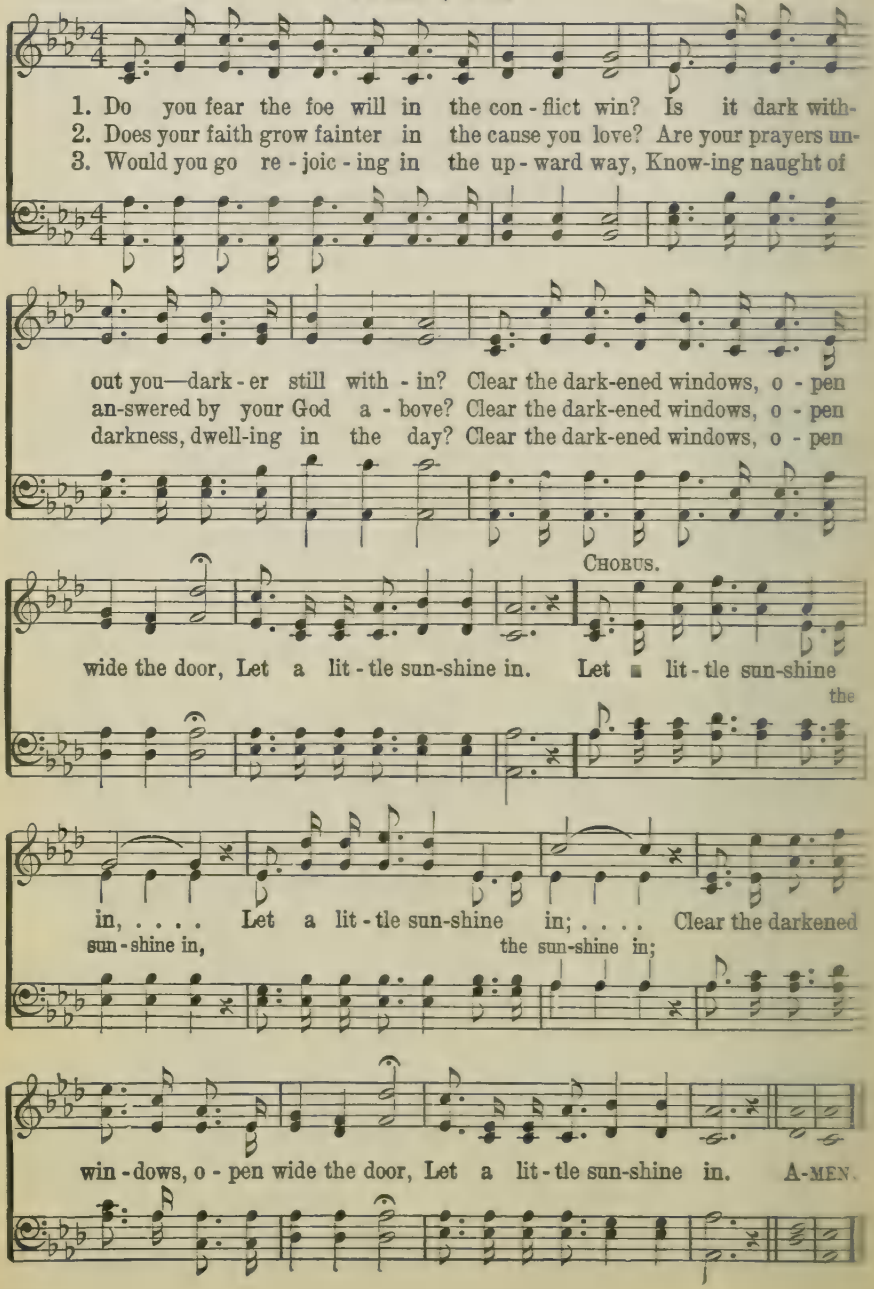
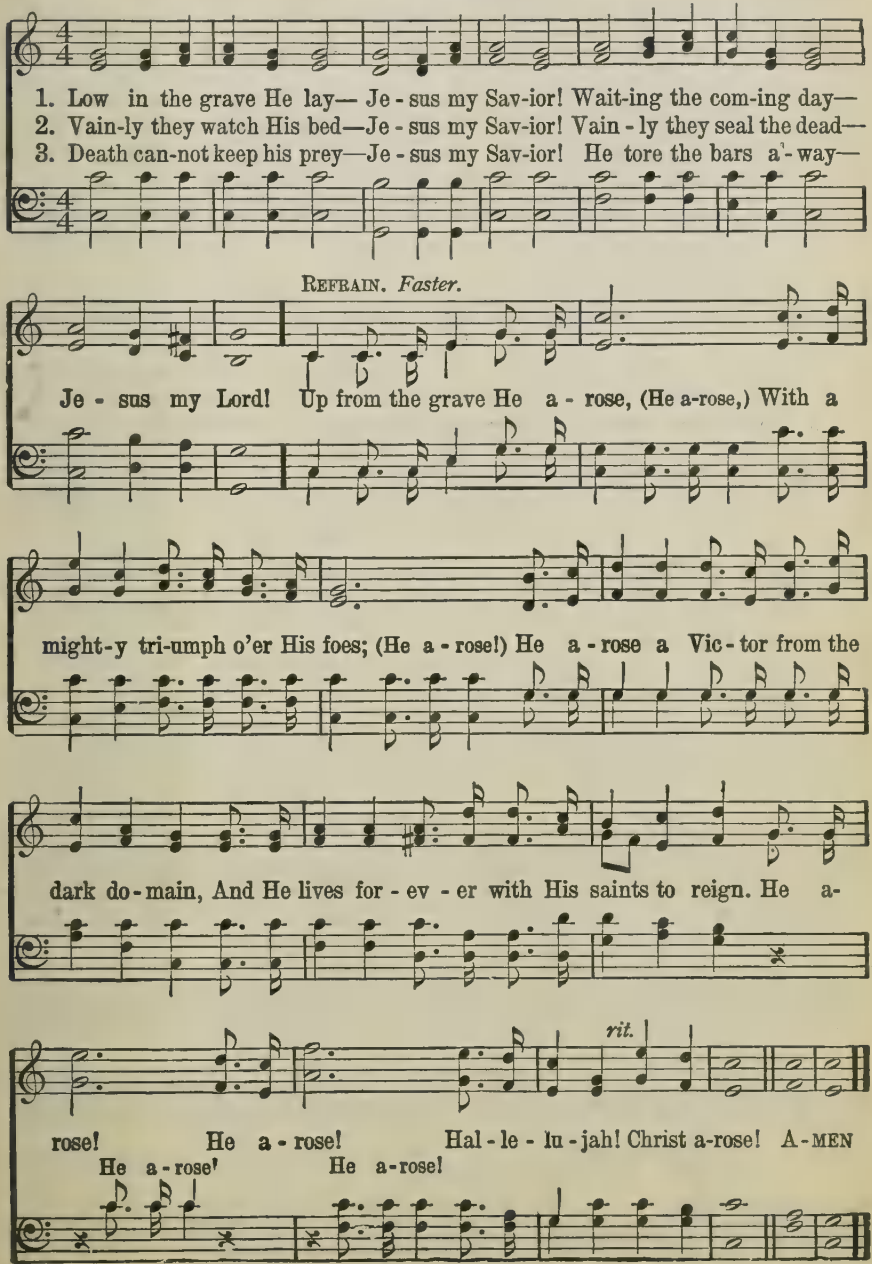

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of
out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
CHORUS.
wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let lit - tle sun-shine
the
in, ... Let a lit - tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the darkened
sun - shine in, the sun-shine in;
win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. A-MEN.

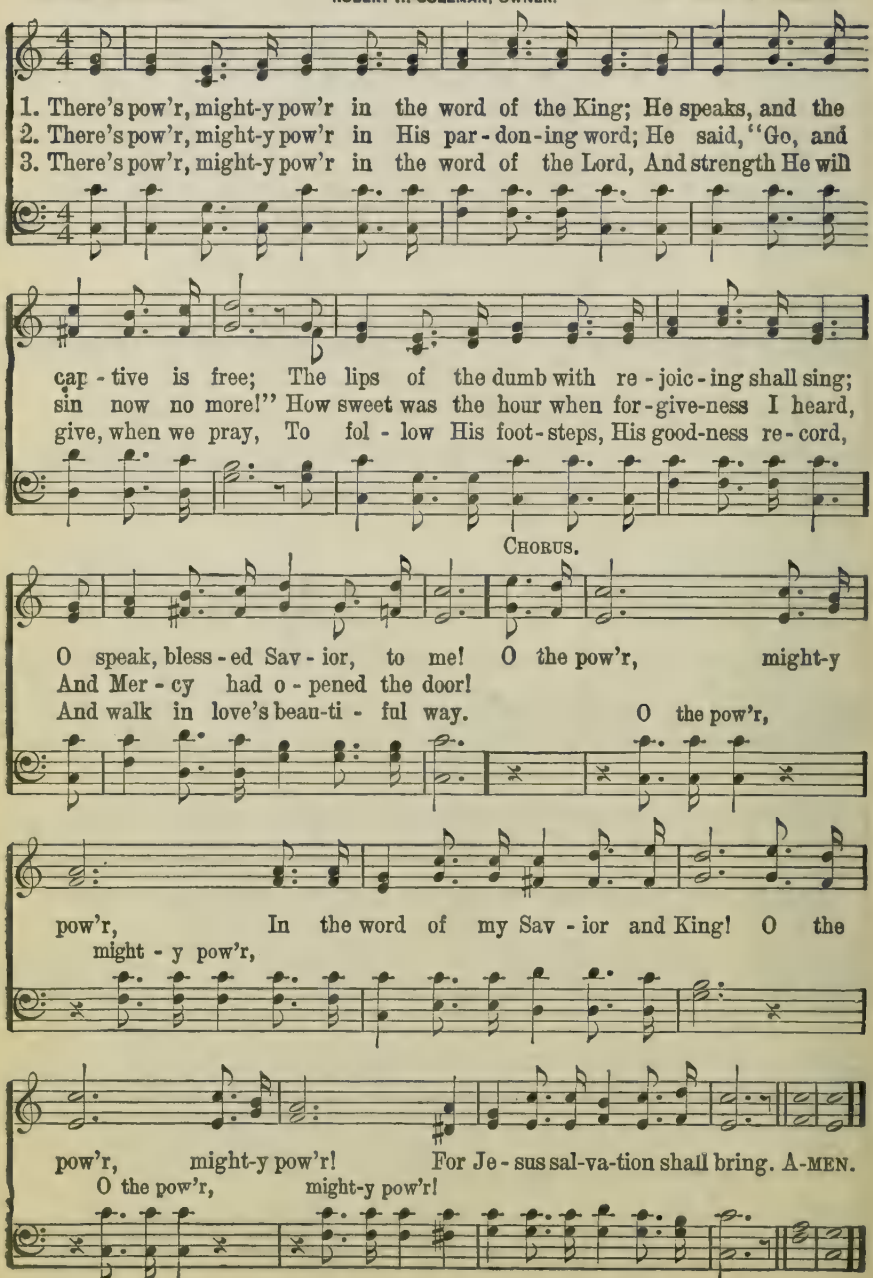
355 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN. Faster.
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A-MEN
He a-rose! He a-rose!

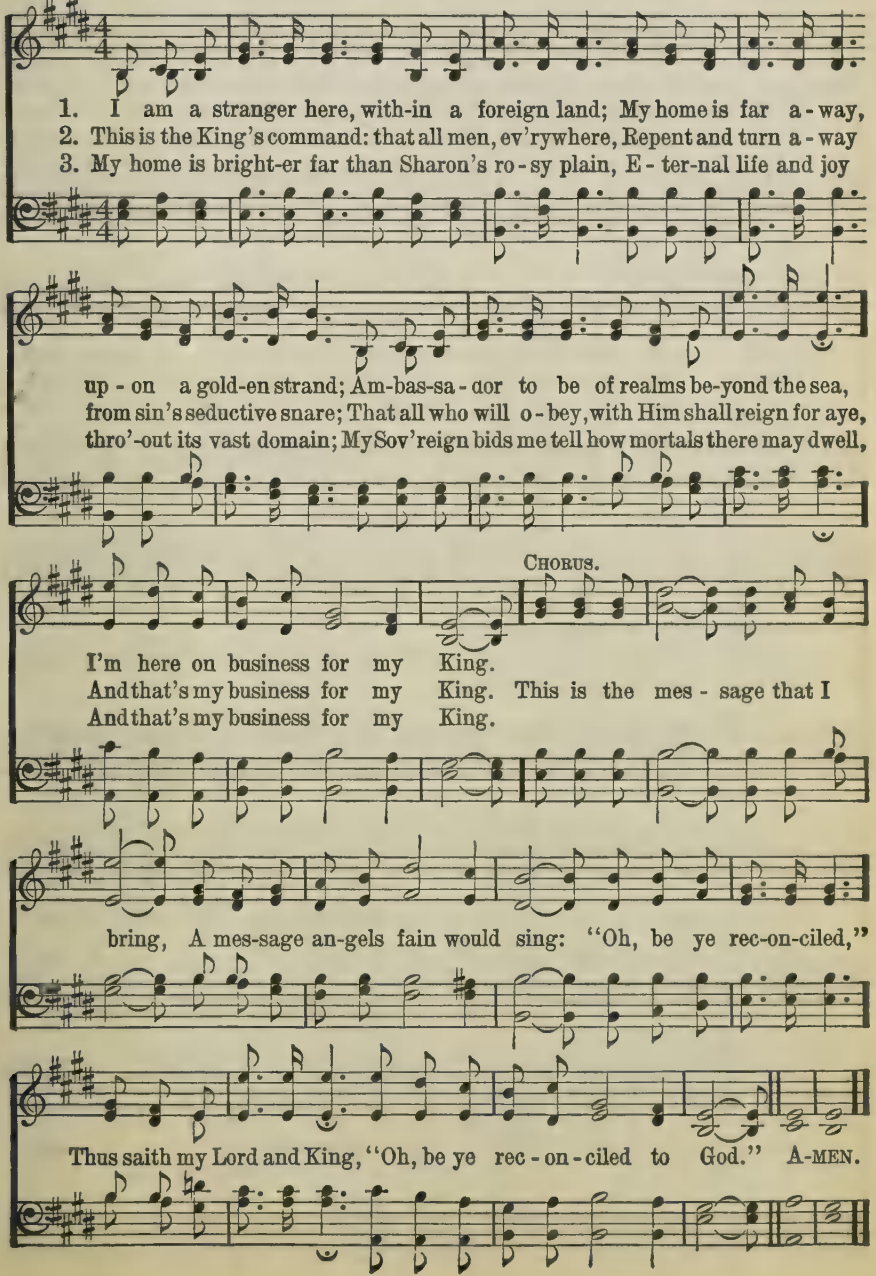
356 His Word Was With Power.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER, ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.


1. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the cap - tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re - joic - ing shall sing;
2. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in His par - don-ing word; He said, "Go, and sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for - give-ness I heard,
3. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will give, when we pray, To fol - low His foot - steps, His good-ness re - cord,
CHORUS.
O speak, bless - ed Sav - ior, to me! O the pow'r, might-y pow'r, In the word of my Sav - ior and King! O the might - y pow'r, pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je - sus sal-va-tion shall bring. A-MEN.
And Mer - cy had o - pened the door!
And walk in love's beau-ti - ful way.
O the pow'r,
O the pow'r,
might-y pow'r!

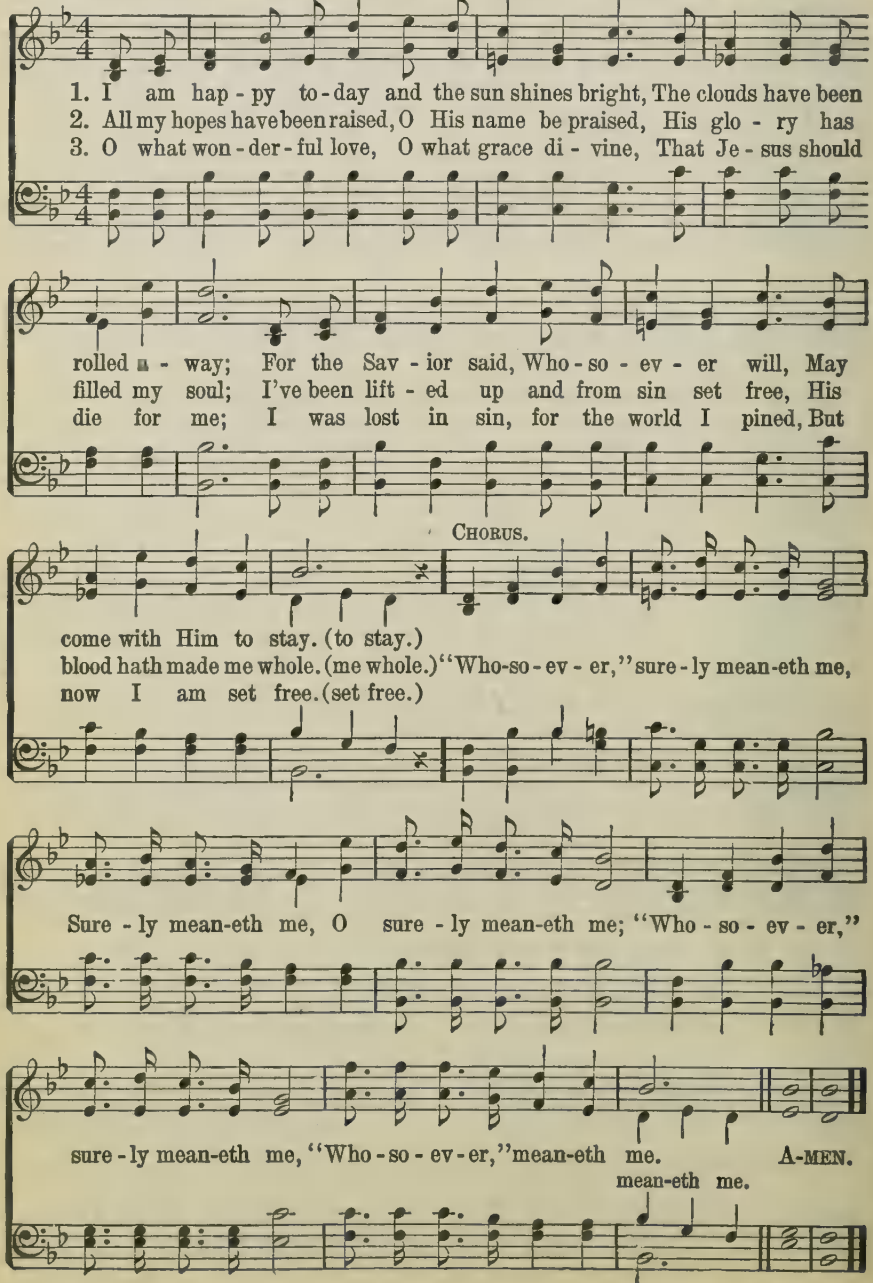
357 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

358 "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. J. Edwin McConnell.


1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should
rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But
CHORUS.
come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)
Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"
sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean-eth me.
A-MEN.
mean-eth me.

359 O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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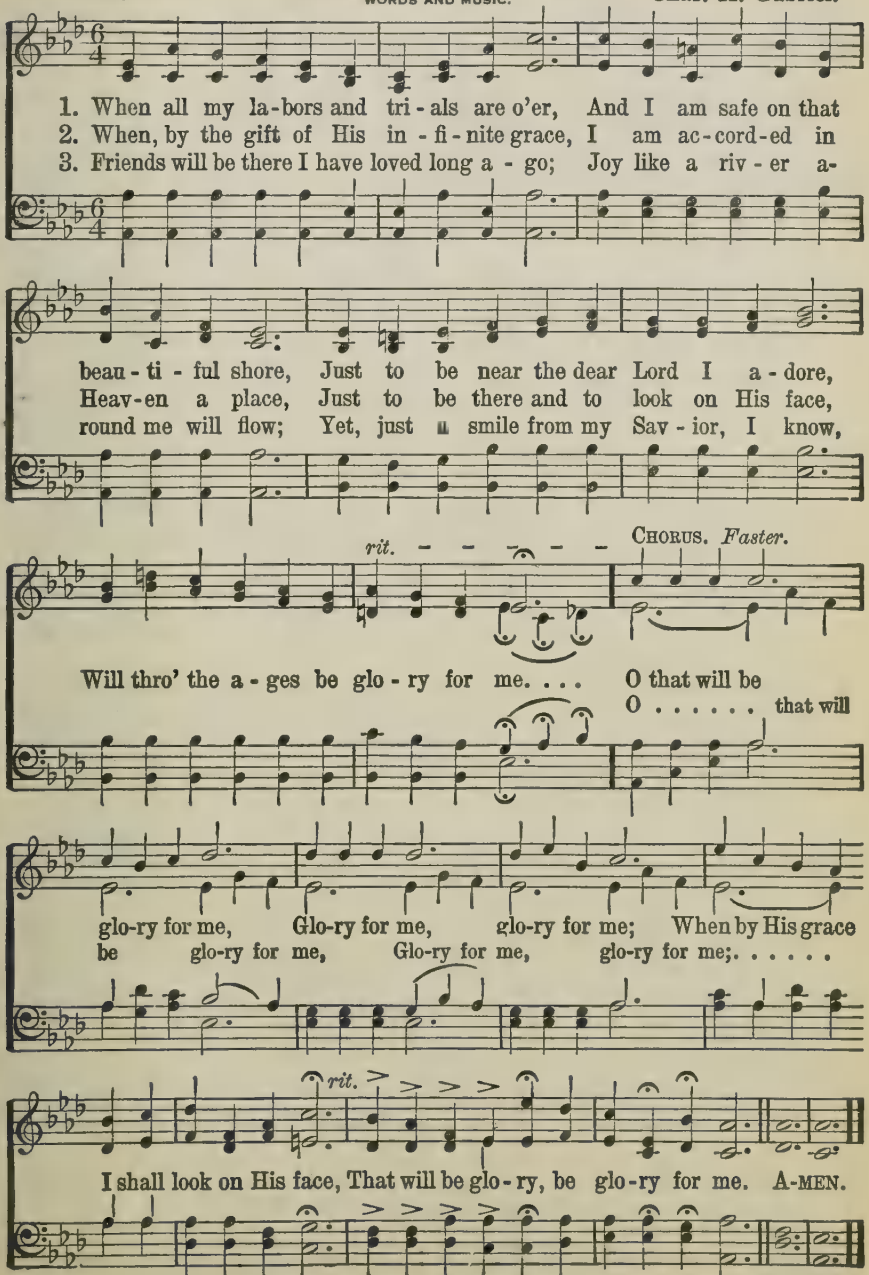
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS. Faster.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.

360 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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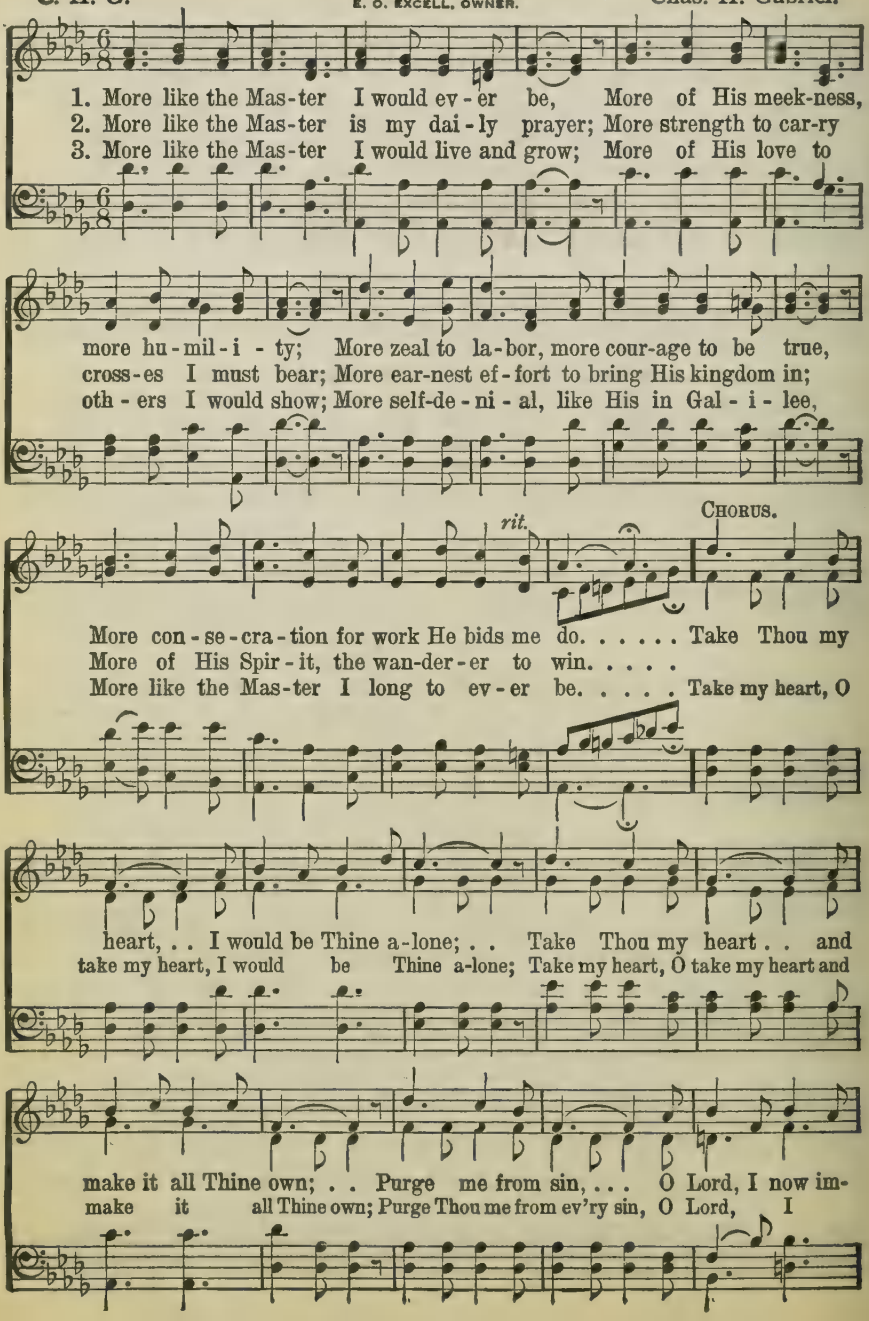
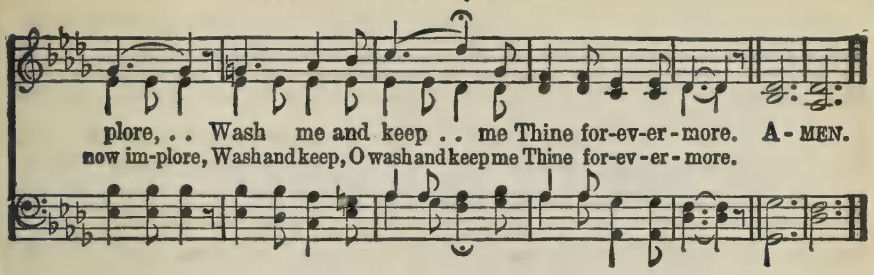

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,
rit.
Chorus.
More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O
heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and
make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.



361 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

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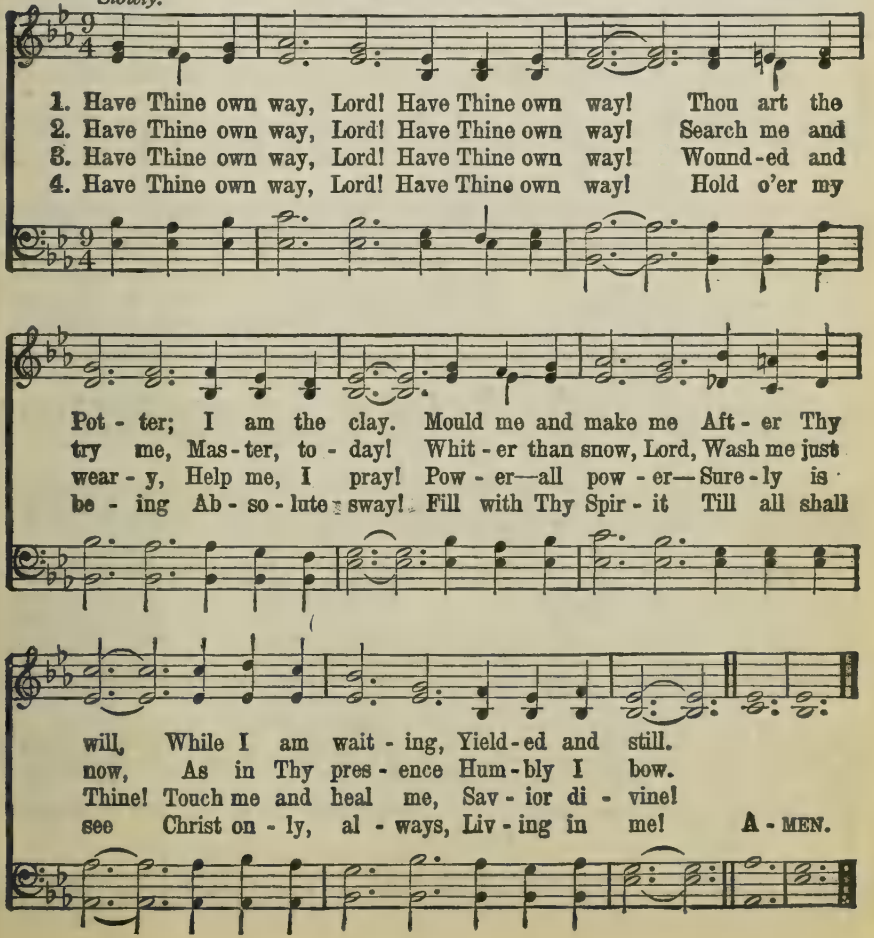
Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft-er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to-day! Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear-y, Help me, I pray! Pow-er—all pow-er—Sure-ly is
be-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall
will, While I am wait-ing, Yield-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-ior di-vine!
see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me! A-MEN.

362 Meet Me There.

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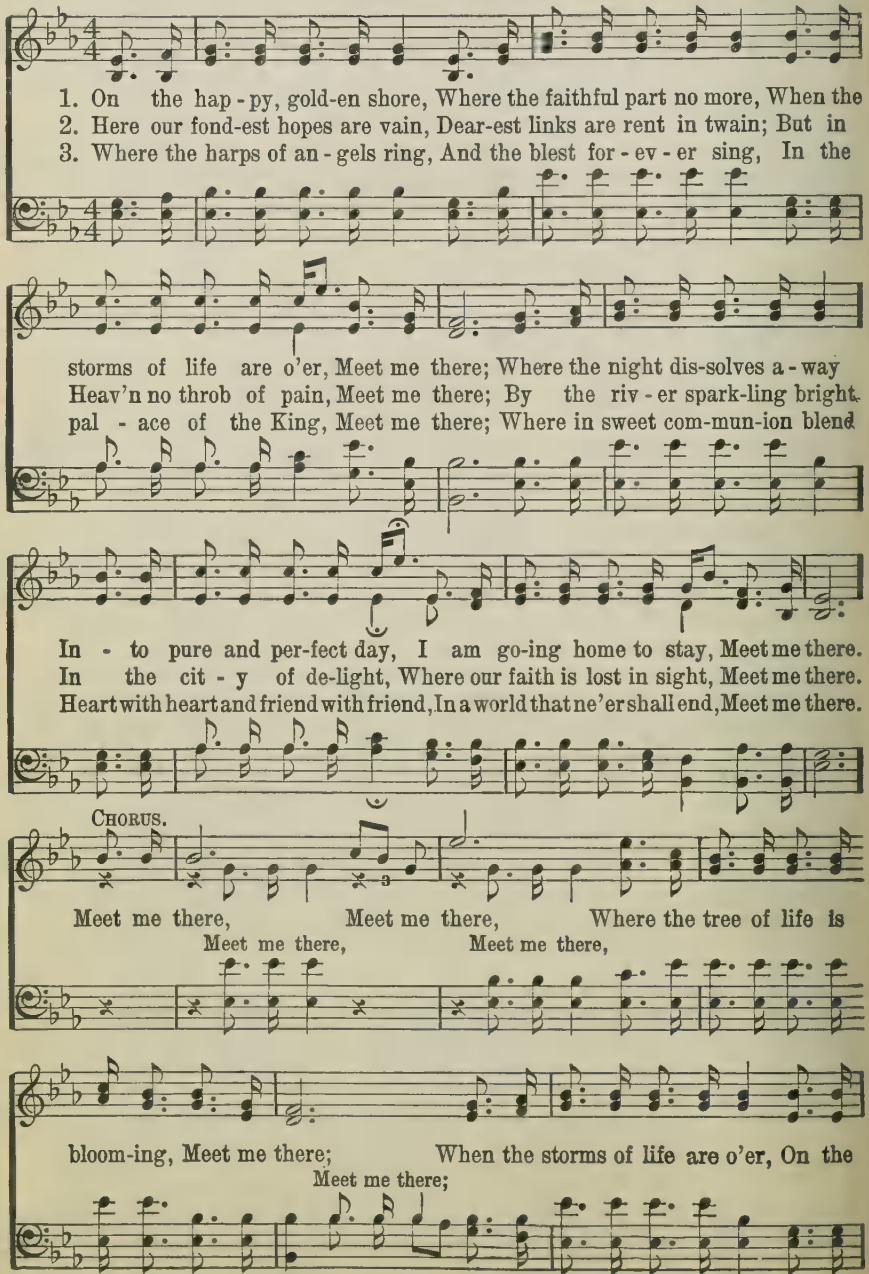
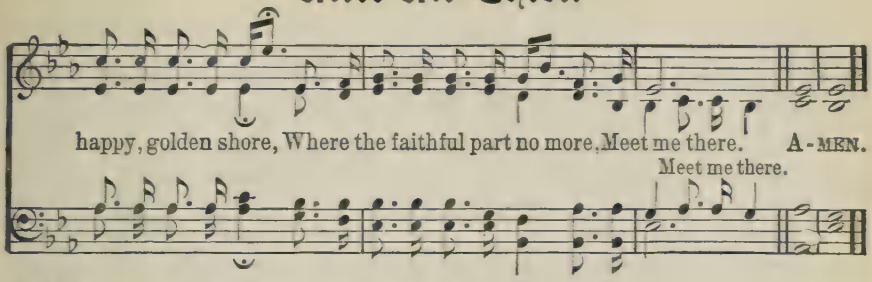

1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright.
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend
In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
Chorus.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
bloom-ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

Meet Me There.



363 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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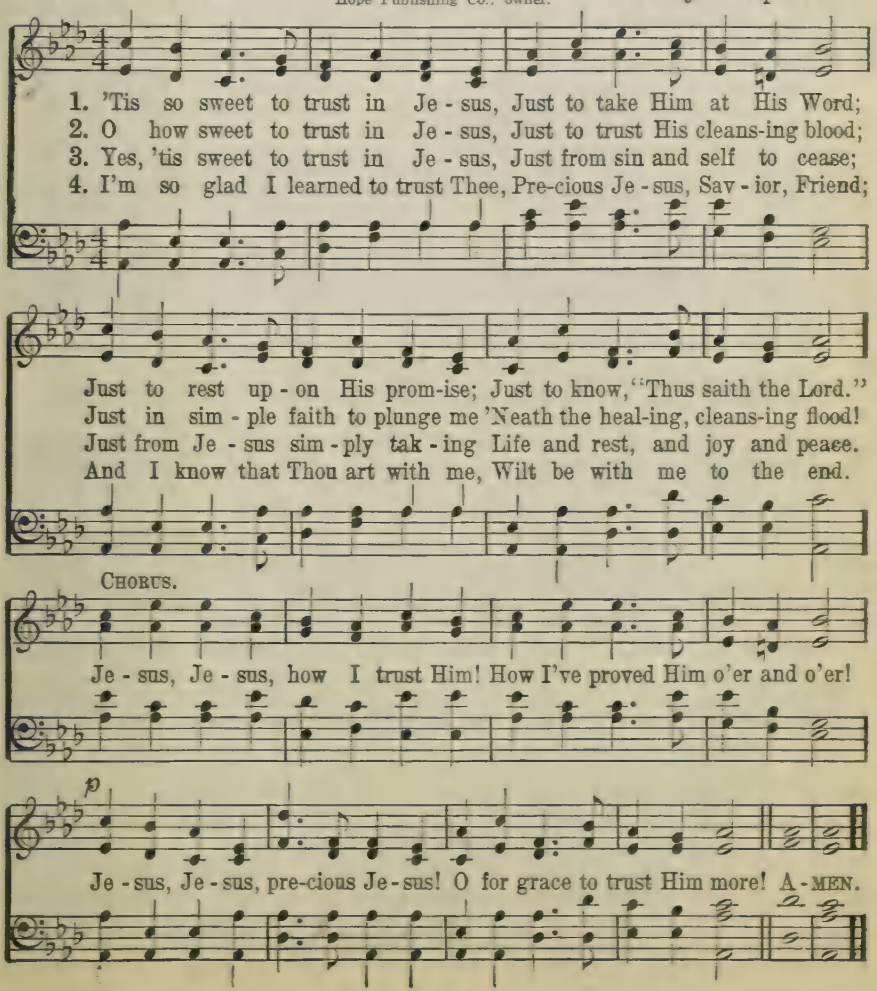
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A - MEN.

364 Calling the Prodigal.

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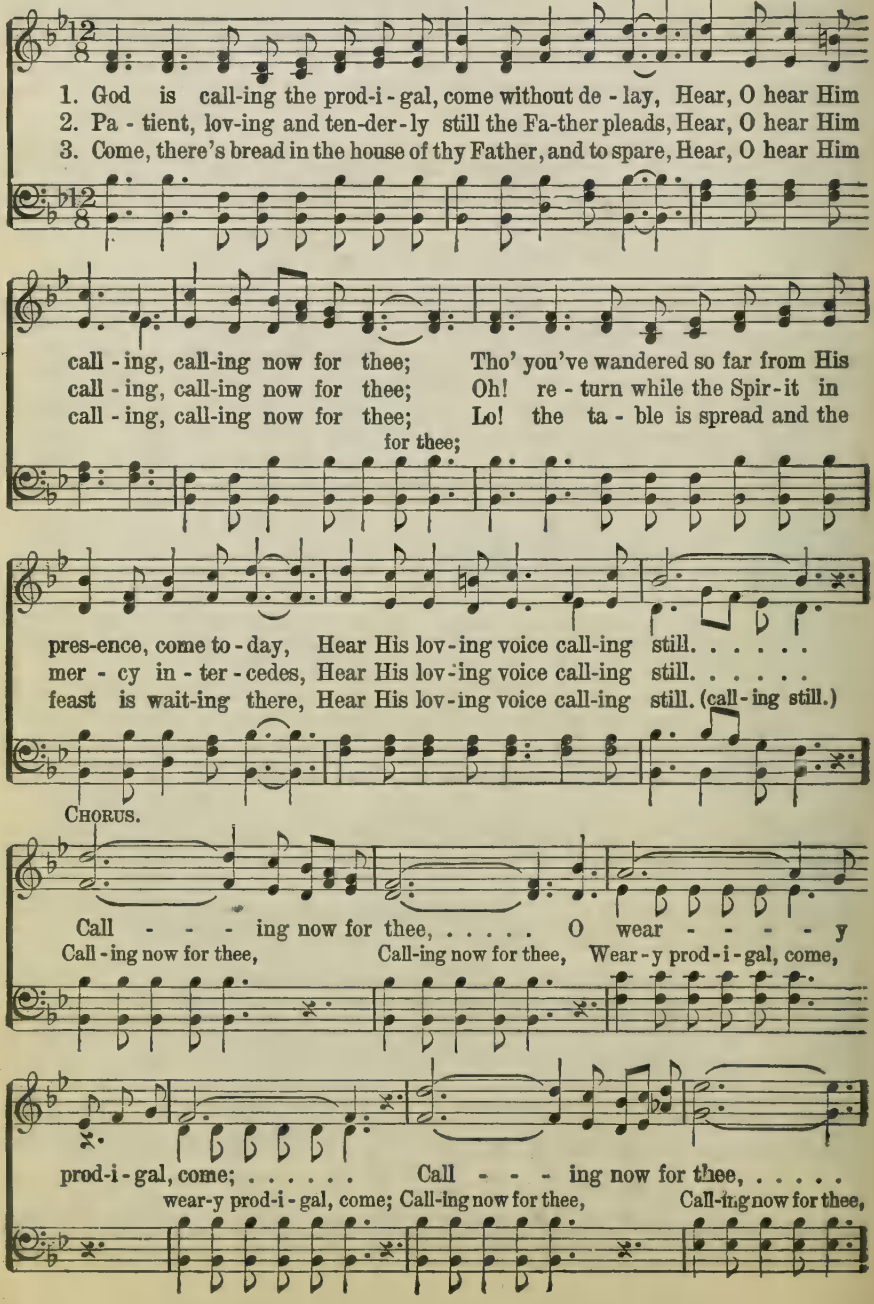
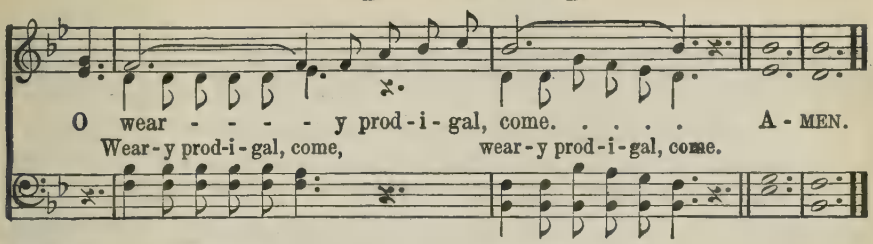

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;
pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)
CHORUS.
Call - - - ing now for thee, ... O wear - - - - y
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,
prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.



365 Nothing But the Blood.

R. L

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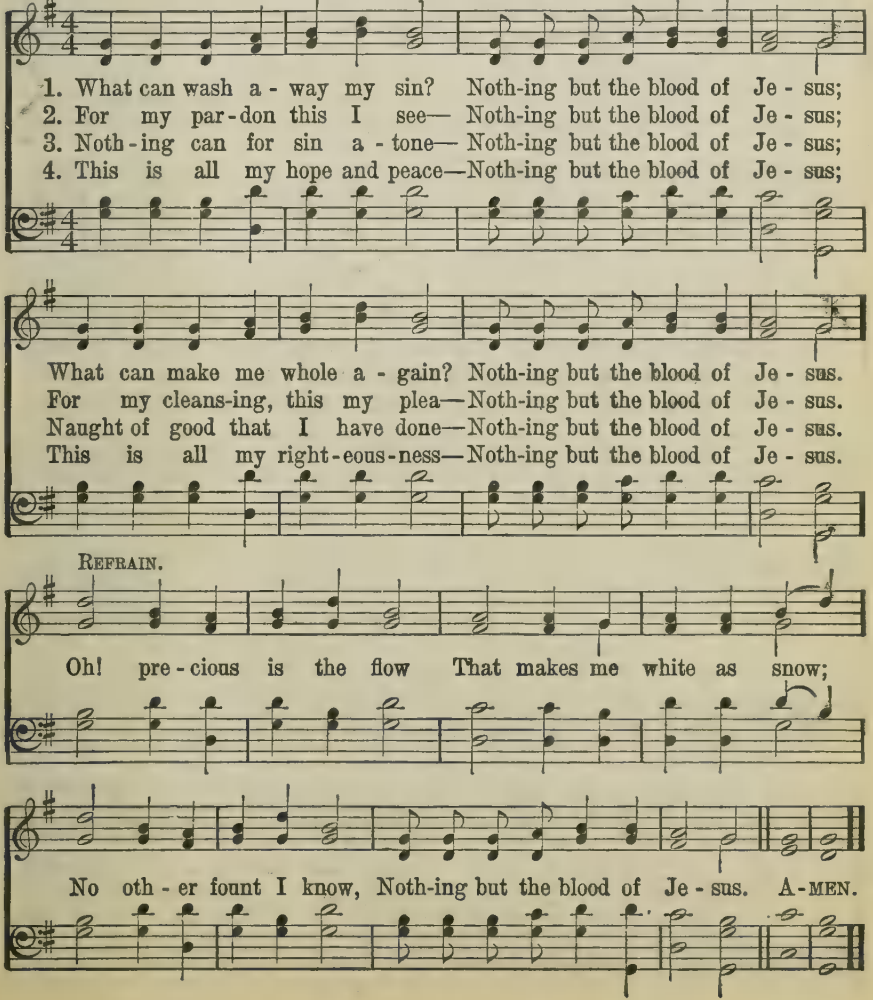
Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
2. For my par-don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
Oh! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. A-MEN.

366 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

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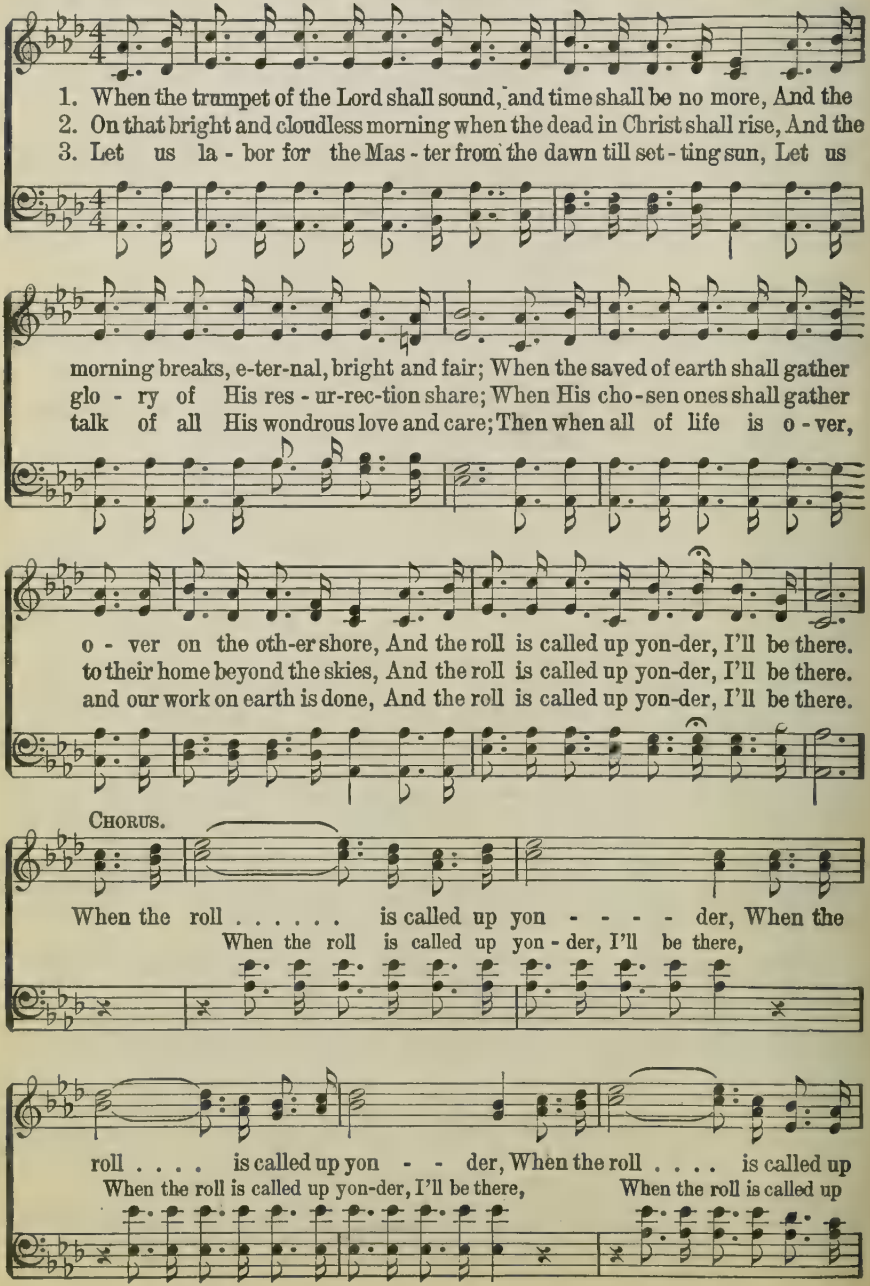
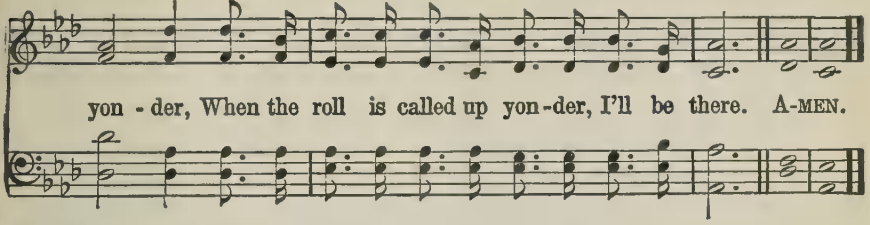
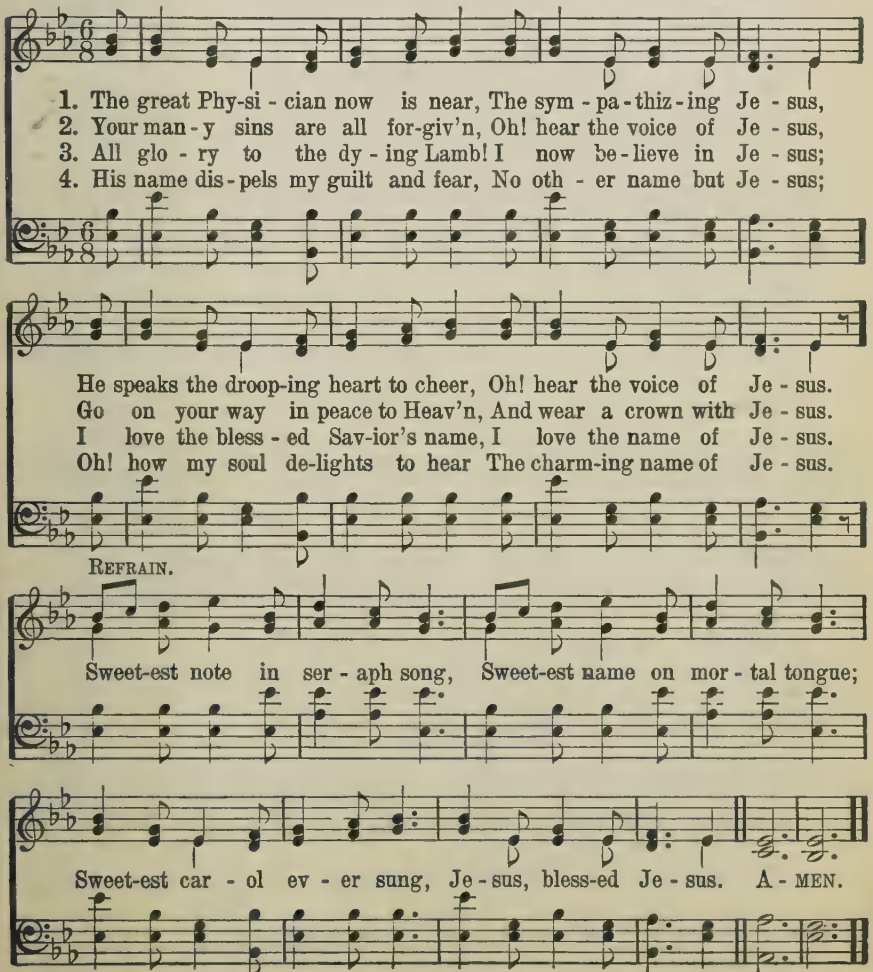
J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



367 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

368 My Savior.

C. M. F.

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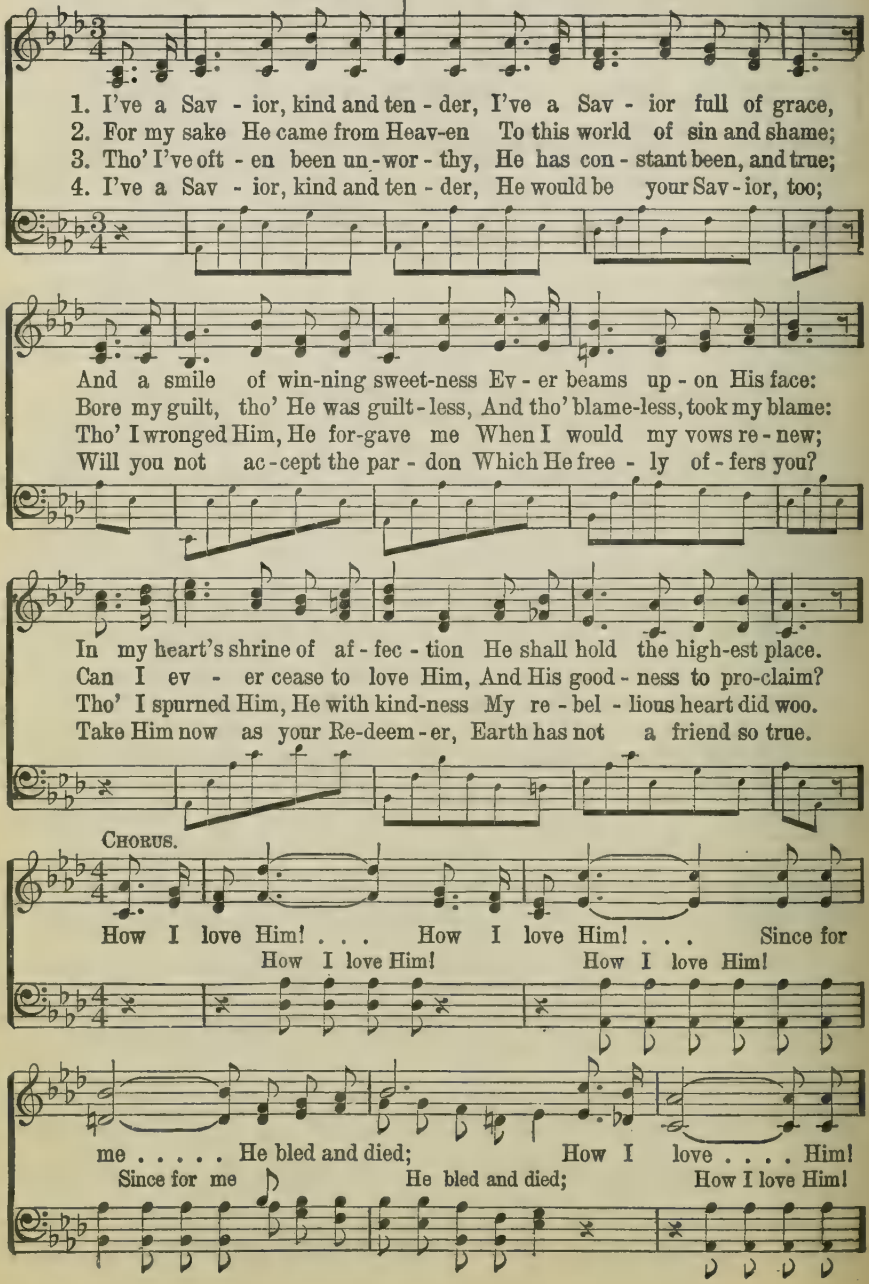
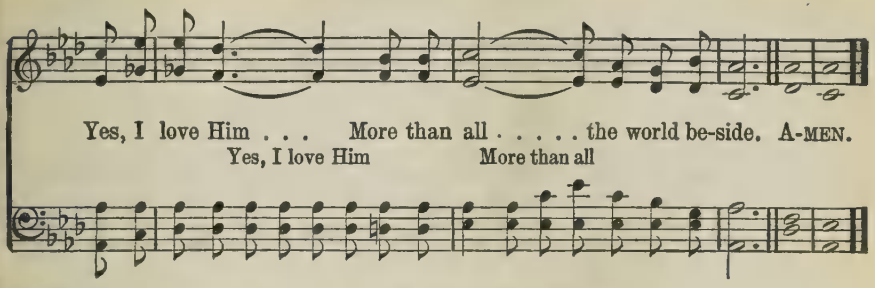
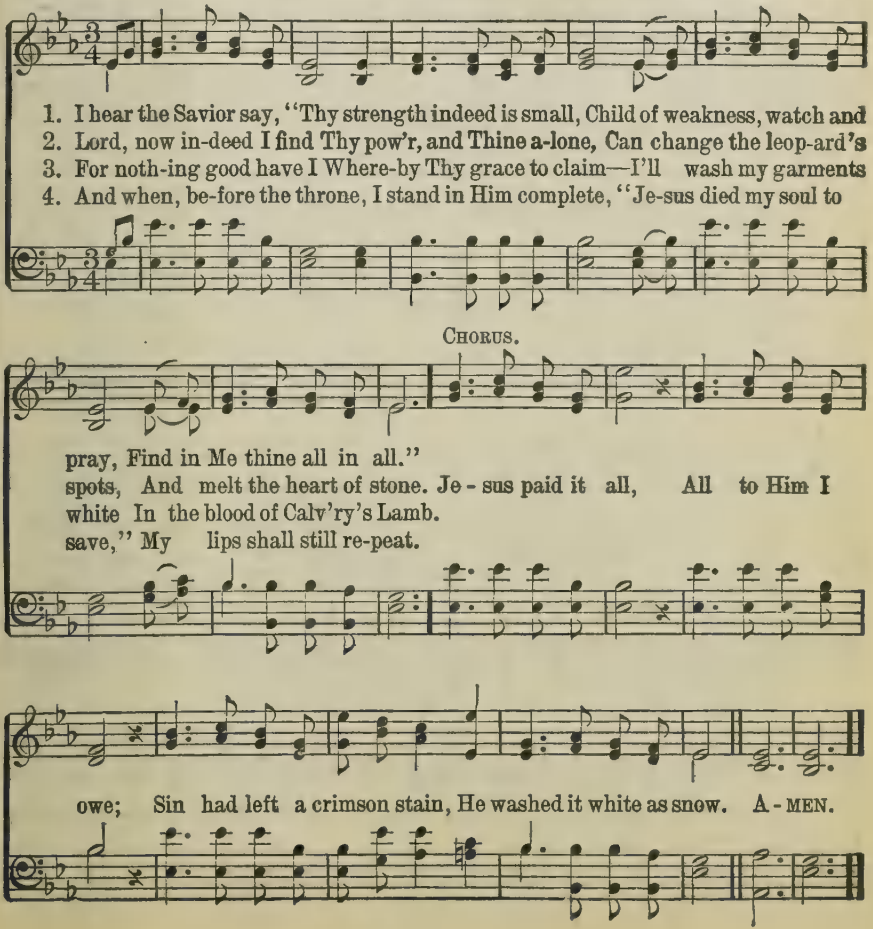
Chas. M. Fillmore.


1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heav-en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor - thy, He has con - stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav - ior, too;
And a smile of win-ning sweet-ness Ev - er beams up - on His face:
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt - less, And tho' blame-less, took my blame:
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac - cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?
In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kind-ness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem - er, Earth has not a friend so true.
Chorus.
How I love Him! . . . How I love Him! . . . Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!
me . . . . . He bled and died; How I love . . . . Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

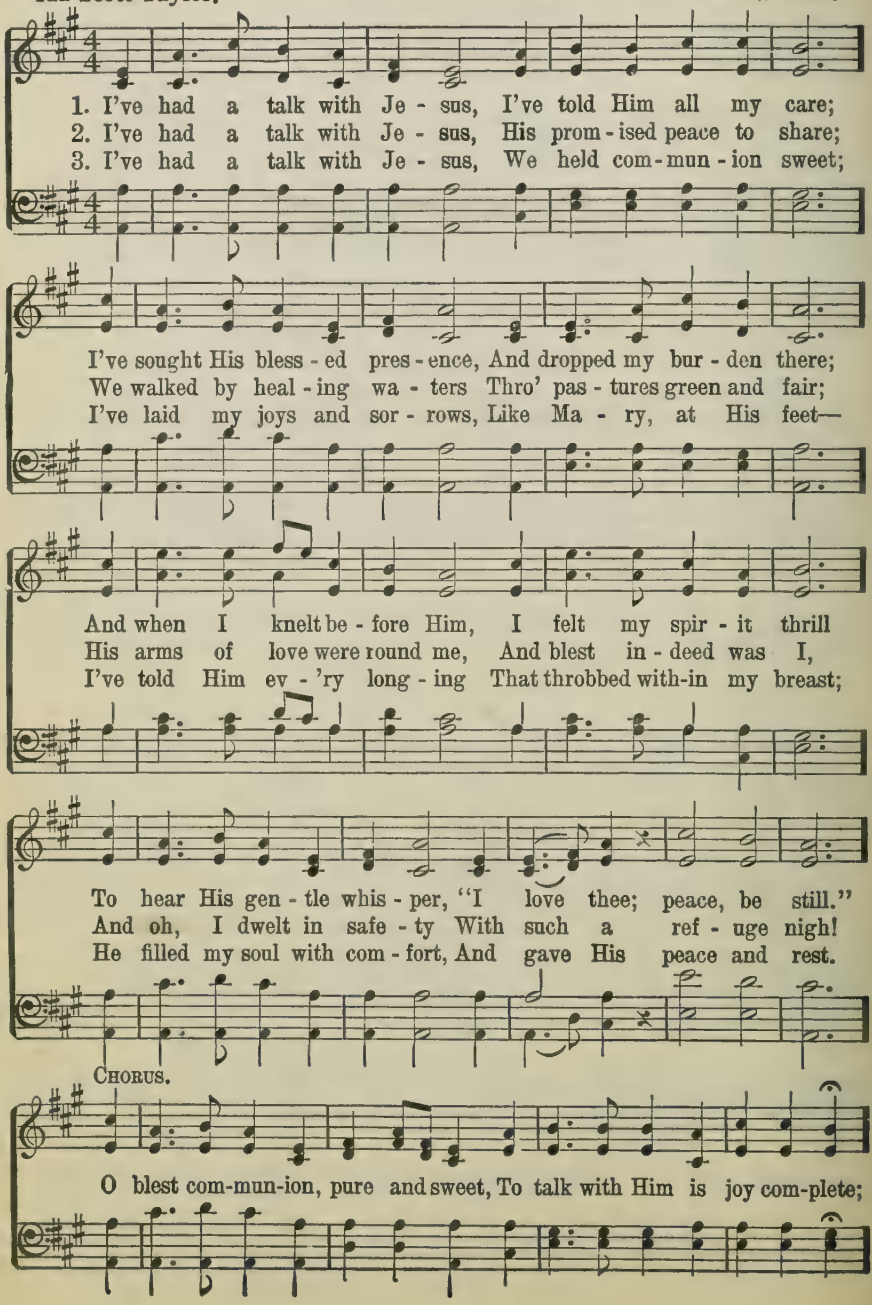
My Savior.

369 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

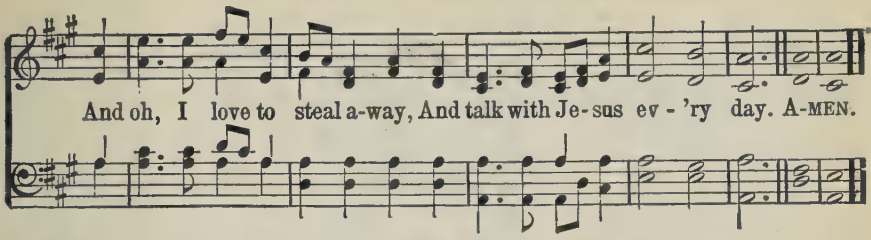

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the leop-ard's
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him complete, "Je-sus died my soul to
CHORUS.
pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
save," My lips shall still re-peat.
owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow. A - MEN.

370 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. E. PENN. W. E. Penn.

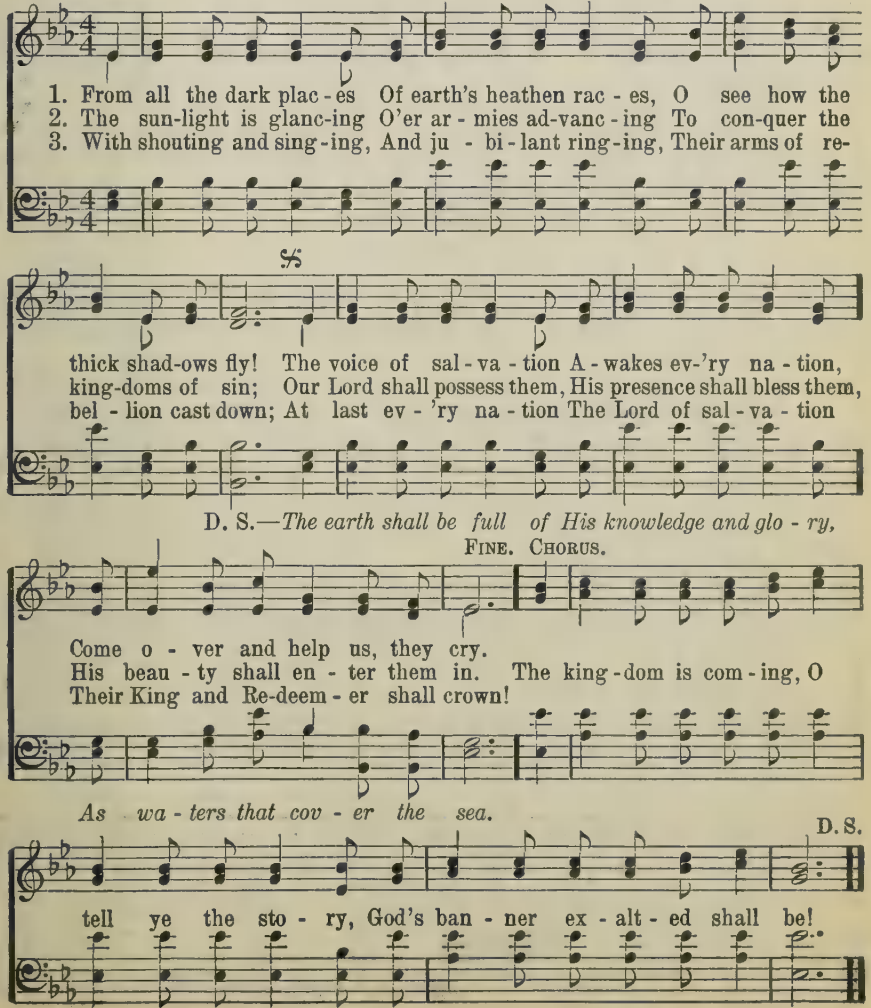

1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We held com - mun - ion sweet;
I've sought His bless - ed pres - ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
We walked by heal - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - tures green and fair;
I've laid my joys and sor - rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—
And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
His arms of love were round me, And blest in - deed was I,
I've told Him ev - 'ry long - ing That throbbed with-in my breast;
To hear His gen - tle whis - per, "I love thee; peace, be still."
And oh, I dwelt in safe - ty With such a ref - uge nigh!
He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.
CHORUS.
O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete;

I've Had a Talk With Jesus.



371 The Kingdom is Coming.

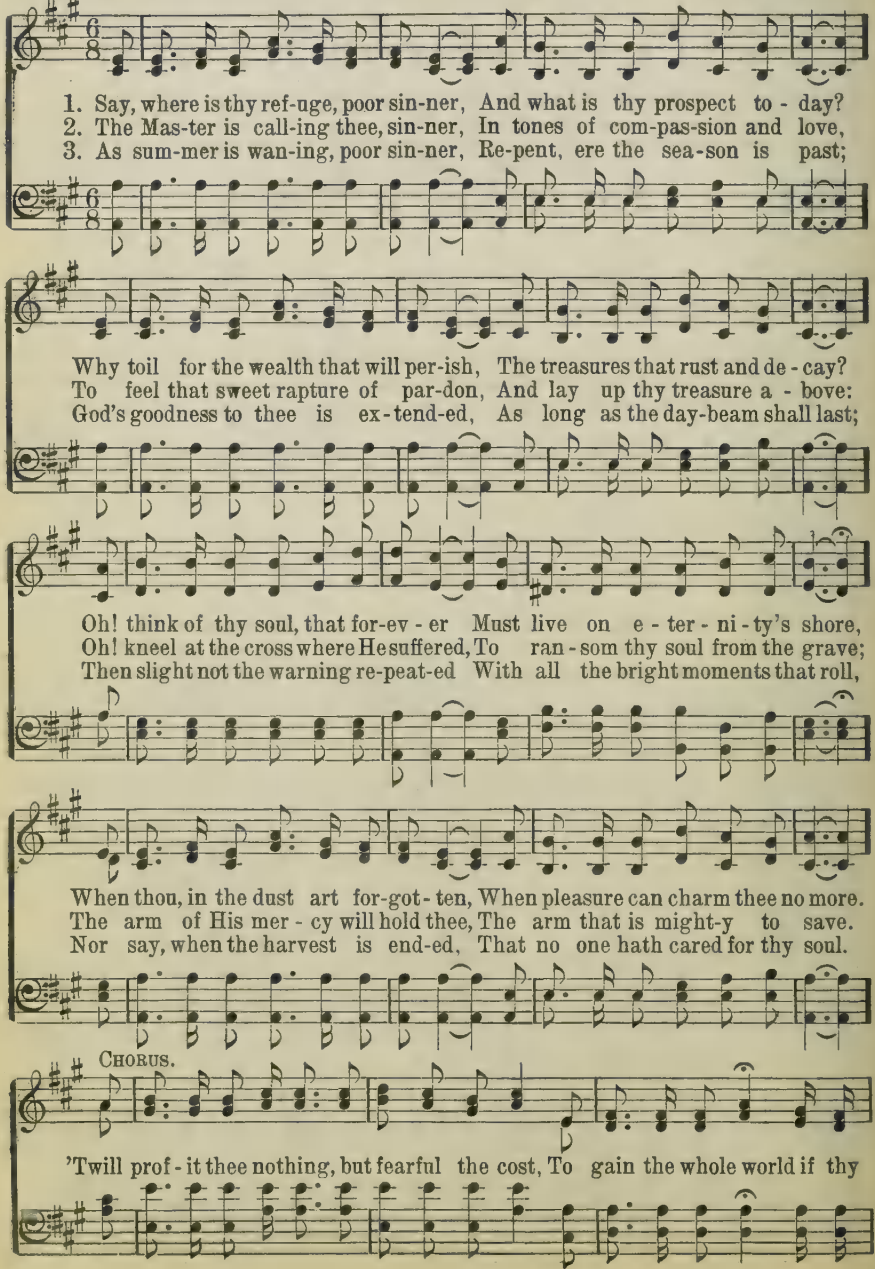
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.


1. From all the dark plac-es Of earth's heathen rac-es, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar-mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the
3. With shouting and sing-ing, And ju-bi-lant ring-ing, Their arms of re-
thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal-va-tion A-wakes ev-'ry na-tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel-lion cast down; At last ev-'ry na-tion The Lord of sal-va-tion
D. S.—*The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo-ry,*
FINE. CHORUS.
Come o-ver and help us, they cry.
His beau-ty shall en-ter them in. The king-dom is com-ing, O
Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!
As wa-ters that cov-er the sea.
D. S.
tell ye the sto-ry, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be!

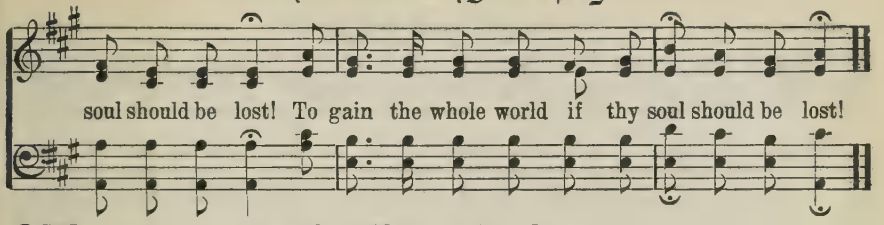
372 Where is Thy Refuge?

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.


1. Say, where is thy ref-uge, poor sin-ner, And what is thy prospect to - day?
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing thee, sin-ner, In tones of com-pas-sion and love,
3. As sum-mer is wan-ing, poor sin-ner, Re-pent, ere the sea-son is past;
Why toil for the wealth that will per-ish, The treasures that rust and de - cay?
To feel that sweet rapture of par-don, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:
God's goodness to thee is ex-tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;
Oh! think of thy soul, that for-ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ran - som thy soul from the grave;
Then slight not the warning re-peat-ed With all the bright moments that roll,
When thou, in the dust art for-got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.
The arm of His mer - cy will hold thee, The arm that is might-y to save.
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.
CHORUS.
'Twill prof - it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy

Where is Thy Refuge?



373 Only Trust in Jesus.

Miss Pauline Sadler. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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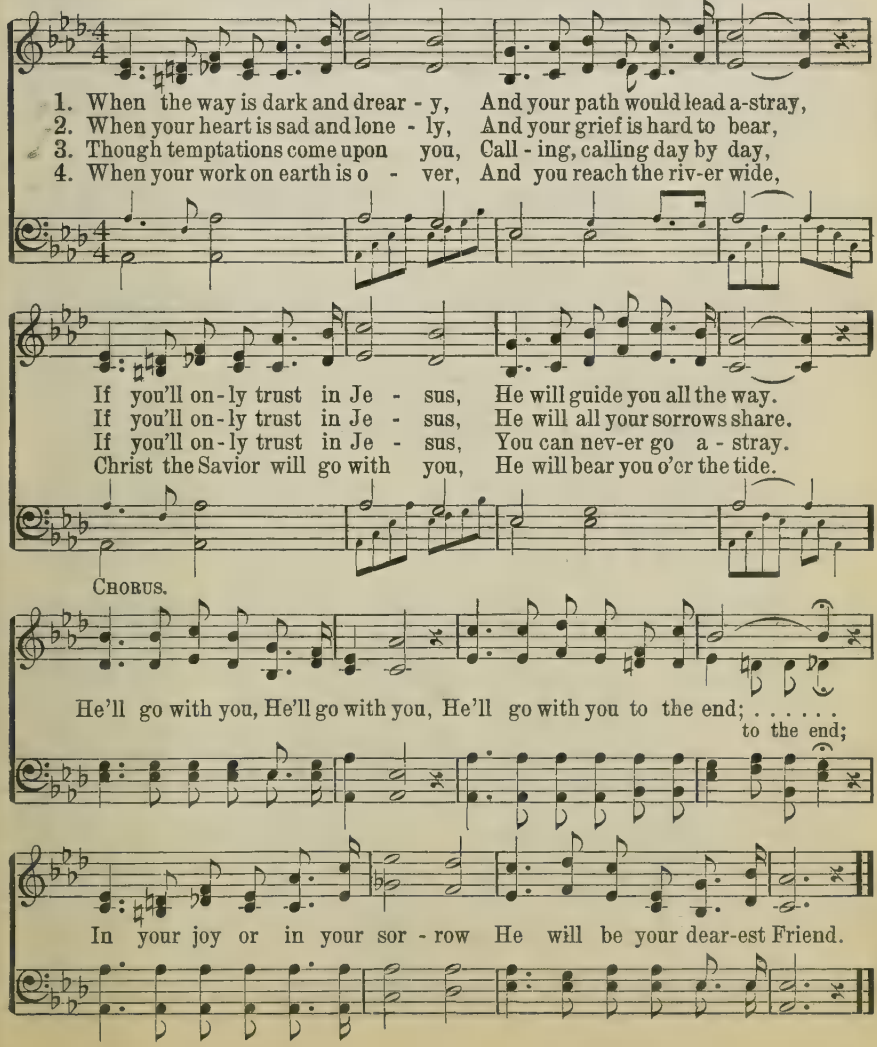
1. When the way is dark and drear - y, And your path would lead a-stray,
2. When your heart is sad and lone - ly, And your grief is hard to bear,
3. Though temptations come upon you, Call - ing, calling day by day,
4. When your work on earth is o - ver, And you reach the riv-er wide,
If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, He will guide you all the way.
If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, He will all your sorrows share.
If you'll on - ly trust in Je - sus, You can nev-er go a - stray.
Christ the Savior will go with you, He will bear you o'er the tide.
CHORUS.
He'll go with you, He'll go with you, He'll go with you to the end; . . . . . to the end;
In your joy or in your sor - row He will be your dear-est Friend.

Saved By His Wonderful Grace.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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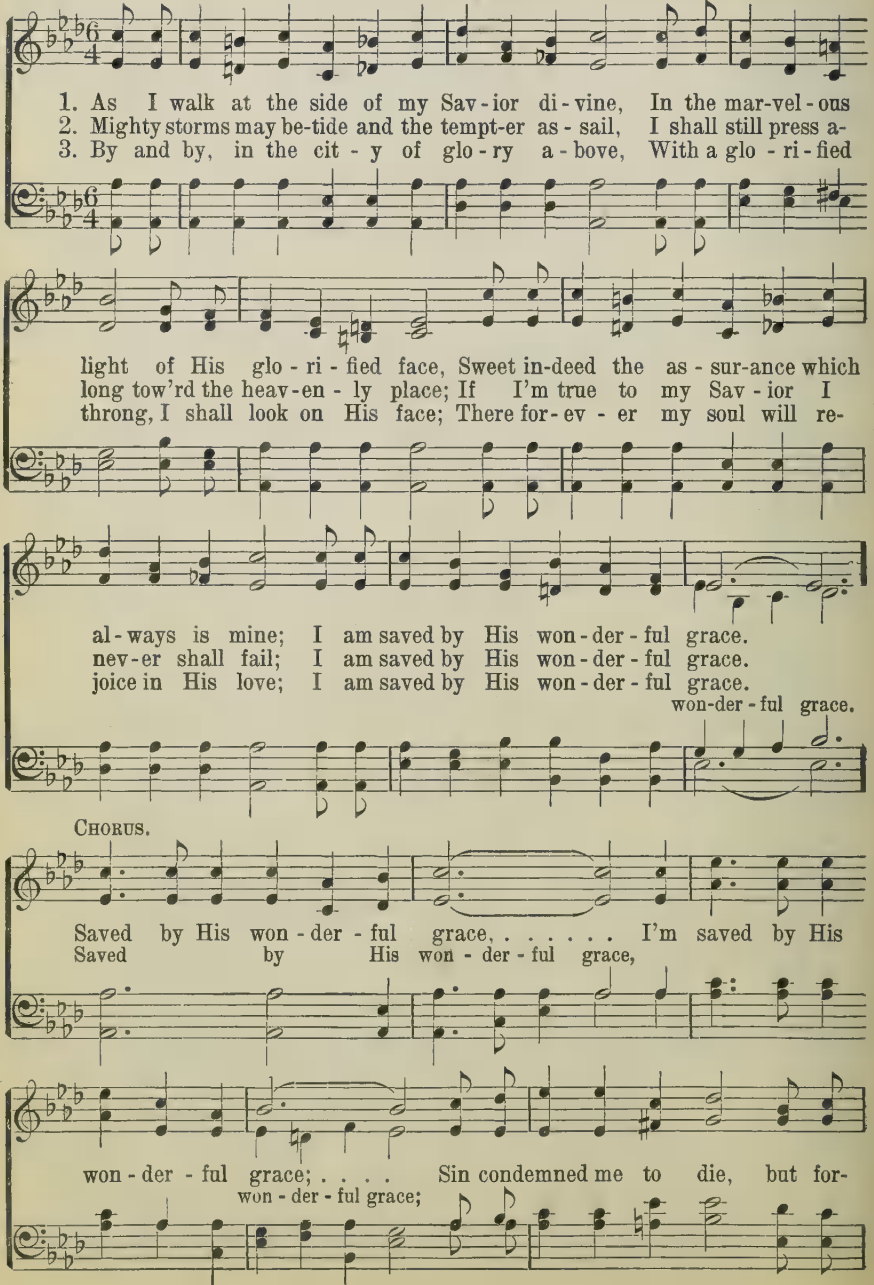
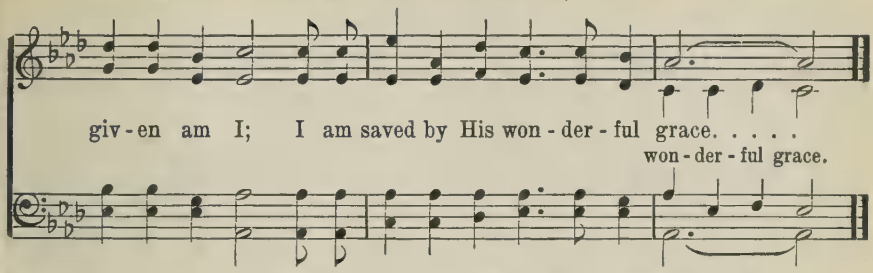

1. As I walk at the side of my Sav-ior di-vine, In the mar-vel-ous
2. Mighty storms may be-tide and the tempt-er as-sail, I shall still press a-
3. By and by, in the cit-y of glo-ry a-bove, With a glo-ri-fied
light of His glo-ri-fied face, Sweet in-deed the as-sur-ance which
long tow'rd the heav-en-ly place; If I'm true to my Sav-ior I
throng, I shall look on His face; There for-ev-er my soul will re-
al-ways is mine; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace.
nev-er shall fail; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace.
joice in His love; I am saved by His won-der-ful grace.
won-der-ful grace.
Chorus.
Saved by His won-der-ful grace, ... I'm saved by His
Saved by His won-der-ful grace,
won-der-ful grace; . . . . Sin condemned me to die, but for-
won-der-ful grace;

Saved By His Wonderful Grace.



375 Always Together, My Lord And I.

James Rowe.

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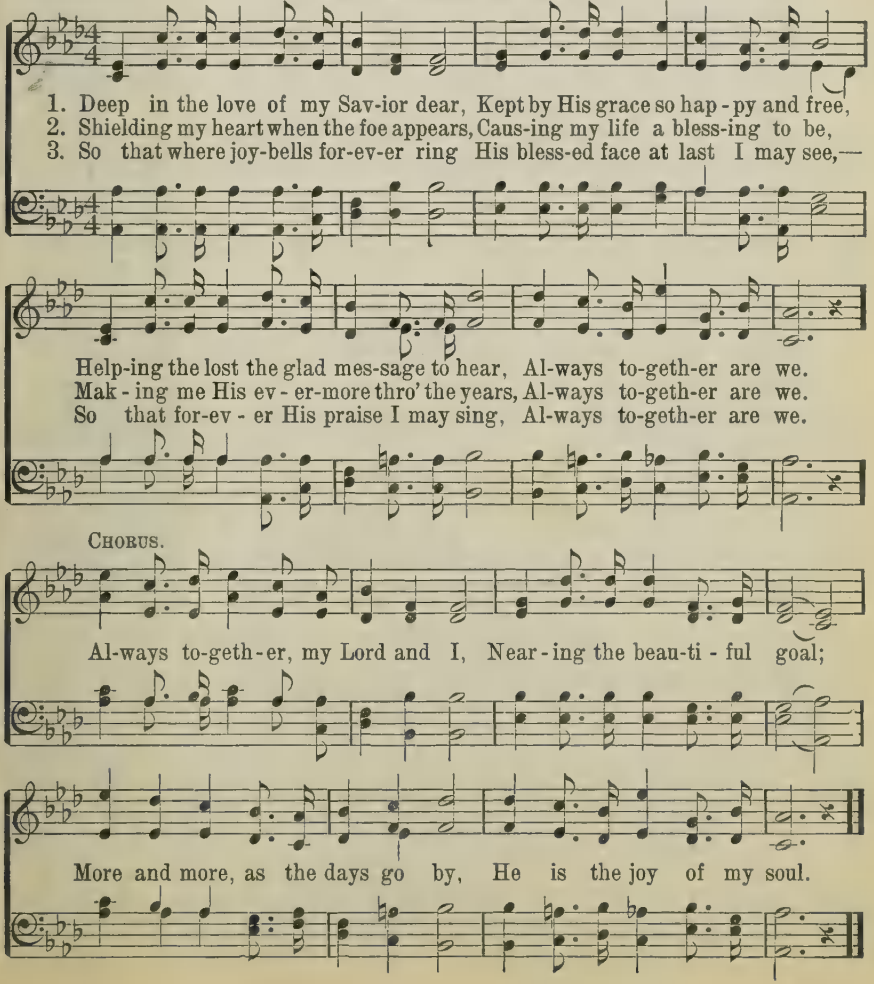
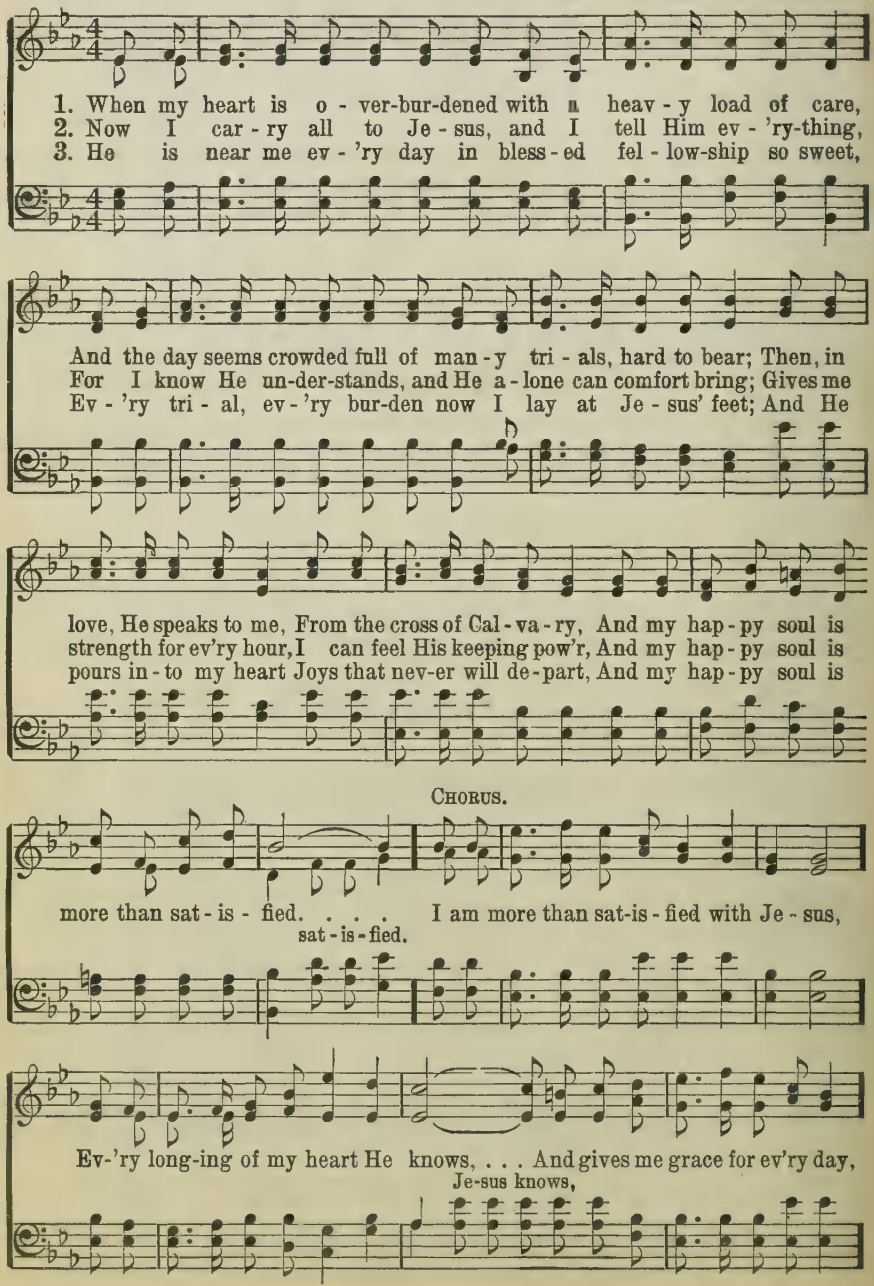
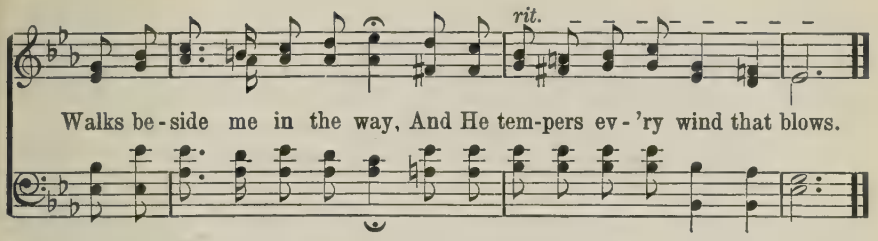

1. Deep in the love of my Sav-ior dear, Kept by His grace so hap - py and free,
2. Shielding my heart when the foe appears, Caus-ing my life a bless-ing to be,
3. So that where joy-bells for-ev-er ring His bless-ed face at last I may see,—
Help-ing the lost the glad mes-sage to hear, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.
Mak - ing me His ev - er-more thro' the years, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.
So that for-ev - er His praise I may sing, Al-ways to-geth-er are we.
Chorus.
Al-ways to-geth-er, my Lord and I, Near - ing the beau-ti - ful goal;
More and more, as the days go by, He is the joy of my soul.

376 More Than Satisfied.

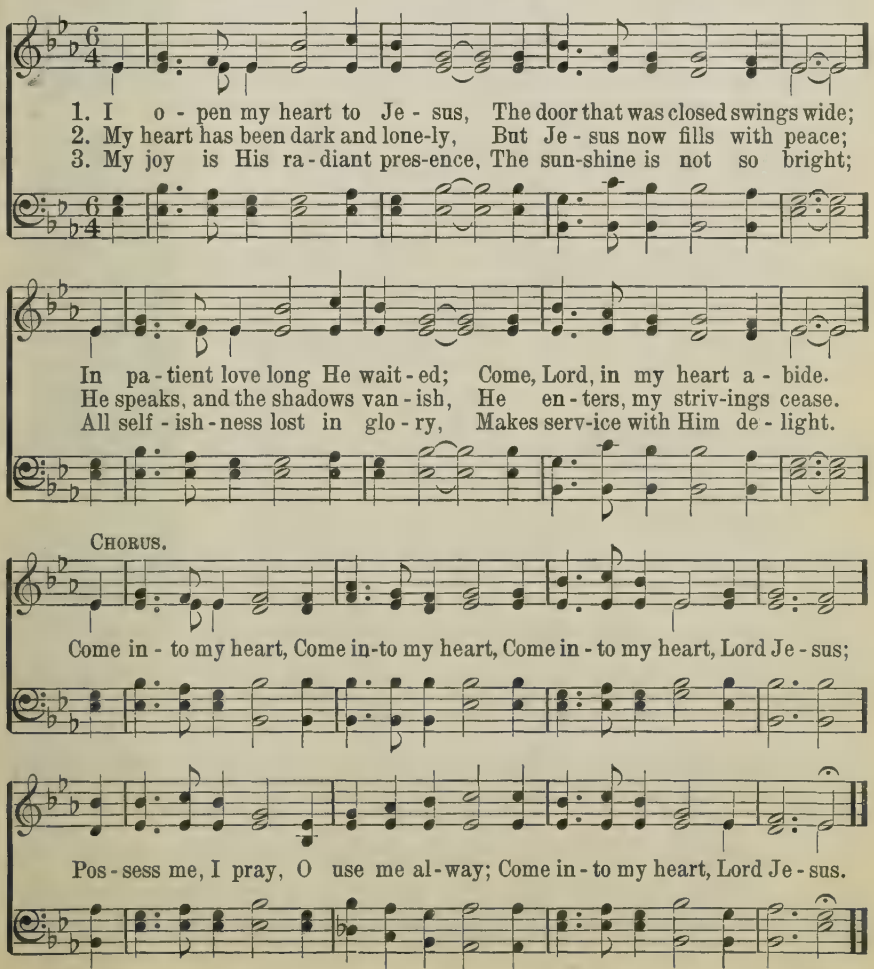
Rev. J. J. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. James M. Black.

1. When my heart is o - ver-bur-dened with a heav - y load of care,
2. Now I car - ry all to Je - sus, and I tell Him ev - 'ry-thing,
3. He is near me ev - 'ry day in bless - ed fel - low-ship so sweet,
And the day seems crowded full of man - y tri - als, hard to bear; Then, in
For I know He un-der-stands, and He a - lone can comfort bring; Gives me
Ev - 'ry tri - al, ev - 'ry bur-den now I lay at Je - sus' feet; And He
love, He speaks to me, From the cross of Cal - va - ry, And my hap - py soul is
strength for ev'ry hour, I can feel His keeping pow'r, And my hap - py soul is
pours in - to my heart Joys that nev-er will de - part, And my hap - py soul is
Chorus.
more than sat - is - fied. . . . I am more than sat-is - fied with Je - sus,
sat - is - fied.
Ev-'ry long-ing of my heart He knows, . . . And gives me grace for ev'ry day,
Je-sus knows,

More Than Satisfied.



377 Come Into My Heart.

Martha S. Clingan. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.


1. I o-pen my heart to Je-sus, The door that was closed swings wide;
2. My heart has been dark and lone-ly, But Je-sus now fills with peace;
3. My joy is His ra-diant pres-ence, The sun-shine is not so bright;
In pa-tient love long He wait-ed; Come, Lord, in my heart a-bide.
He speaks, and the shadows van-ish, He en-ters, my striv-ings cease.
All self-ish-ness lost in glo-ry, Makes serv-ice with Him de-light.
Chorus.
Come in-to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Come in-to my heart, Lord Je-sus;
Pos-sess me, I pray, O use me al-way; Come in-to my heart, Lord Je-sus.

378 The Fight is On.

C. H. M.

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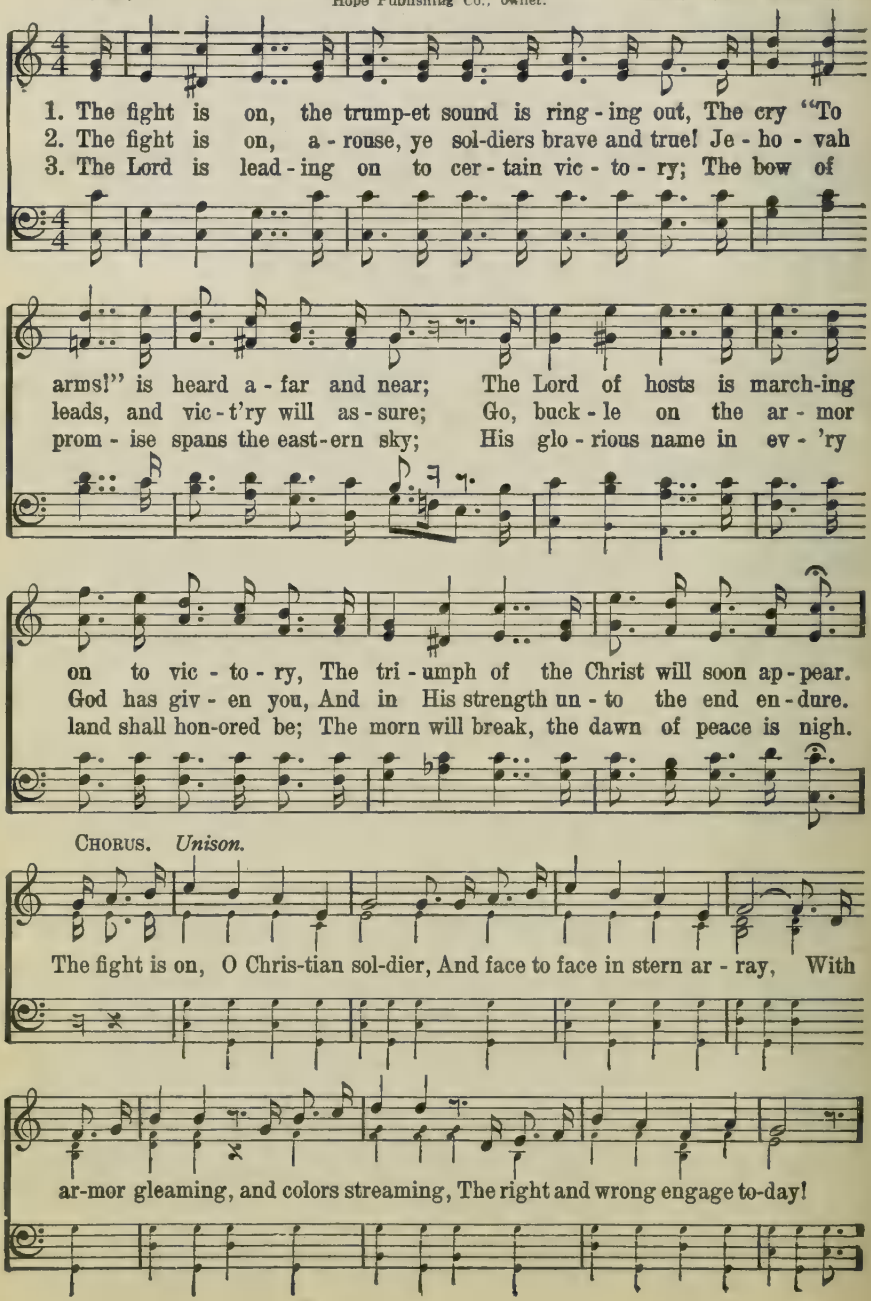
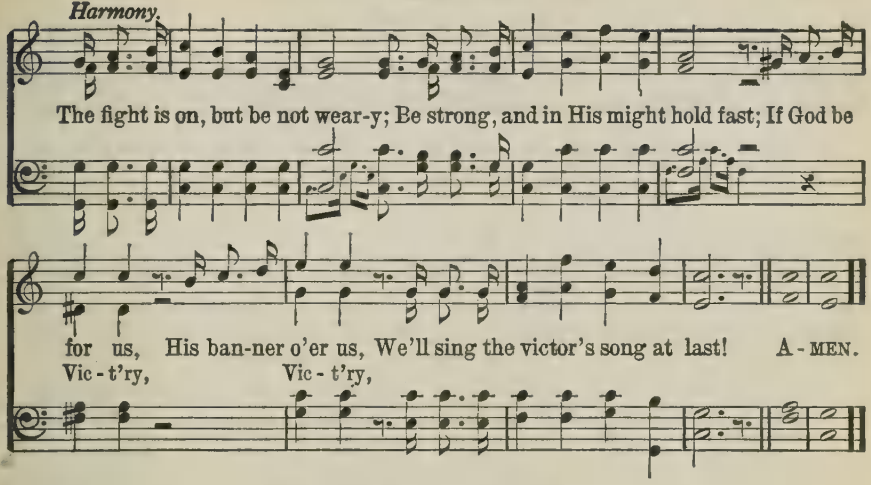
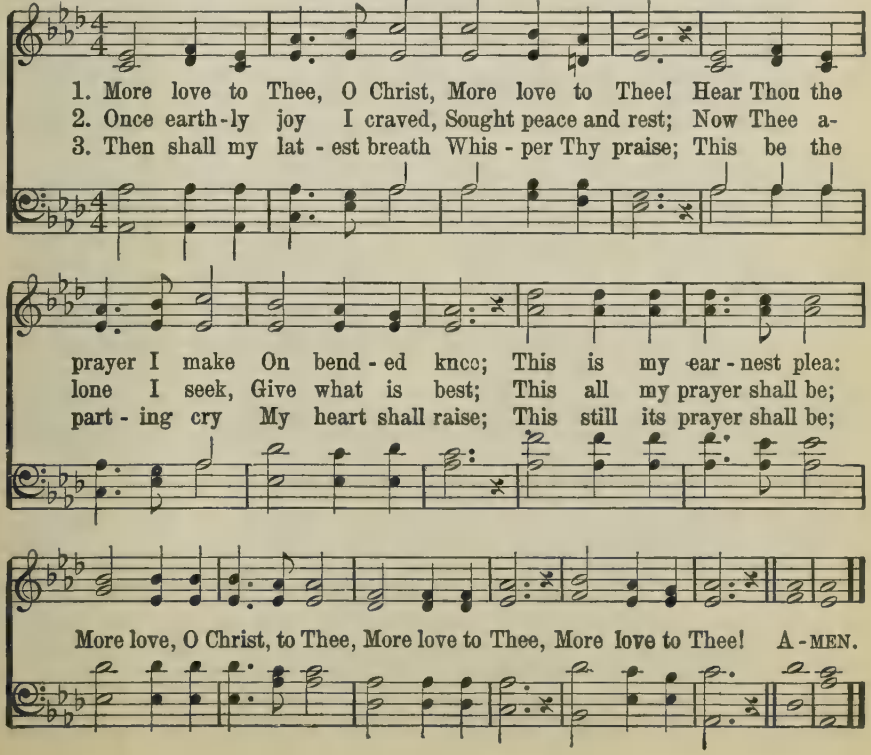
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
Chorus. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With
ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.

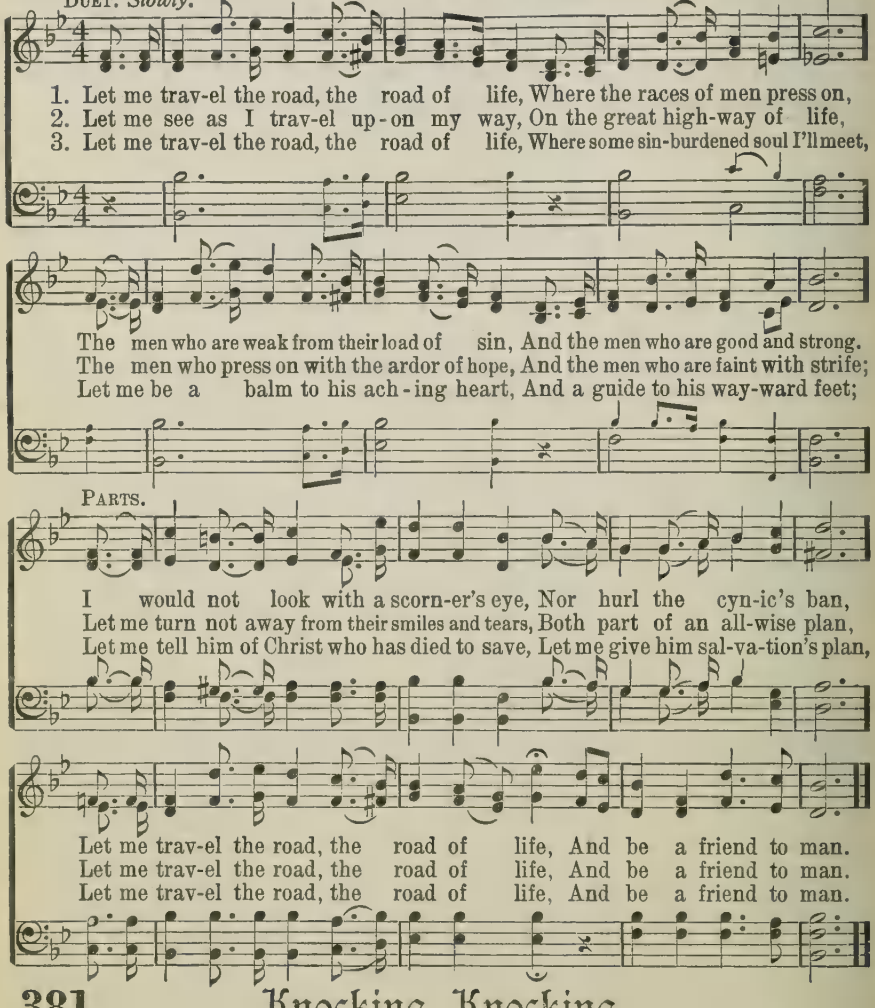

Harmony.
The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A-MEN.
Vic-t'ry, Vic-t'ry,

379 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

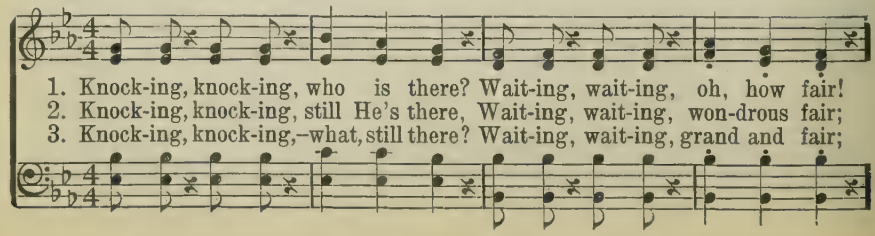

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

380 A Friend to Man.

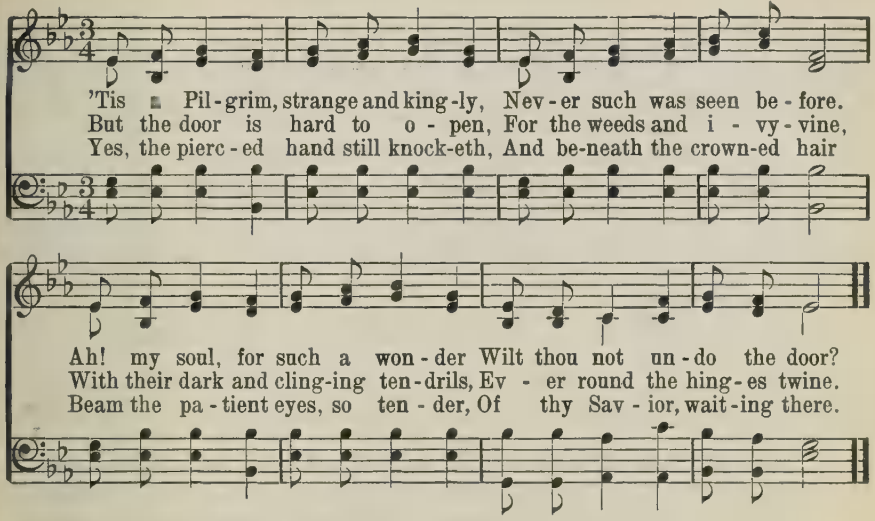
Adapted by B. B. McK. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. B. B. McKinney.

DUET. Slowly.
1. Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, Where the races of men press on,
2. Let me see as I trav-el up-on my way, On the great high-way of life,
3. Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, Where some sin-burdened soul I'll meet,
The men who are weak from their load of sin, And the men who are good and strong.
The men who press on with the ardor of hope, And the men who are faint with strife;
Let me be a balm to his ach-ing heart, And a guide to his way-ward feet;
PARTS.
I would not look with a scorn-er's eye, Nor hurl the cyn-ic's ban,
Let me turn not away from their smiles and tears, Both part of an all-wise plan,
Let me tell him of Christ who has died to save, Let me give him sal-va-tion's plan,
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.
Let me trav-el the road, the road of life, And be a friend to man.

381 Knocking, Knocking.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. Geo. F. Root.

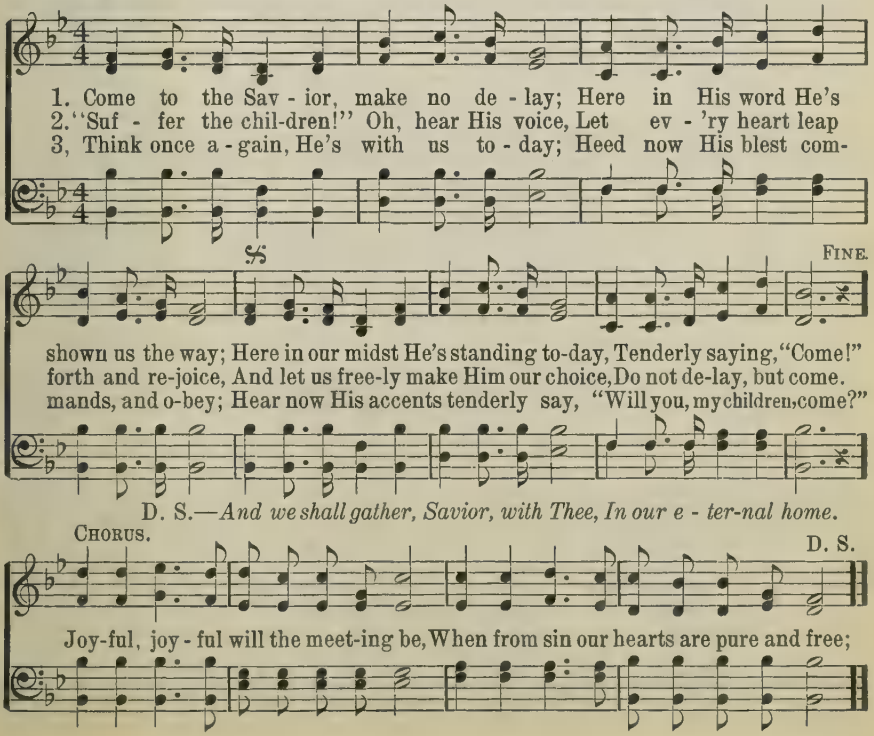

1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;
3. Knock-ing, knock-ing,—what, still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

Knocking, Knocking.


'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed hair
Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing ten-drils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-ior, wait-ing there.

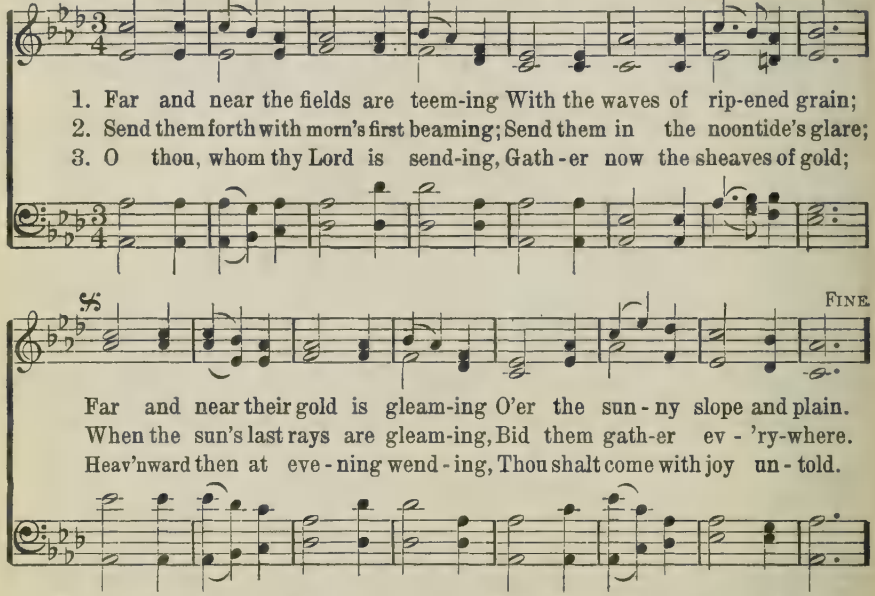
382 Come to the Savior.

G. F. R. George F. Root.


1. Come to the Sav-ior, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's
2. "Suf-fer the chil-dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap
3, Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-
shown us the way; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"
forth and re-joice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice, Do not de-lay, but come.
mands, and o-bey; Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, my children, come?"
D. S.—And we shall gather, Savior, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

383 The Call for Reapers.

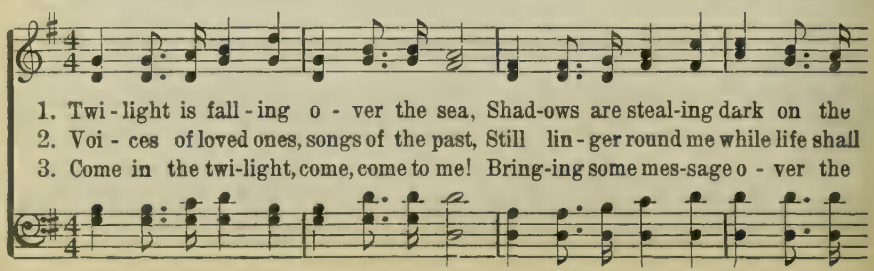
J. O. Thompson. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT. USED BY PERMISSION. J. B. O. Clemm.


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
Fine.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.
D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.
Chorus.
D. S.
Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

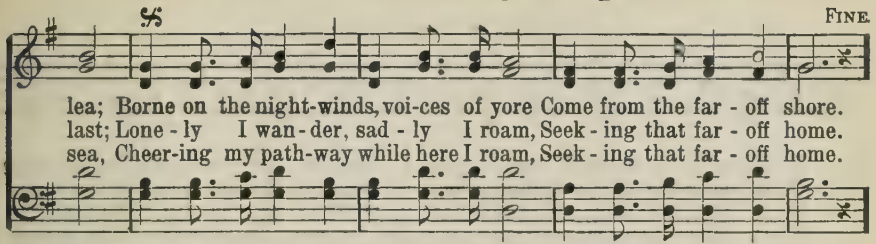
384 Twilight Is Falling.

USED BY PERMISSION.

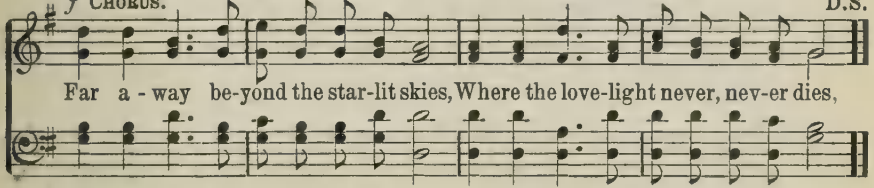
A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld.


1. Twi-light is fall-ing o-ver the sea, Shad-ows are steal-ing dark on the
2. Voi-ces of loved ones, songs of the past, Still lin-ger round me while life shall
3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bring-ing some mes-sage o-ver the

Twilight Is Falling.

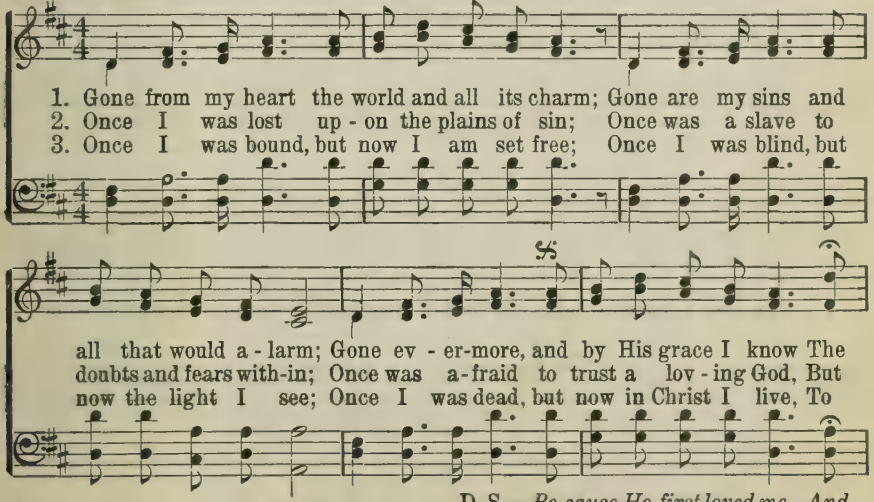

FINE.
lea; Borne on the night-winds, voi-ces of yore Come from the far - off shore.
last; Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
sea, Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

D. S.—*Gleam-eth a man-sion, filled with de-light, Sweet hap - py home so bright!*

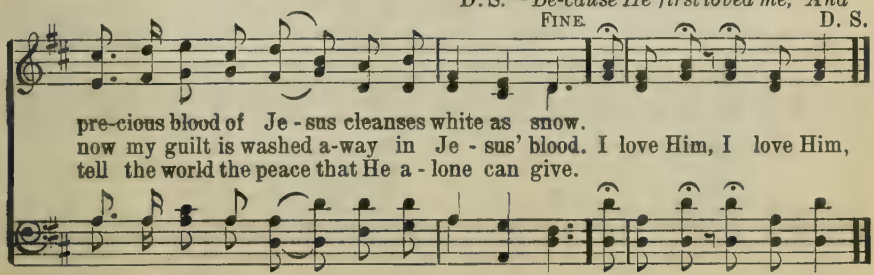


385 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

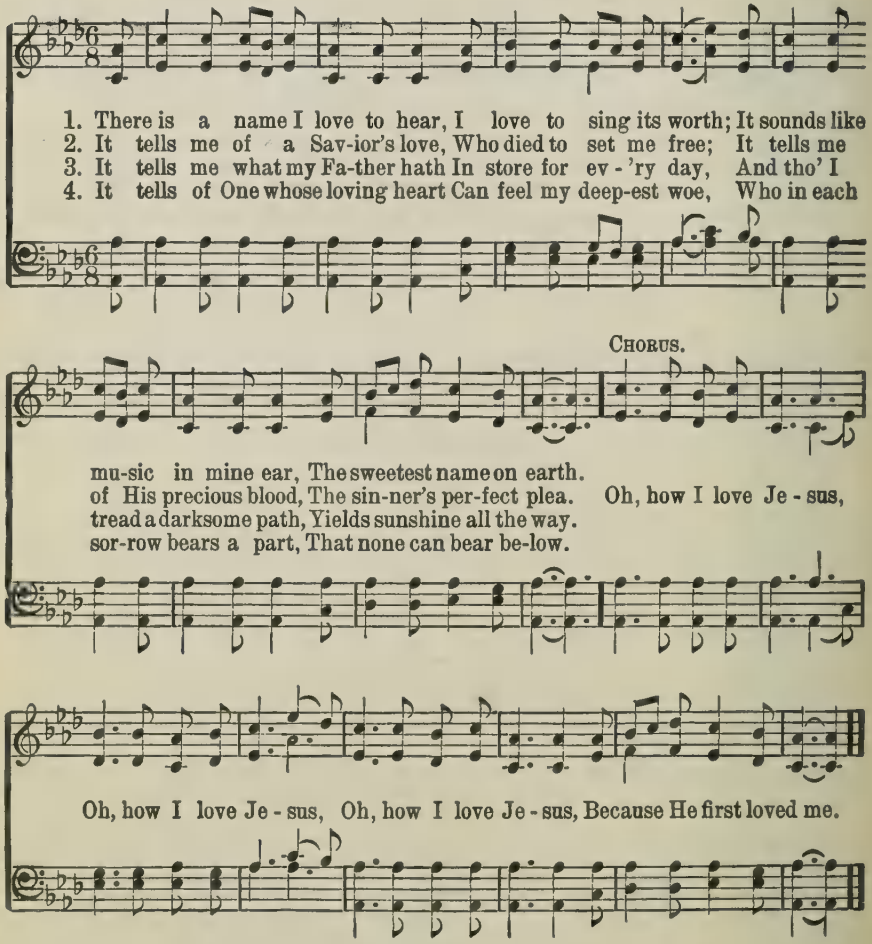
D. S.—*Be-cause He first loved me, And*


FINE.
D. S.
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

386 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each
CHORUS.
mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.

387 Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

H. D. L.

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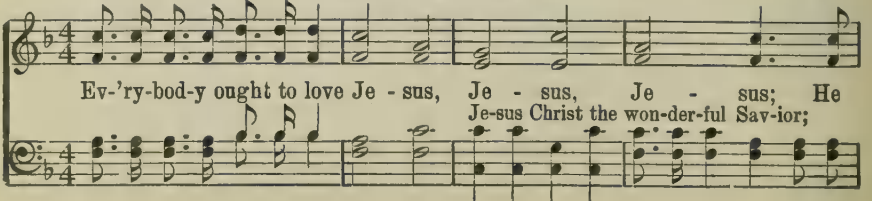
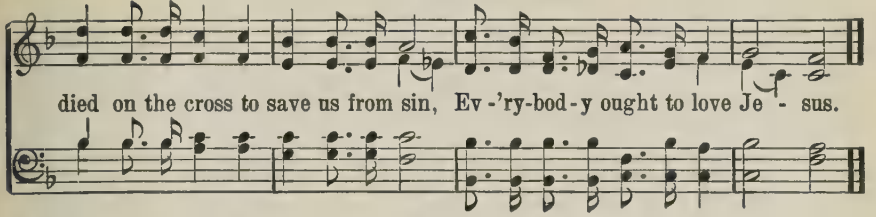
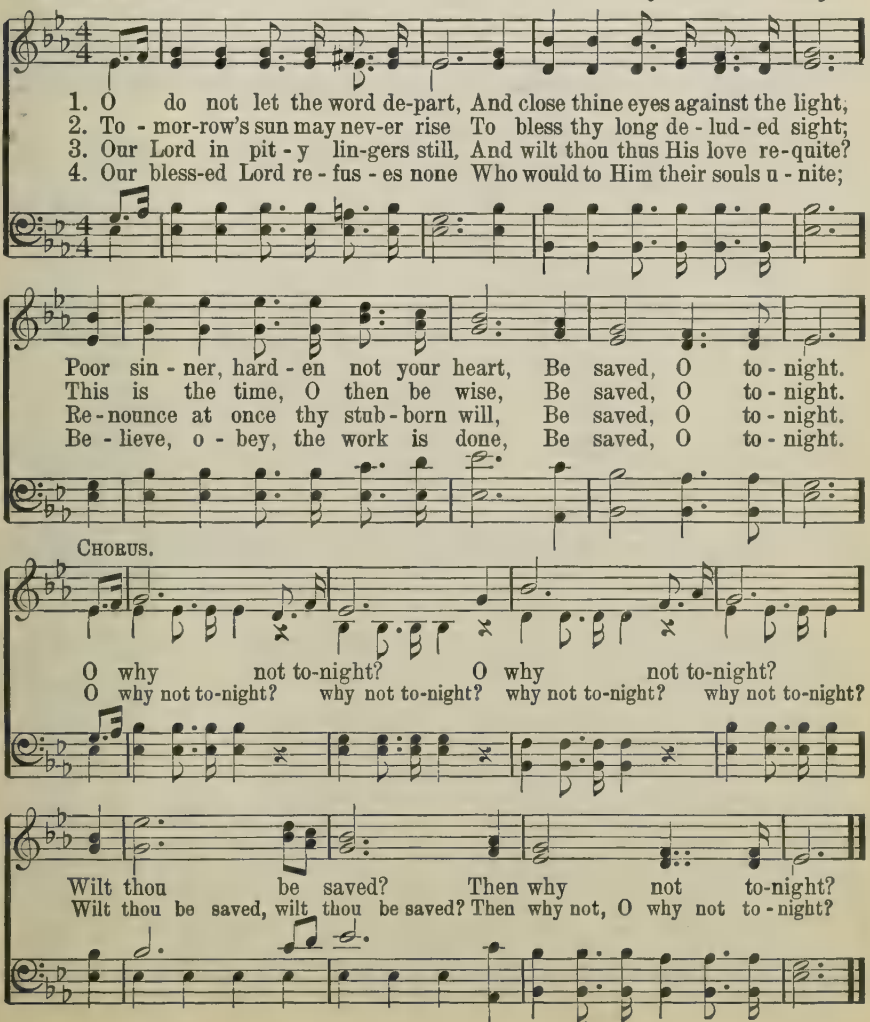


Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.



388 O Why Not To-night?

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. H. HALL, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Elizabeth Reed. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light,
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
Chorus.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?

389 Church Bells.

(A SONG FOR PRIMARY CLASSES.)

Copyright, 1904, by Wm. E. Howard
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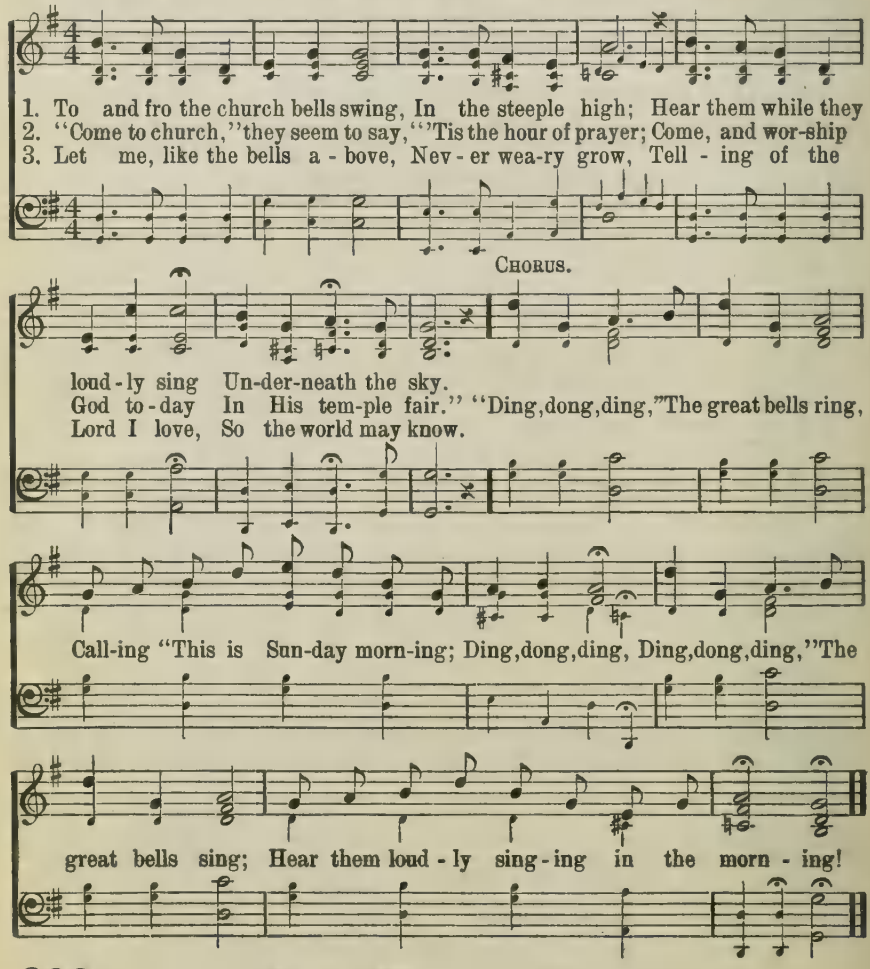
W. E. H. W. E. Howard.

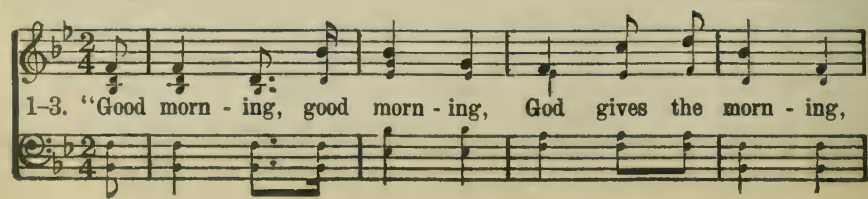

1. To and fro the church bells swing, In the steeple high; Hear them while they
2. "Come to church," they seem to say, "'Tis the hour of prayer; Come, and wor-ship
3. Let me, like the bells a - bove, Nev - er wea-ry grow, Tell - ing of the
Chorus.
loud - ly sing Un-der-neath the sky.
God to - day In His tem-ple fair." "Ding, dong, ding," The great bells ring,
Lord I love, So the world may know.
Call-ing "This is Sun-day morn-ing; Ding, dong, ding, Ding, dong, ding," The
great bells sing; Hear them loud - ly sing - ing in the morn - ing!

390 Good Morning Song.

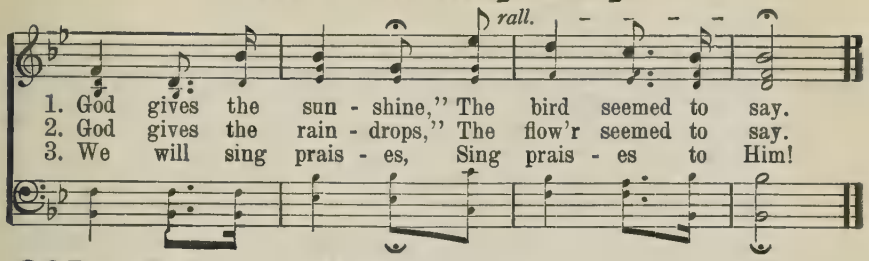
(PRIMARY.)

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY WM. E. HOWARD.

W. E. H. Wm. E. Howard.



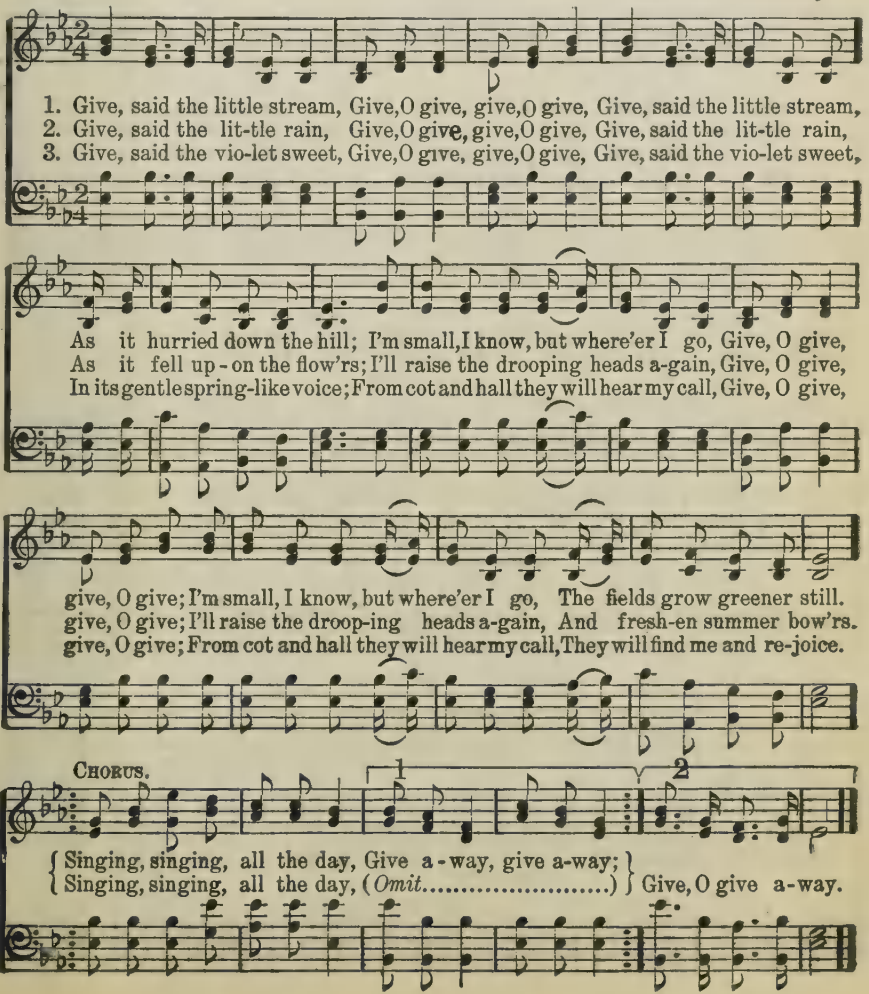
Good Morning Song.


rall.
1. God gives the sun - shine," The bird seemed to say.
2. God gives the rain - drops," The flow'r seemed to say.
3. We will sing prais - es, Sing prais - es to Him!

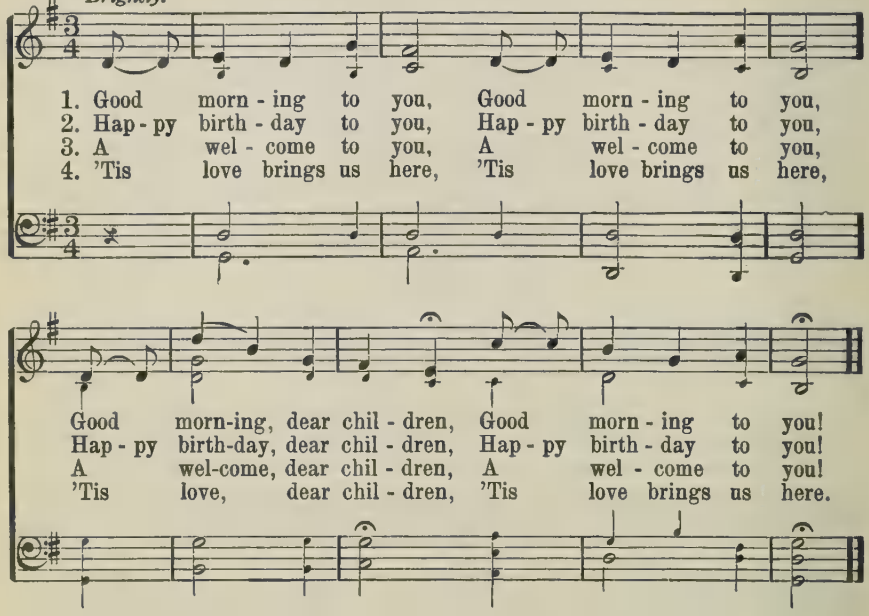
391 Give, O Give!

(PRIMARY.)

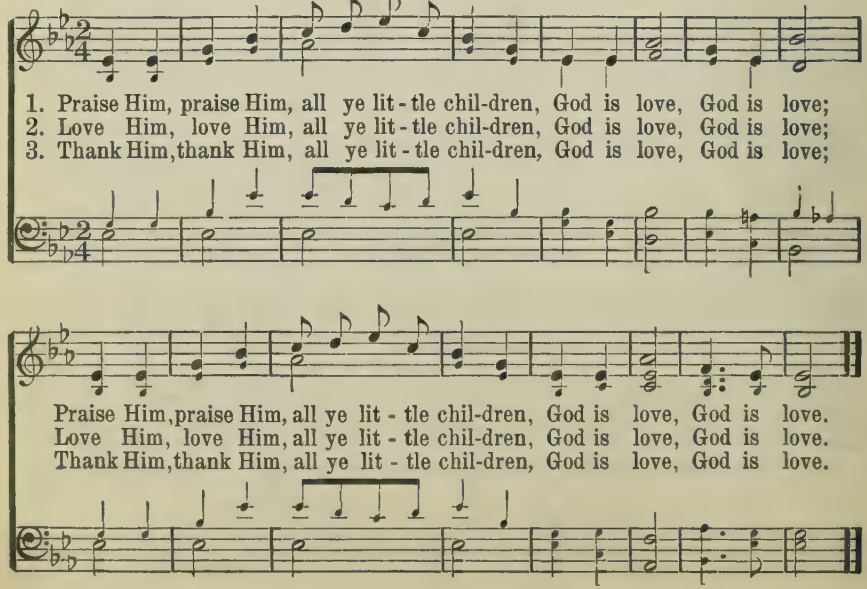
Anon. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Give, said the little stream, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the little stream,
2. Give, said the lit-tle rain, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the lit-tle rain,
3. Give, said the vio-let sweet, Give, O give, give, O give, Give, said the vio-let sweet,
As it hurried down the hill; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, Give, O give,
As it fell up - on the flow'rs; I'll raise the drooping heads a-gain, Give, O give,
In its gentle spring-like voice; From cot and hall they will hear my call, Give, O give,
give, O give; I'm small, I know, but where'er I go, The fields grow greener still.
give, O give; I'll raise the droop-ing heads a-gain, And fresh-en summer bow'rs.
give, O give; From cot and hall they will hear my call, They will find me and re-joice.
CHORUS.
1
2
{ Singing, singing, all the day, Give a - way, give a-way; }
{ Singing, singing, all the day, (Omit.....) } Give, O give a-way.

392 Good Morning to You!

Brightly.

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,
Good morn-ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
Hap - py birth-day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
A wel-come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

393 Praise Him, Praise Him!


1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love;
Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, God is love, God is love.

394 The Best Friend is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY P. P. BILHORN. RENEWAL, 1919.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

DUET.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill-y waves of Jor - dan
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be-

roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will strength and grace im-part;
brings; Lean-ing on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er-more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is

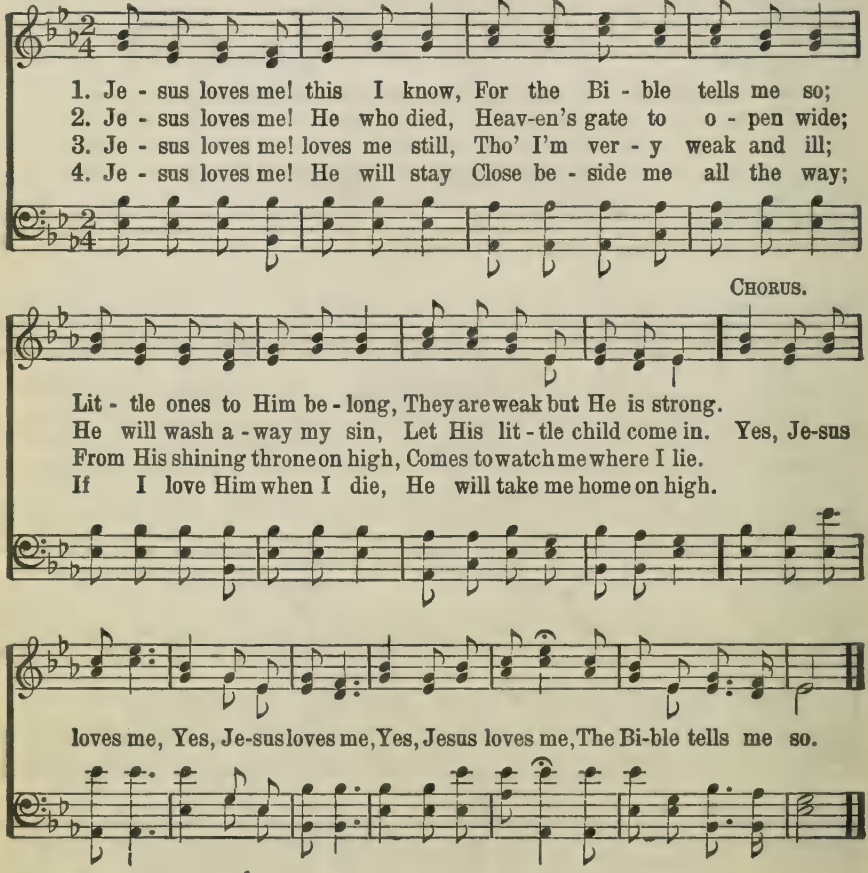
Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus; He will help you
Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je-sus all the way;

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

395 Jesus Loves Me.

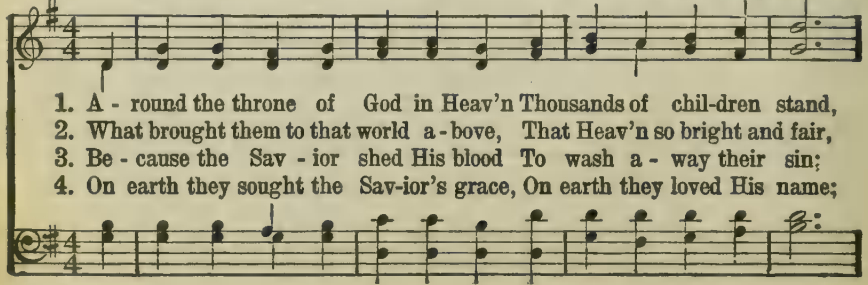
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Wm. B. Bradbury.

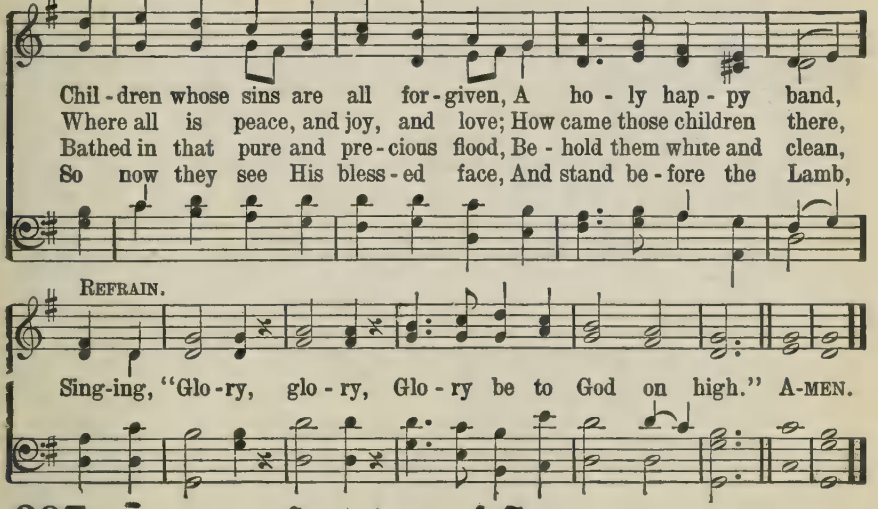

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
Chorus.
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus
From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

396 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd. Arr. by H. E. M.

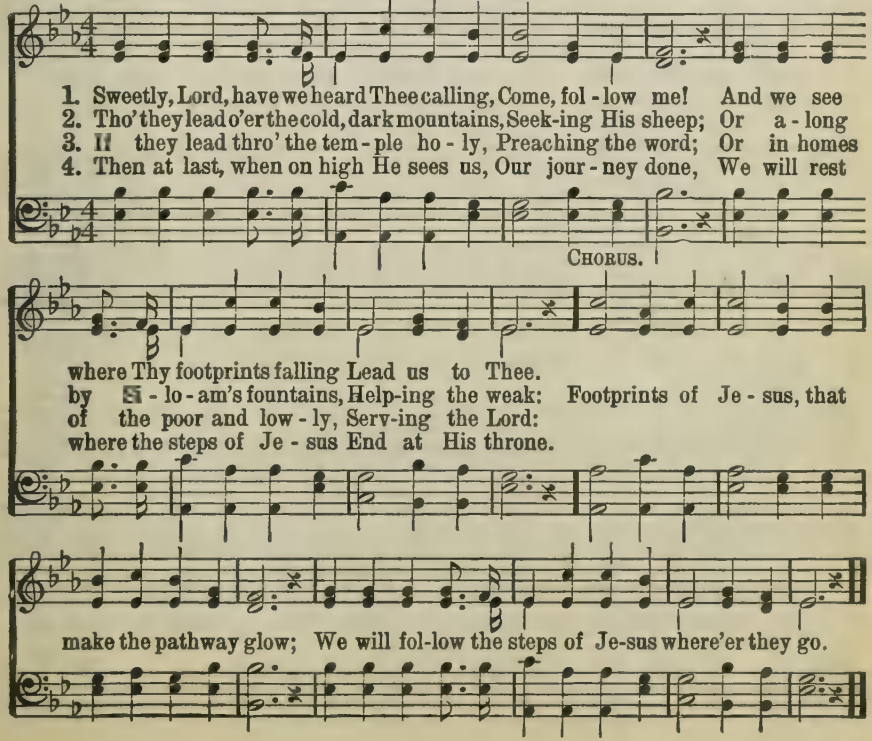

1. A - round the throne of God in Heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand,
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That Heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

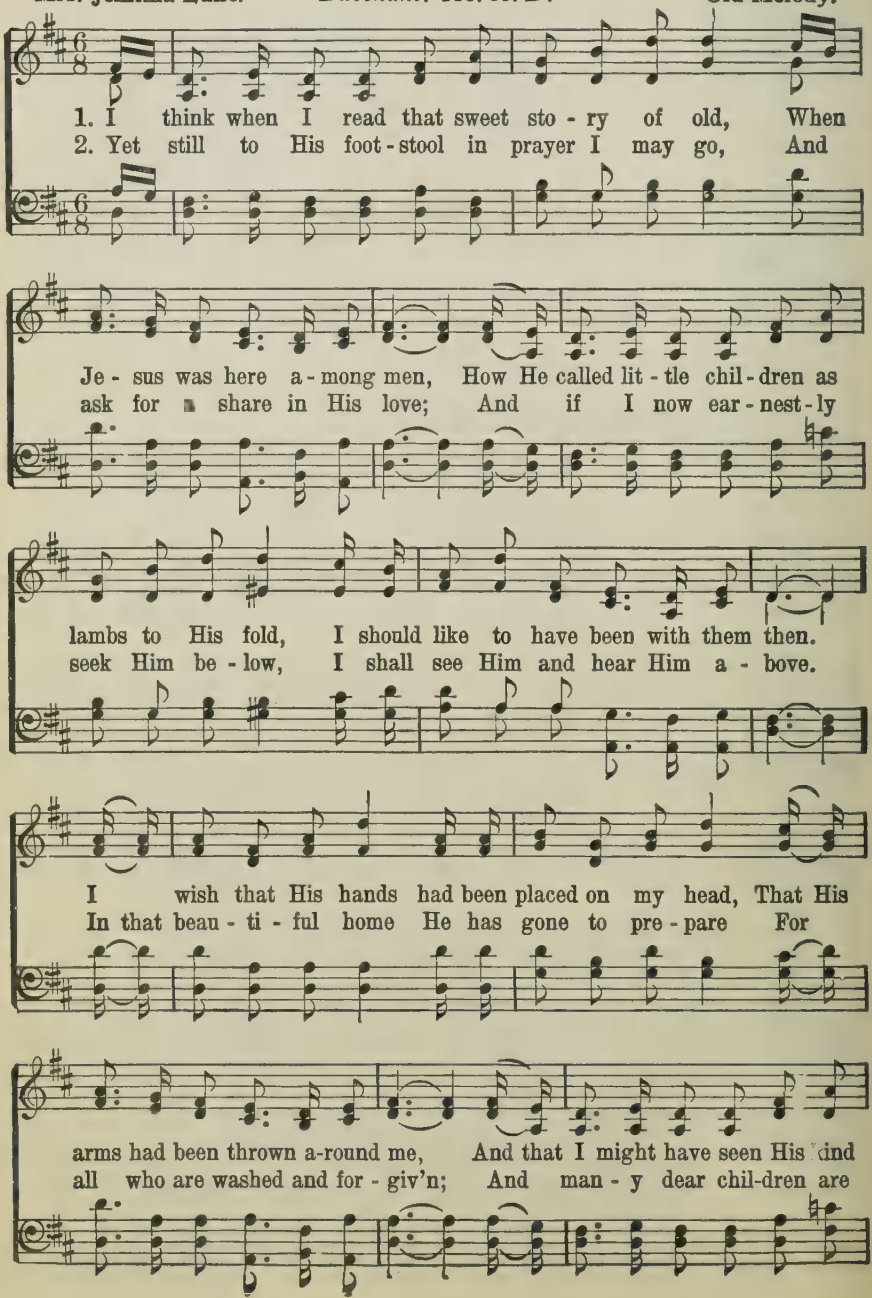

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there,
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

397 Footsteps of Jesus.

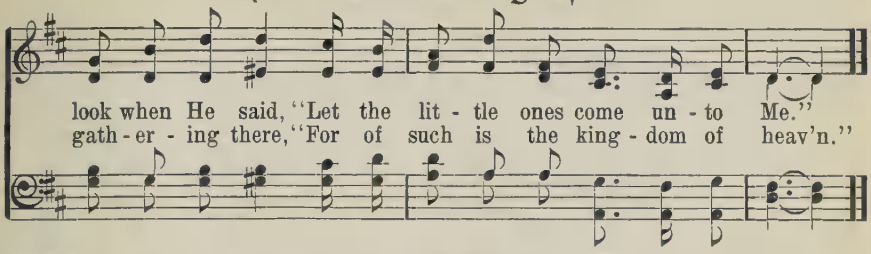
Mary B. C. Slade. USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MCINTOSH, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. A. B. Everett.


1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a - long
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest
CHORUS.
where Thy footprints falling Lead us to Thee.
by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help-ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, that
of the poor and low - ly, Serv-ing the Lord:
where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.
make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where'er they go.

398 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

That Sweet Story of Old.



399 Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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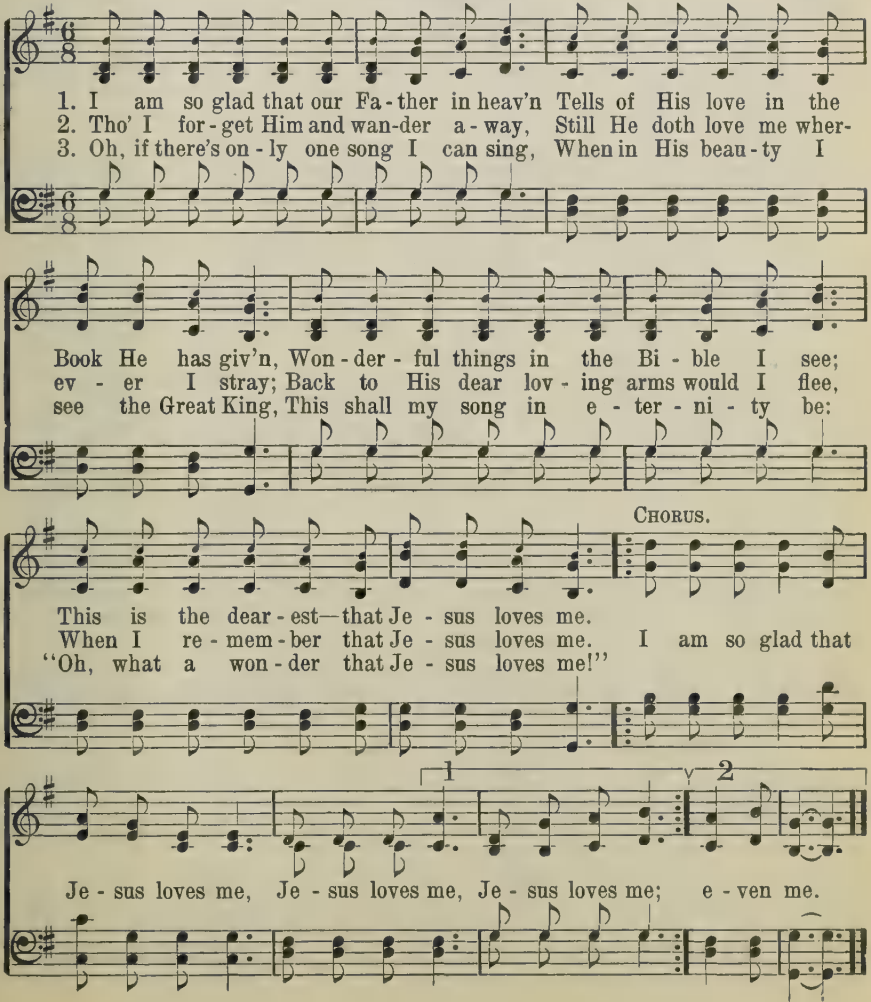
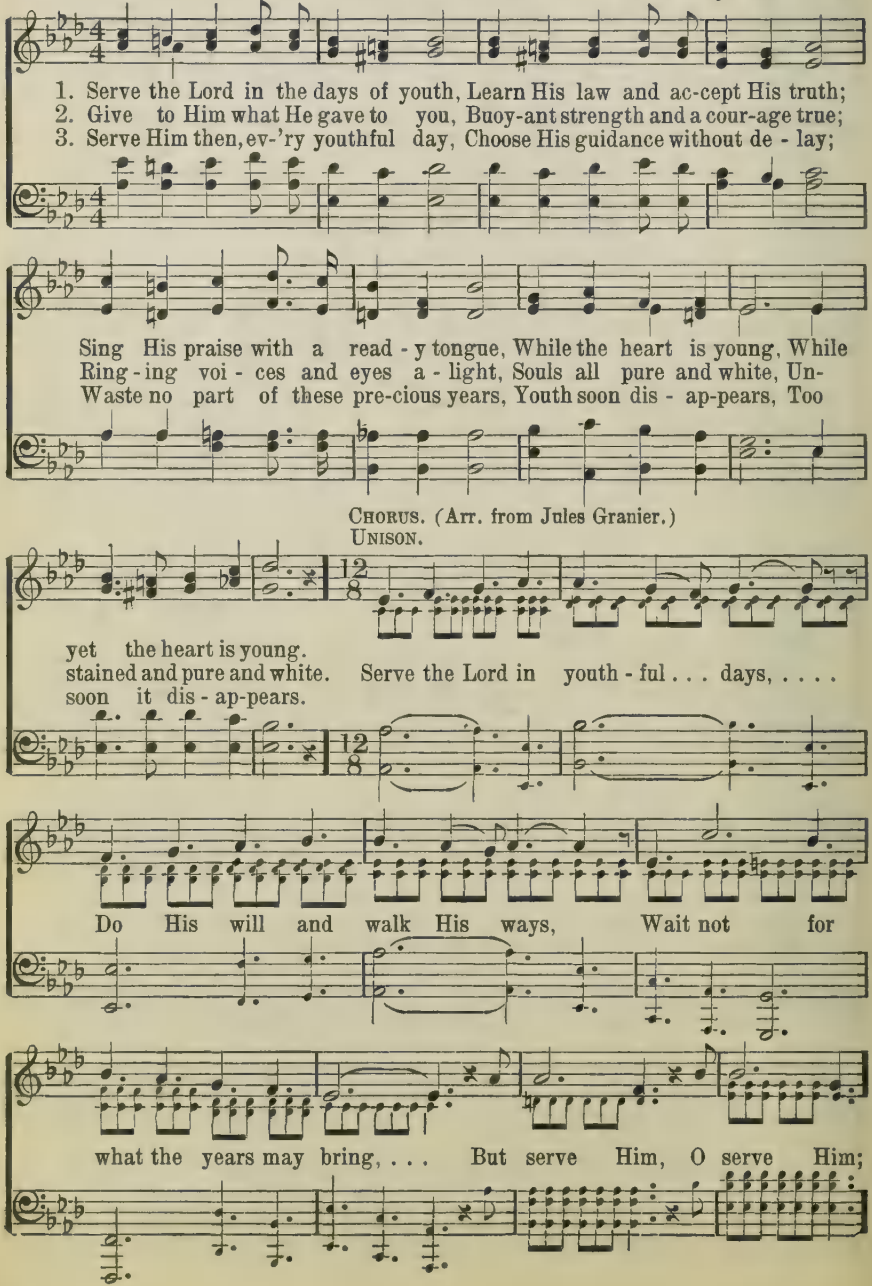
P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher -
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I
Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:
Chorus.
This is the dear - est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"
1
2
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

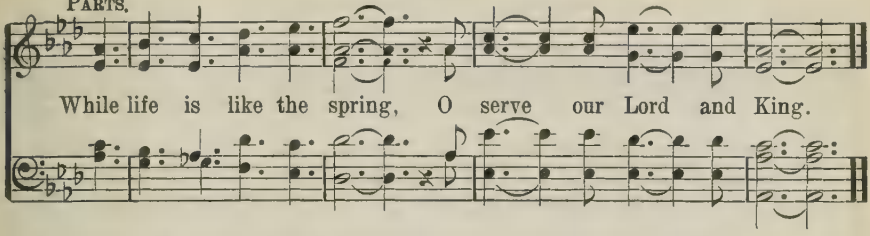
400 Serve the Lord in Youth.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HALL-MACK CO. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. Lincoln Hall. Arr. from Jules Granier.


1. Serve the Lord in the days of youth, Learn His law and ac-cept His truth;
2. Give to Him what He gave to you, Buoy-ant strength and a cour-age true;
3. Serve Him then, ev-'ry youthful day, Choose His guidance without de - lay;
Sing His praise with a read - y tongue, While the heart is young, While
Ring - ing voi - ces and eyes a - light, Souls all pure and white, Un-
Waste no part of these pre-cious years, Youth soon dis - ap-pears, Too
Chorus. (Arr. from Jules Granier.)
Unison.
yet the heart is young.
stained and pure and white. Serve the Lord in youth - ful . . . days, ...
soon it dis - ap-pears.
Do His will and walk His ways, Wait not for
what the years may bring, . . . But serve Him, O serve Him;

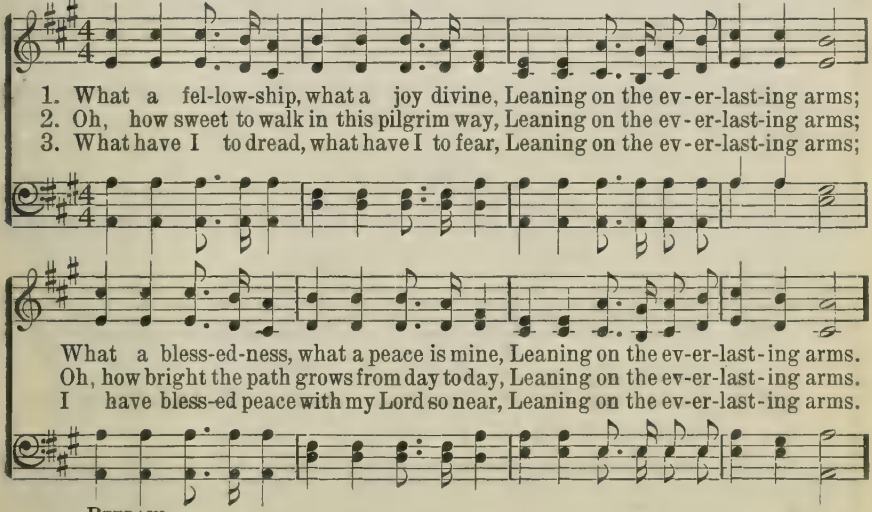
Serve the Lord in Youth.

PARTS.

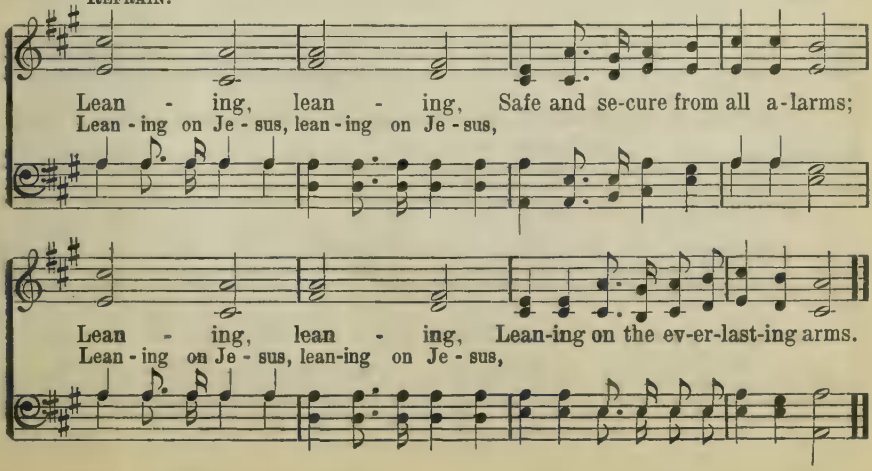


401 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN.


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

402 Just a Little Helper.

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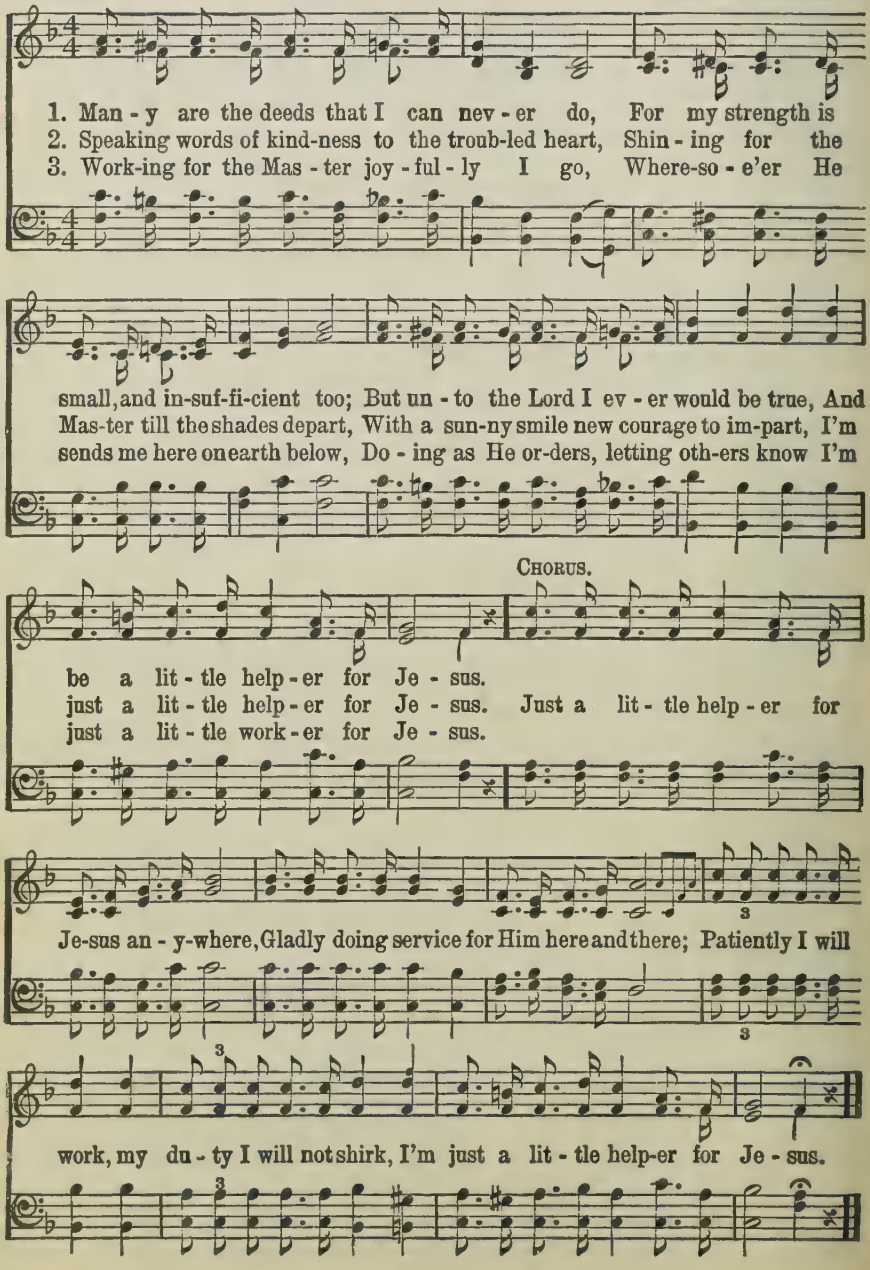
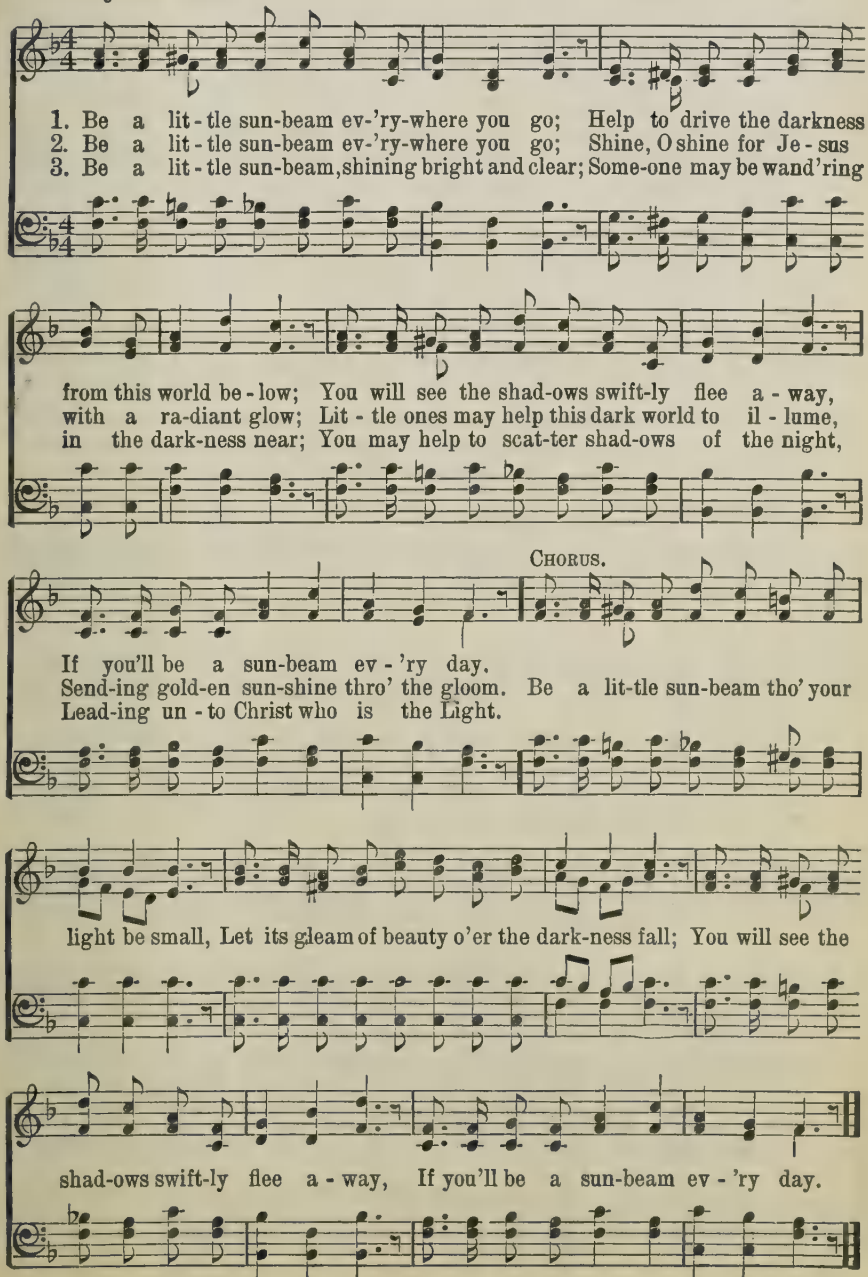
H. L. Haldor Lillenas.


1. Man - y are the deeds that I can nev - er do, For my strength is
2. Speaking words of kind-ness to the troub-led heart, Shin - ing for the
3. Work-ing for the Mas - ter joy - ful - ly I go, Where-so - e'er He
small, and in-suf-fi-cient too; But un - to the Lord I ev - er would be true, And
Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a sun-ny smile new courage to im-part, I'm
sends me here on earth below, Do - ing as He or-ders, letting oth-ers know I'm
Chorus.
be a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.
just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus. Just a lit - tle help - er for
just a lit - tle work - er for Je - sus.
Je-sus an - y-where, Gladly doing service for Him here and there; Patiently I will
work, my du - ty I will not shirk, I'm just a lit - tle help-er for Je - sus.

403 Be a Little Sunbeam.

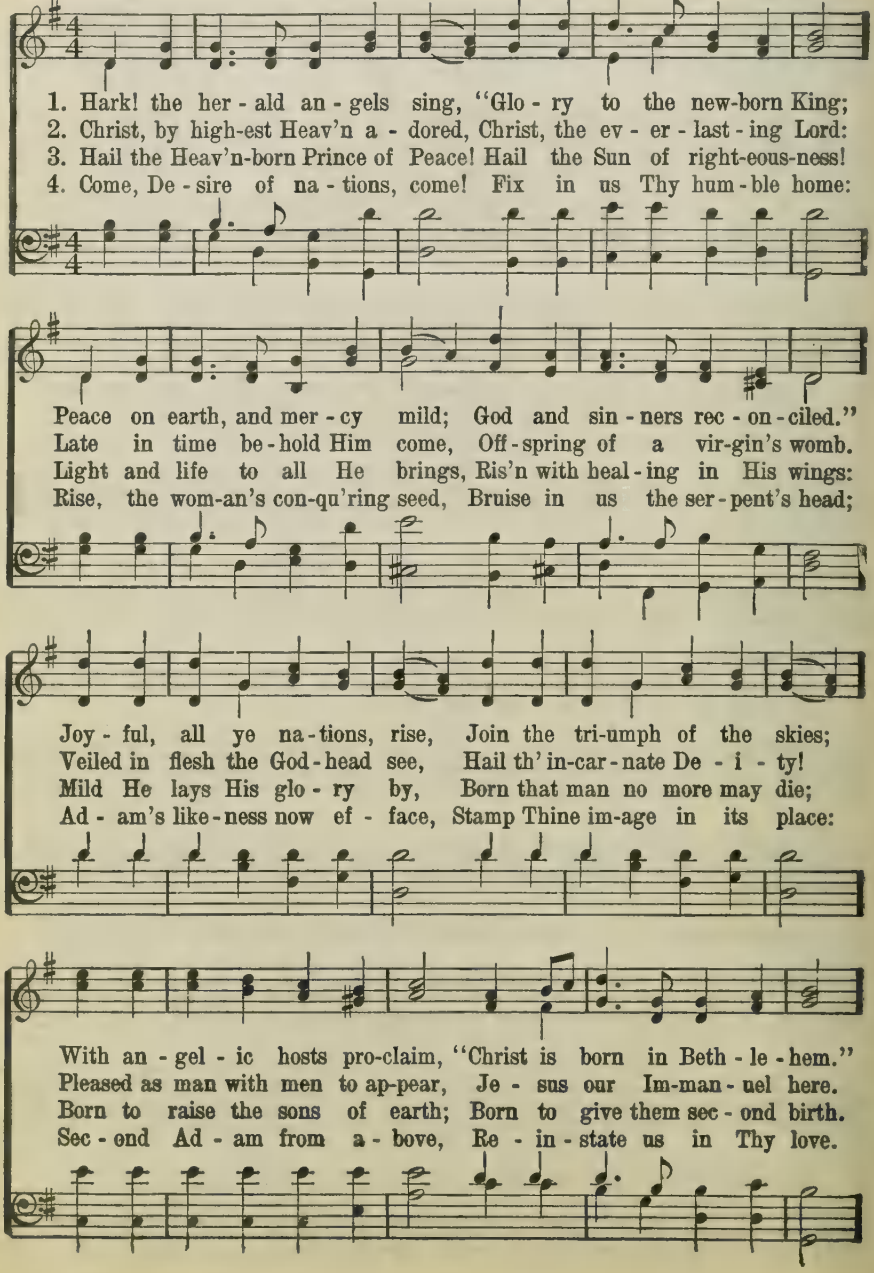
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

Alice Jean Cleator. Grant Colfax Tullar.

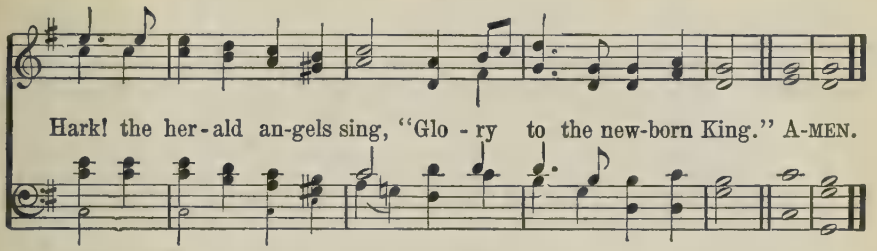

1. Be a lit - tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Help to drive the darkness
2. Be a lit - tle sun-beam ev-'ry-where you go; Shine, O shine for Je - sus
3. Be a lit - tle sun-beam, shining bright and clear; Some-one may be wand'ring
from this world be - low; You will see the shad-ows swift-ly flee a - way,
with a ra-diant glow; Lit - tle ones may help this dark world to il - lume,
in the dark-ness near; You may help to scat-ter shad-ows of the night,
Chorus.
If you'll be a sun-beam ev - 'ry day.
Send-ing gold-en sun-shine thro' the gloom. Be a lit-tle sun-beam tho' your
Lead-ing un - to Christ who is the Light.
light be small, Let its gleam of beauty o'er the dark-ness fall; You will see the
shad-ows swift-ly flee a - way, If you'll be a sun-beam ev - 'ry day.

404 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. *Mendelssohn. 7s. D.* Mendelssohn.

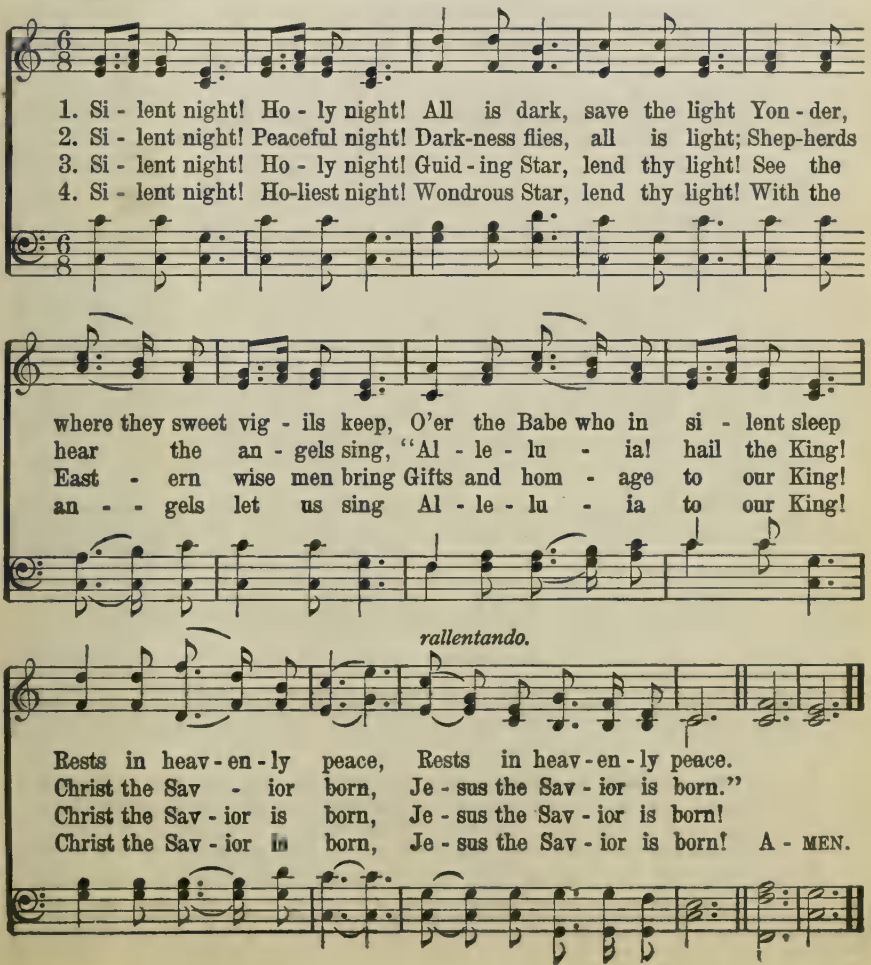

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir-gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im-age in its place:
With an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



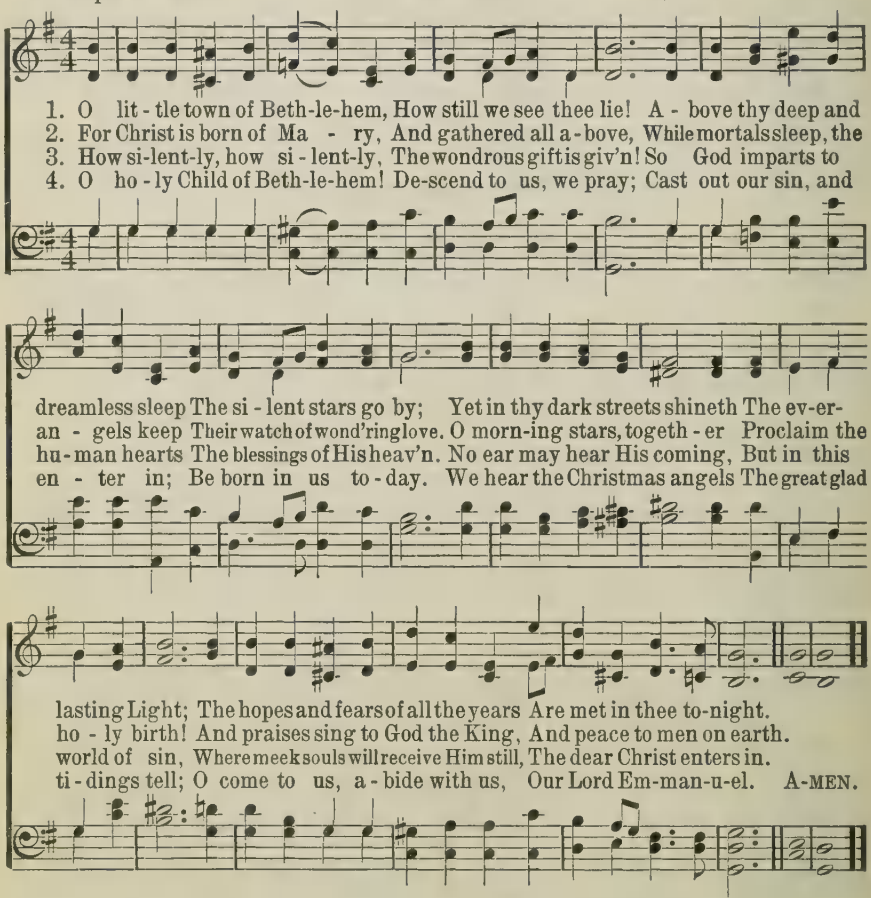
405 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

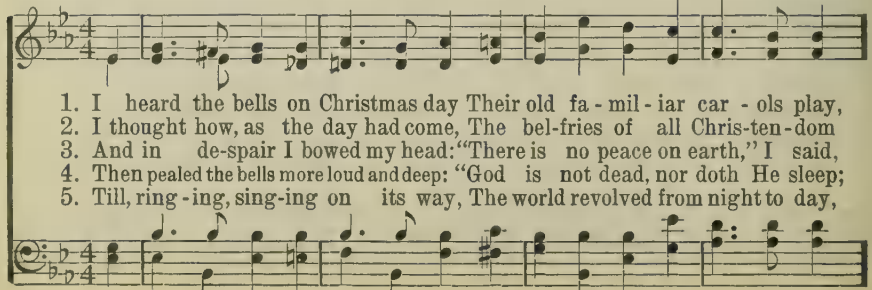
406 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis.* Lewis H. Redner.

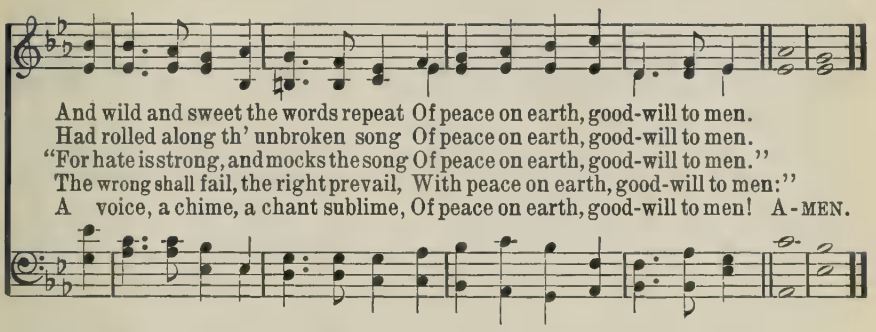

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si-lent-ly, how si - lent-ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God imparts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev-er-
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to-geth - er Proclaim the
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His coming, But in this
en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad
lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
ho - ly birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em-man-u-el. A-MEN.

407 I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.

Henry W. Longfellow. *Waltham. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

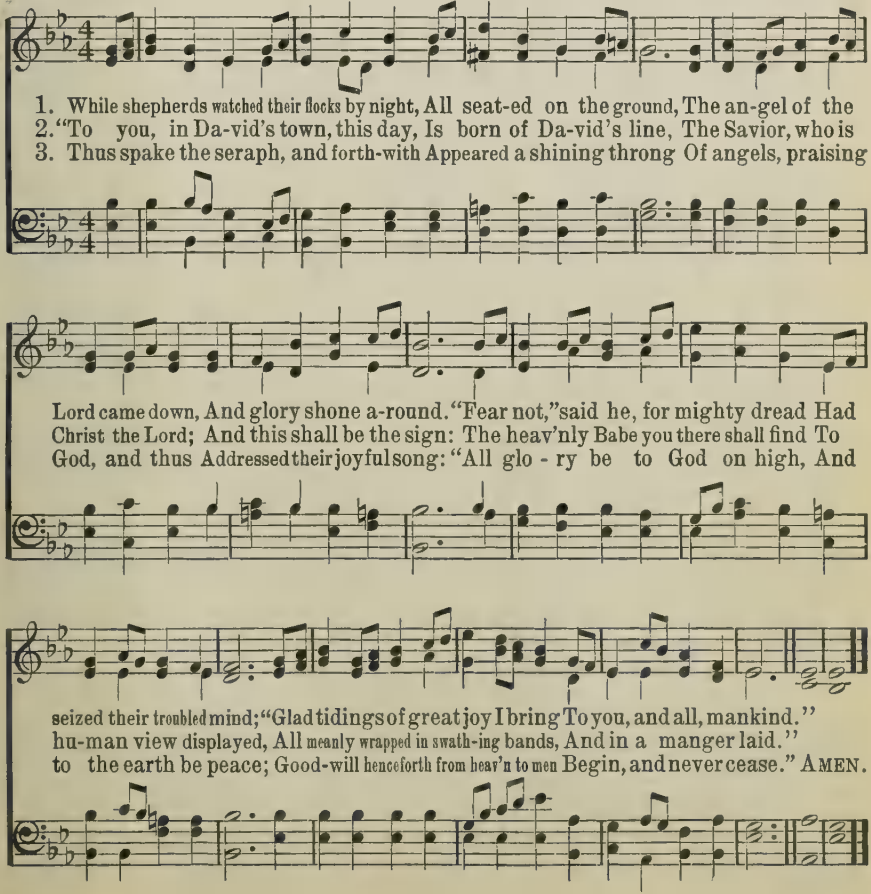

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris-ten-dom
3. And in de-spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day.


And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
Had rolled along th' unbroken song Of peace on earth, good-will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men."
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men:"
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to men! A-MEN.

408 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks.

Nahum Tate. *Teignmouth. C. M. D.* Anonymous.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the
2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Savior, who is
3. Thus spake the seraph, and forth-with Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising
Lord came down, And glory shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had
Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heav'nly Babe you there shall find To
God, and thus Addressed their joyful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high, And
seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you, and all, mankind."
hu-man view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a manger laid."
to the earth be peace; Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Begin, and never cease." AMEN.

409 The Story of Jesus Will Never Grow Old.

B. B. McKinney.

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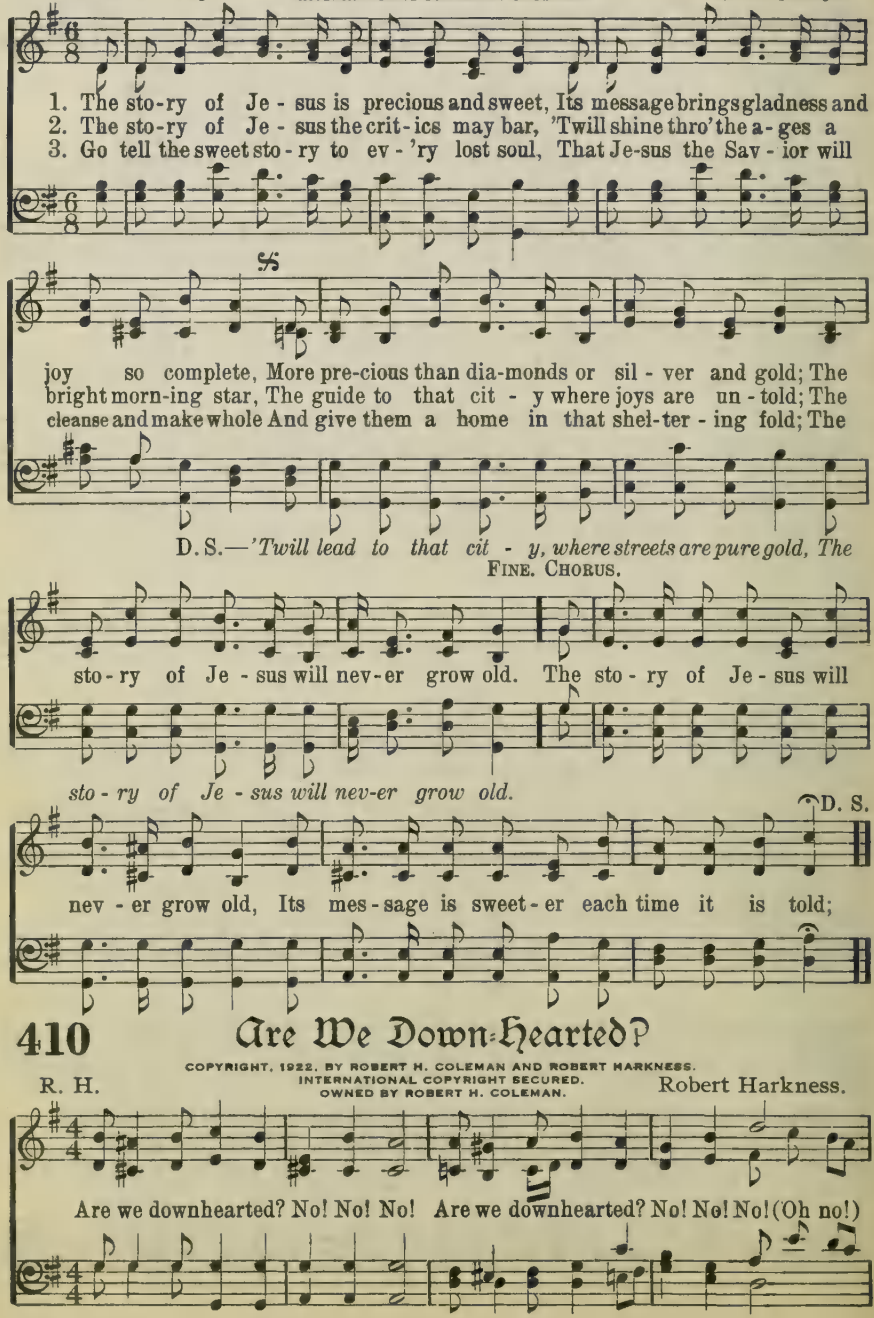
John Josey.


1. The sto-ry of Je - sus is precious and sweet, Its message brings gladness and
2. The sto-ry of Je - sus the crit-ics may bar, 'Twill shine thro' the a-ges a
3. Go tell the sweet sto-ry to ev-'ry lost soul, That Je-sus the Sav-ior will
joy so complete, More pre-cious than dia-monds or sil-ver and gold; The
bright morn-ing star, The guide to that cit-y where joys are un-told; The
cleanse and make whole And give them a home in that shel-ter-ing fold; The
D. S.—'Twill lead to that cit-y, where streets are pure gold, The
FINE. CHORUS.
sto-ry of Je-sus will nev-er grow old. The sto-ry of Je-sus will
sto-ry of Je-sus will nev-er grow old.
D. S.
nev-er grow old, Its mes-sage is sweet-er each time it is told;

410 Are We Down-Hearted?

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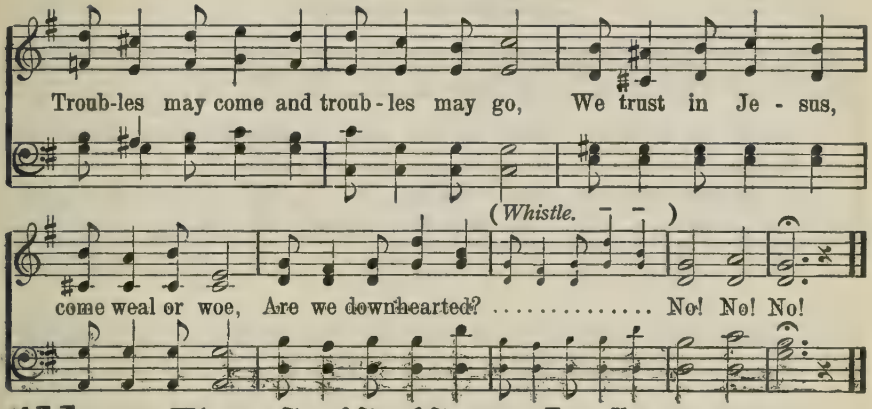
R. H.

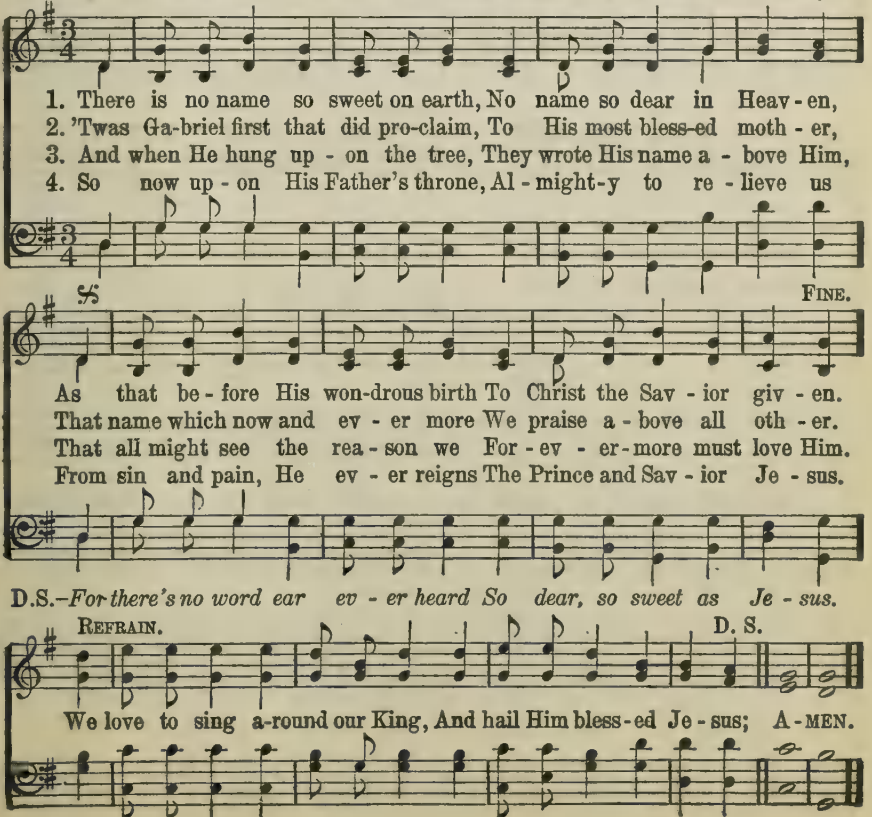
Robert Harkness.

Are We Down-Hearted?



411 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William B. Bradbury.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al - might-y to re - lieve us
FINE.
As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er-more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ior Je - sus.
D.S.–*For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.*
REFRAIN.
D. S.
We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus; A - MEN.

412 Will My Dreams Come True?

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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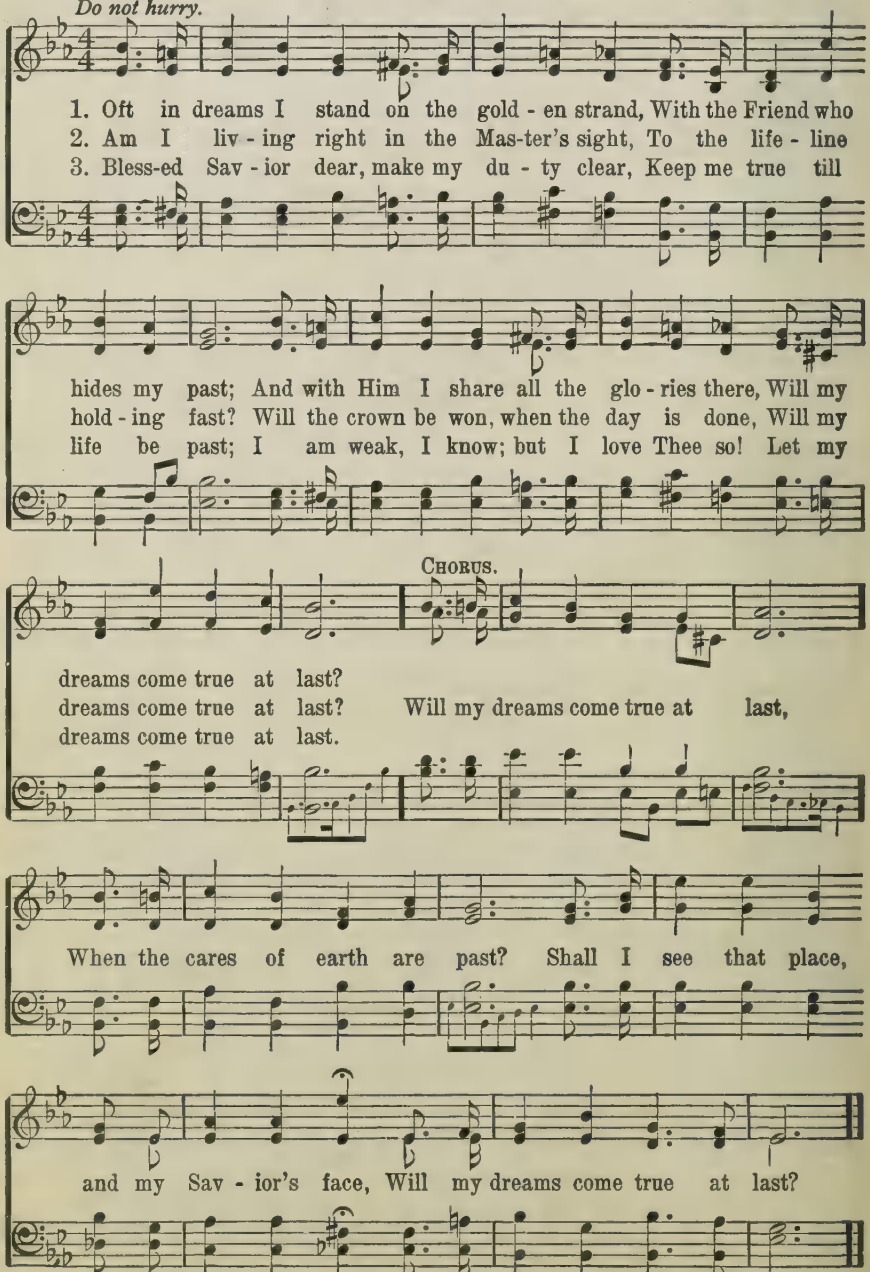
Do not hurry.

1. Oft in dreams I stand on the gold - en strand, With the Friend who
2. Am I liv - ing right in the Mas-ter's sight, To the life - line
3. Bless-ed Sav - ior dear, make my du - ty clear, Keep me true till
hides my past; And with Him I share all the glo - ries there, Will my
hold - ing fast? Will the crown be won, when the day is done, Will my
life be past; I am weak, I know; but I love Thee so! Let my
CHORUS.
dreams come true at last?
dreams come true at last? Will my dreams come true at last,
dreams come true at last.
When the cares of earth are past? Shall I see that place,
and my Sav - ior's face, Will my dreams come true at last?

413 Why Should He Love Me So?

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R. H. Robert Harkness.

1. Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He love me so? He suf - fered sore my sal - va - tion to win,
3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He love me so? Noth-ing with-hold - ing my sin to ef - face,

CHORUS

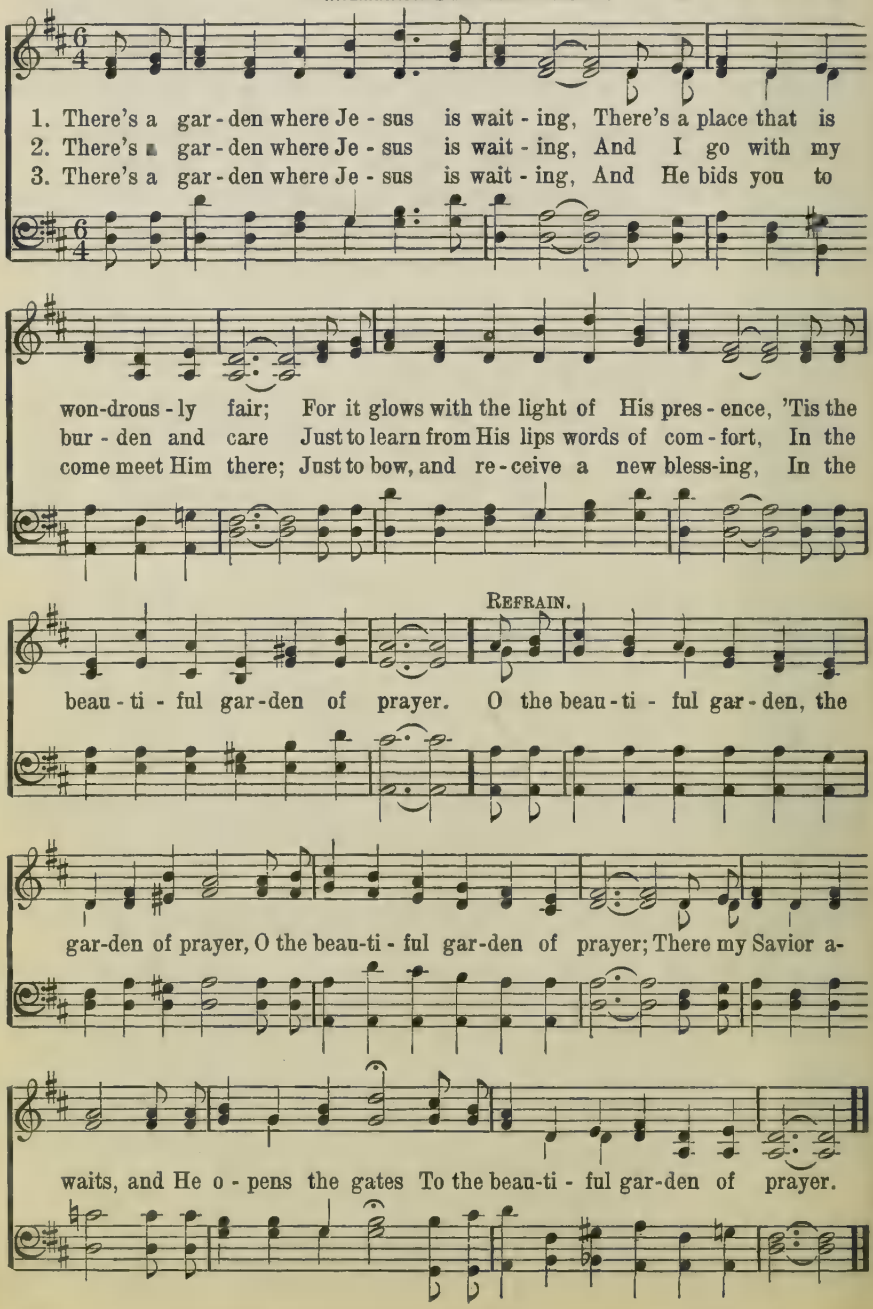
Why should He love me so? . . Why should He love me so? . .

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should my Sav - ior to love me so?

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? . . . . love me so?

414 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

Eleanor Allen Schroll. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. H. Fillmore.


1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to
won-drous - ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres - ence, 'Tis the
bur - den and care Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re - ceive a new bless-ing, In the
REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer. O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the
gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti - ful gar-den of prayer; There my Savior a-
waits, and He o - pens the gates To the beau-ti - ful gar-den of prayer.

415 One of God's Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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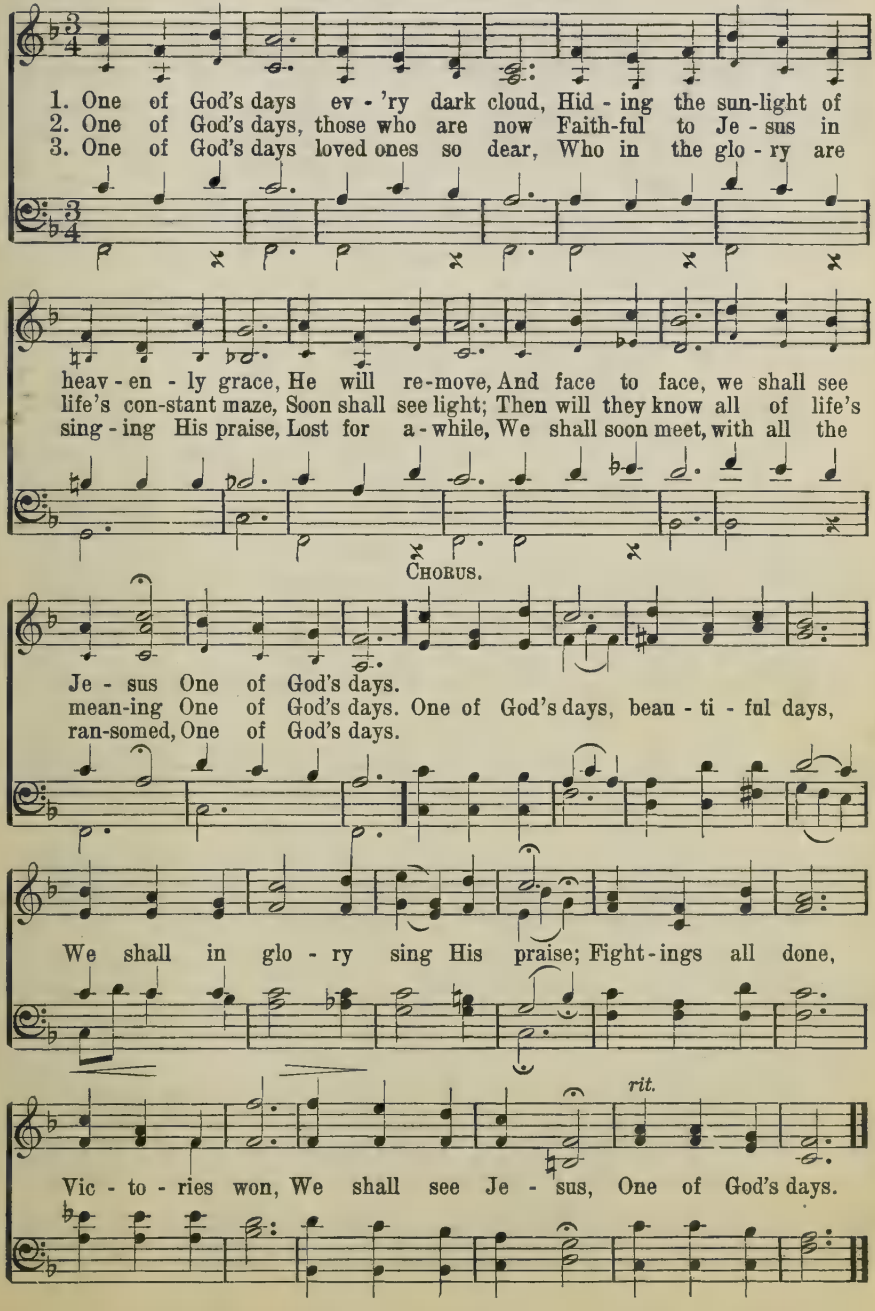
W. Stillman Martin.


1. One of God's days ev - 'ry dark cloud, Hid - ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je - sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo - ry are
heav - en - ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing - ing His praise, Lost for a - while, We shall soon meet, with all the
CHORUS.
Je - sus One of God's days.
mean-ing One of God's days. One of God's days, beau - ti - ful days,
ran-somed, One of God's days.
We shall in glo - ry sing His praise; Fight-ings all done,
rit.
Vic - to - ries won, We shall see Je - sus, One of God's days.

416 In the Garden.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

417 Thinking of Me.

W. C. Poole.

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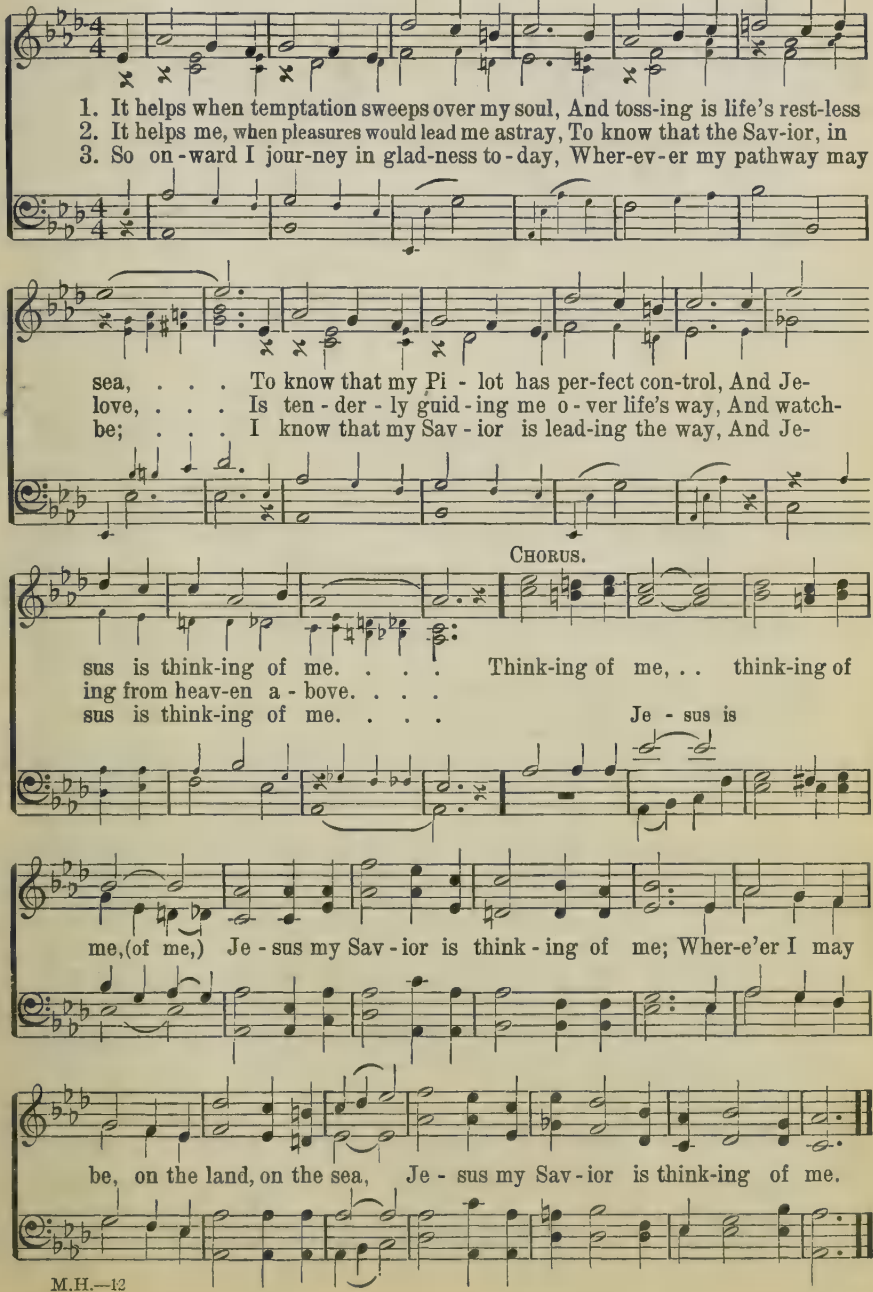
Marie M. Hine.


1. It helps when temptation sweeps over my soul, And toss-ing is life's rest-less
2. It helps me, when pleasures would lead me astray, To know that the Sav-ior, in
3. So on-ward I jour-ney in glad-ness to-day, Wher-ev-er my pathway may
sea, . . . To know that my Pi - lot has per-fect con-trol, And Je-
love, . . . Is ten - der - ly guid - ing me o - ver life's way, And watch-
be; . . . I know that my Sav - ior is lead-ing the way, And Je-
Chorus.
sus is think-ing of me. . . . Think-ing of me, . . think-ing of
ing from heav-en a - bove. . . .
sus is think-ing of me. . . . Je - sus is
me,(of me,) Je - sus my Sav - ior is think - ing of me; Wher-e'er I may
be, on the land, on the sea, Je - sus my Sav - ior is think-ing of me.

418 Oh, It Is Wonderful.

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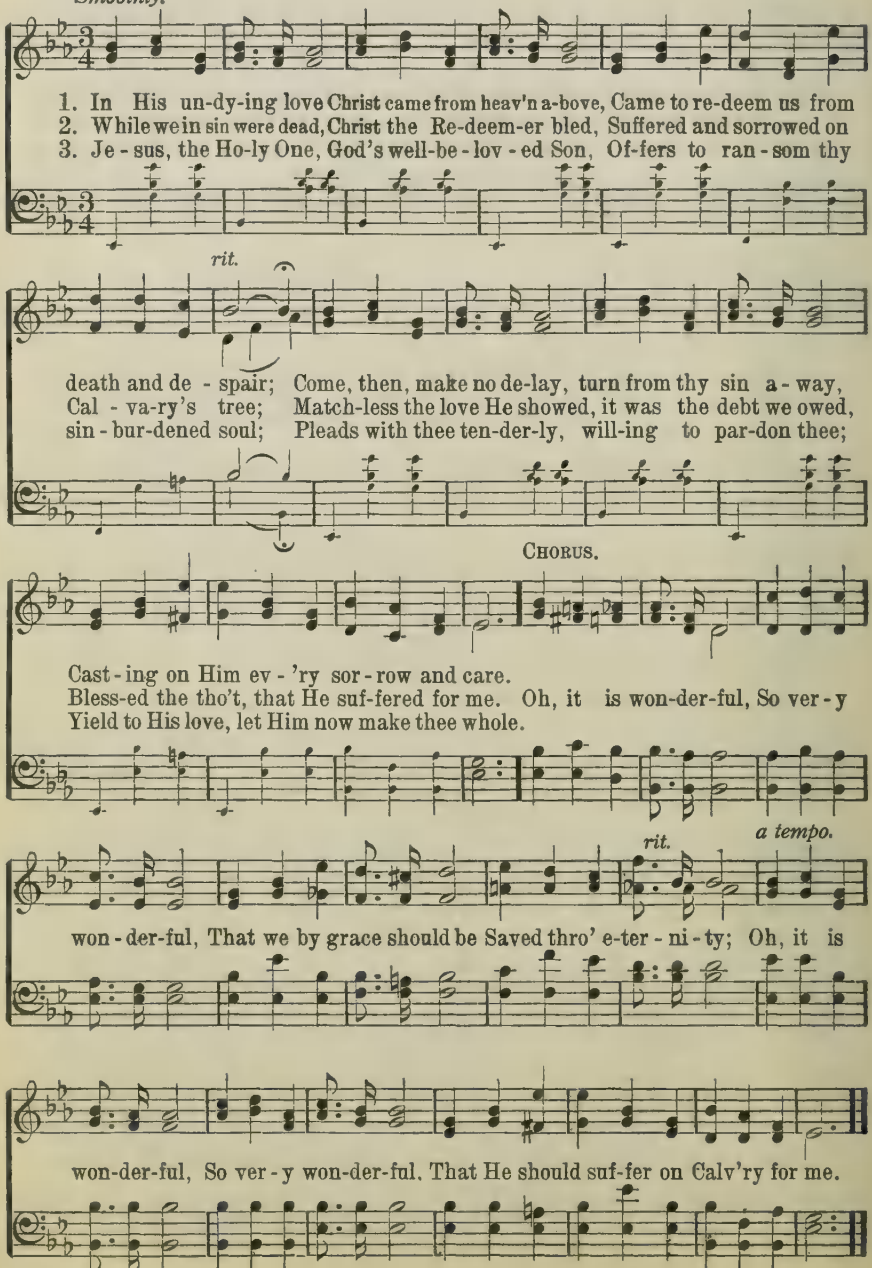
Mabel J. Rosemon. Grant Colfax Tullar.

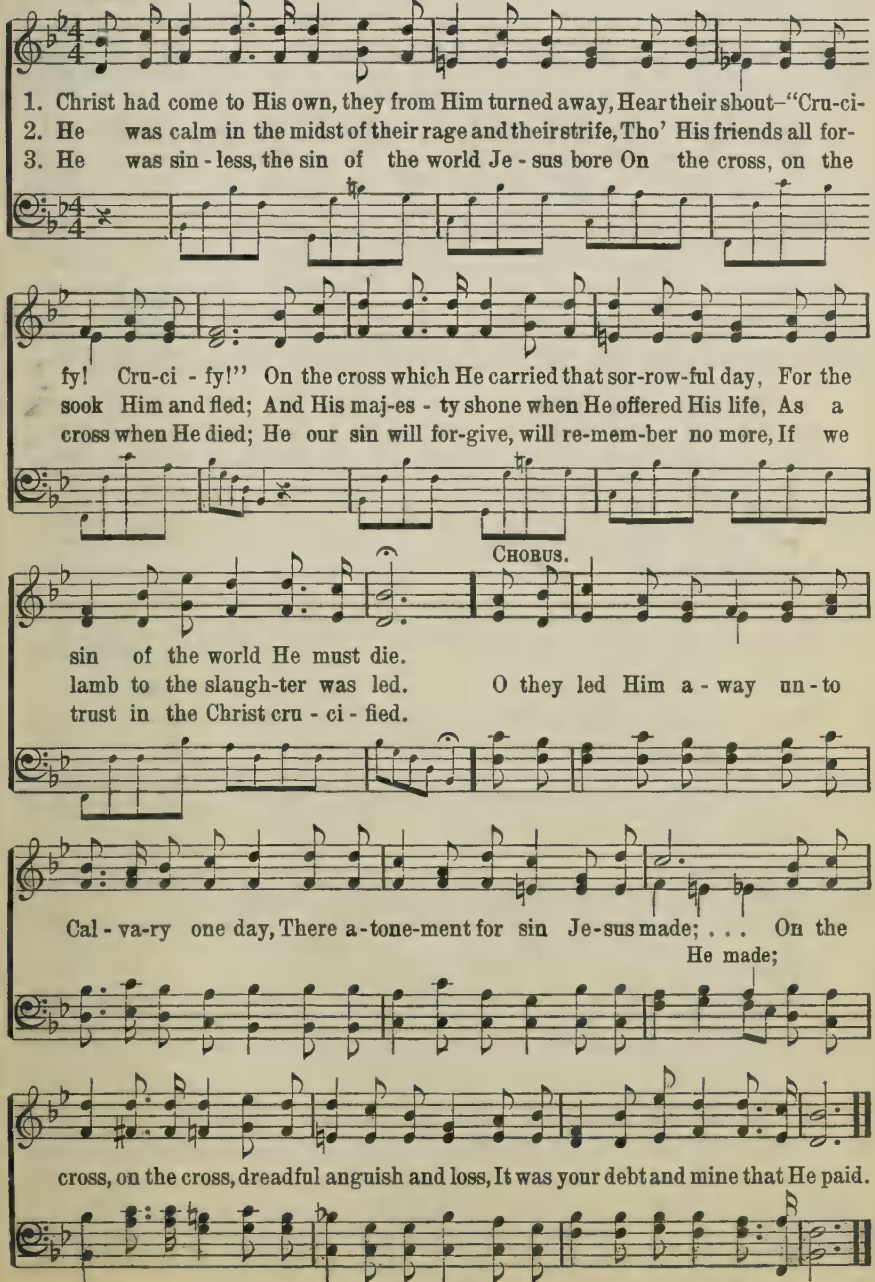
Smoothly.


1. In His un-dy-ing love Christ came from heav'n a-bove, Came to re-deem us from
2. While we in sin were dead, Christ the Re-deem-er bled, Suffered and sorrowed on
3. Je - sus, the Ho-ly One, God's well-be - lov - ed Son, Of-fers to ran - som thy
rit.
death and de - spair; Come, then, make no de-lay, turn from thy sin a - way,
Cal - va-ry's tree; Match-less the love He showed, it was the debt we owed,
sin - bur-dened soul; Pleads with thee ten-der-ly, will-ing to par-don thee;
CHORUS.
Cast - ing on Him ev - 'ry sor - row and care.
Bless-ed the tho't, that He suf-fered for me. Oh, it is won-der-ful, So ver - y
Yield to His love, let Him now make thee whole.
rit.
a tempo.
won - der-ful, That we by grace should be Saved thro' e-ter - ni - ty; Oh, it is
won-der-ful, So ver - y won-der-ful, That He should suf-fer on Calv'ry for me.

419 The Cross.

Martha S. Clingan. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

DUET.


1. Christ had come to His own, they from Him turned away, Hear their shout–"Cru-ci-
2. He was calm in the midst of their rage and their strife, Tho' His friends all for-
3. He was sin - less, the sin of the world Je - sus bore On the cross, on the
fy! Cru-ci - fy!" On the cross which He carried that sor-row-ful day, For the
sook Him and fled; And His maj-es - ty shone when He offered His life, As a
cross when He died; He our sin will for-give, will re-mem-ber no more, If we
CHORUS.
sin of the world He must die.
lamb to the slaugh-ter was led. O they led Him a - way un - to
trust in the Christ cru - ci - fied.
Cal - va-ry one day, There a-tone-ment for sin Je-sus made; . . . On the
He made;
cross, on the cross, dreadful anguish and loss, It was your debt and mine that He paid.

420 He Lives On High.

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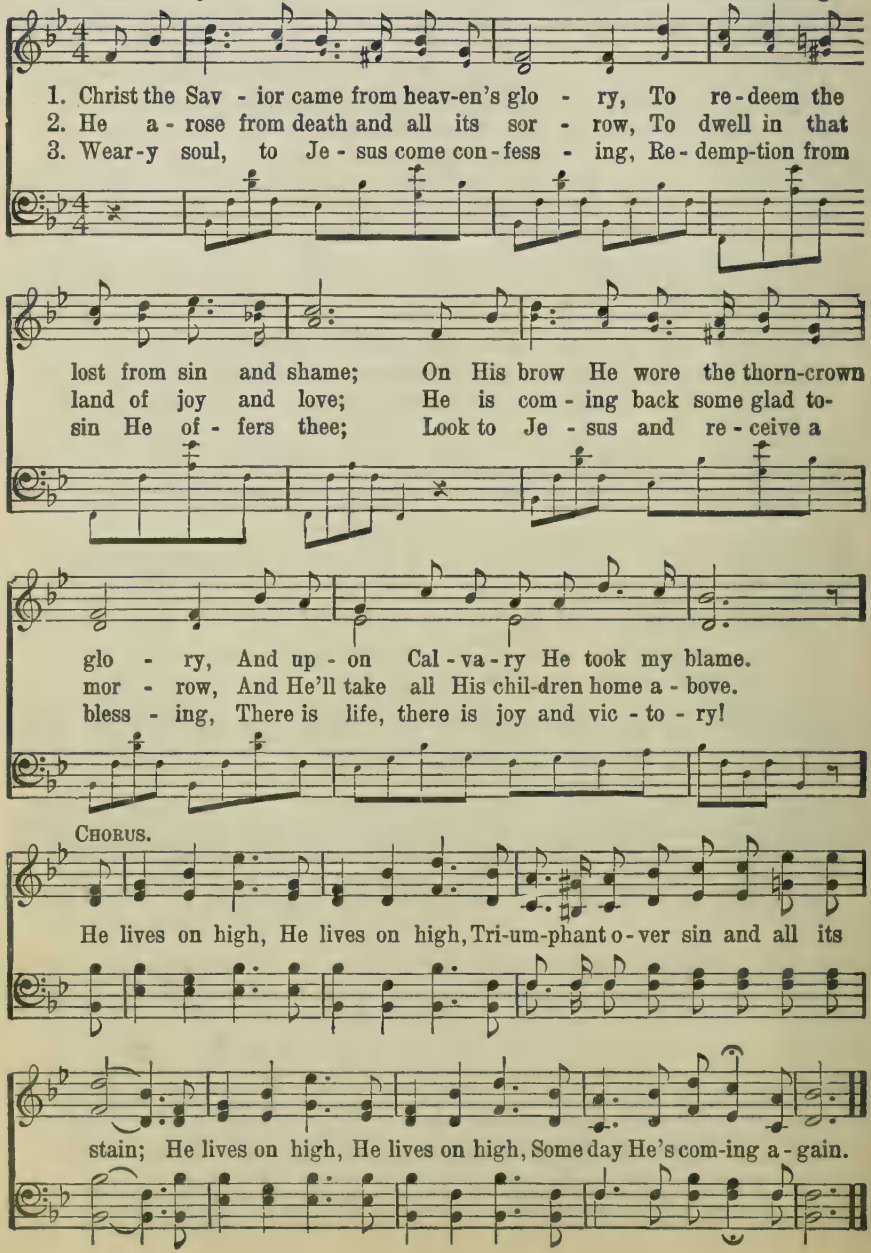
Words by
B. B. McKinney.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.


1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from
lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a
glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!
Chorus.
He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its
stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.

421 It Pays to Serve Jesus.

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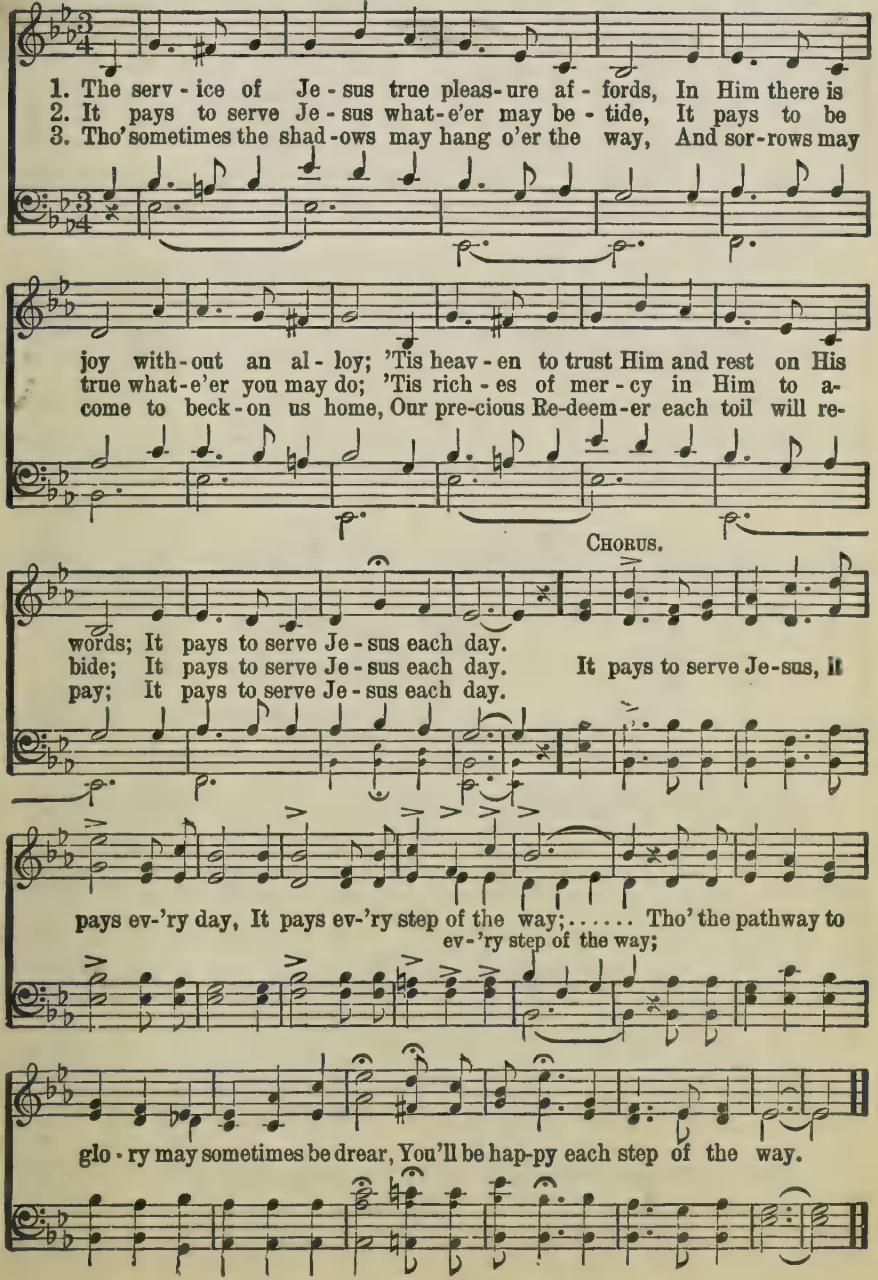
1. The serv - ice of Je - sus true pleas - ure af - fords, In Him there is
2. It pays to serve Je - sus what - e'er may be - tide, It pays to be
3. Tho' sometimes the shad - ows may hang o'er the way, And sor - rows may
joy with - out an al - loy; 'Tis heav - en to trust Him and rest on His
true what - e'er you may do; 'Tis rich - es of mer - cy in Him to a -
come to beck - on us home, Our pre - cious Re - deem - er each toil will re -
Chorus.
words; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
bide; It pays to serve Je - sus each day. It pays to serve Je - sus, it
pay; It pays to serve Je - sus each day.
pays ev - 'ry day, It pays ev - 'ry step of the way; . . . . . Tho' the pathway to
ev - 'ry step of the way;
glo - ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap - py each step of the way.

422 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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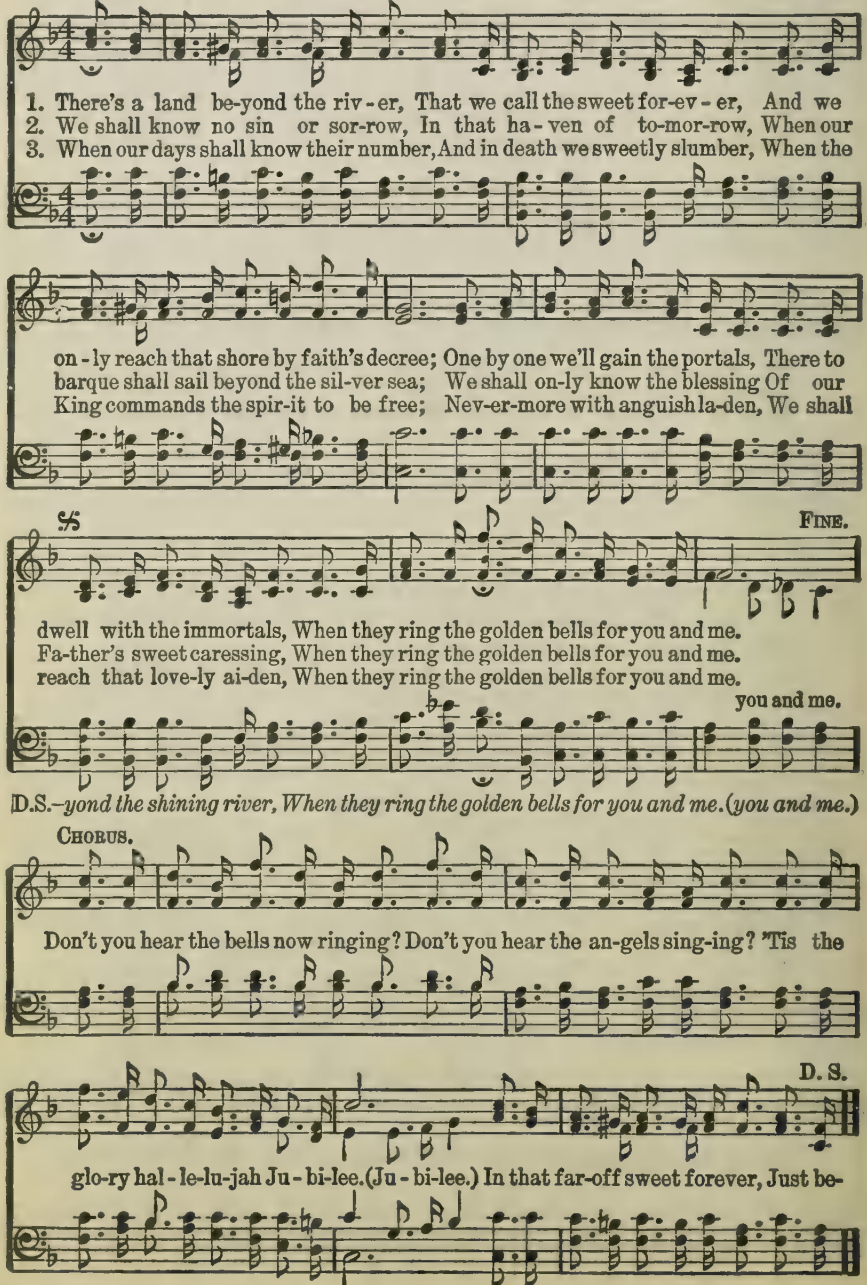
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
D.S.
FINE.
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
D.S.–yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)
CHORUS.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the
D. S.
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

423 Saved, Saved.

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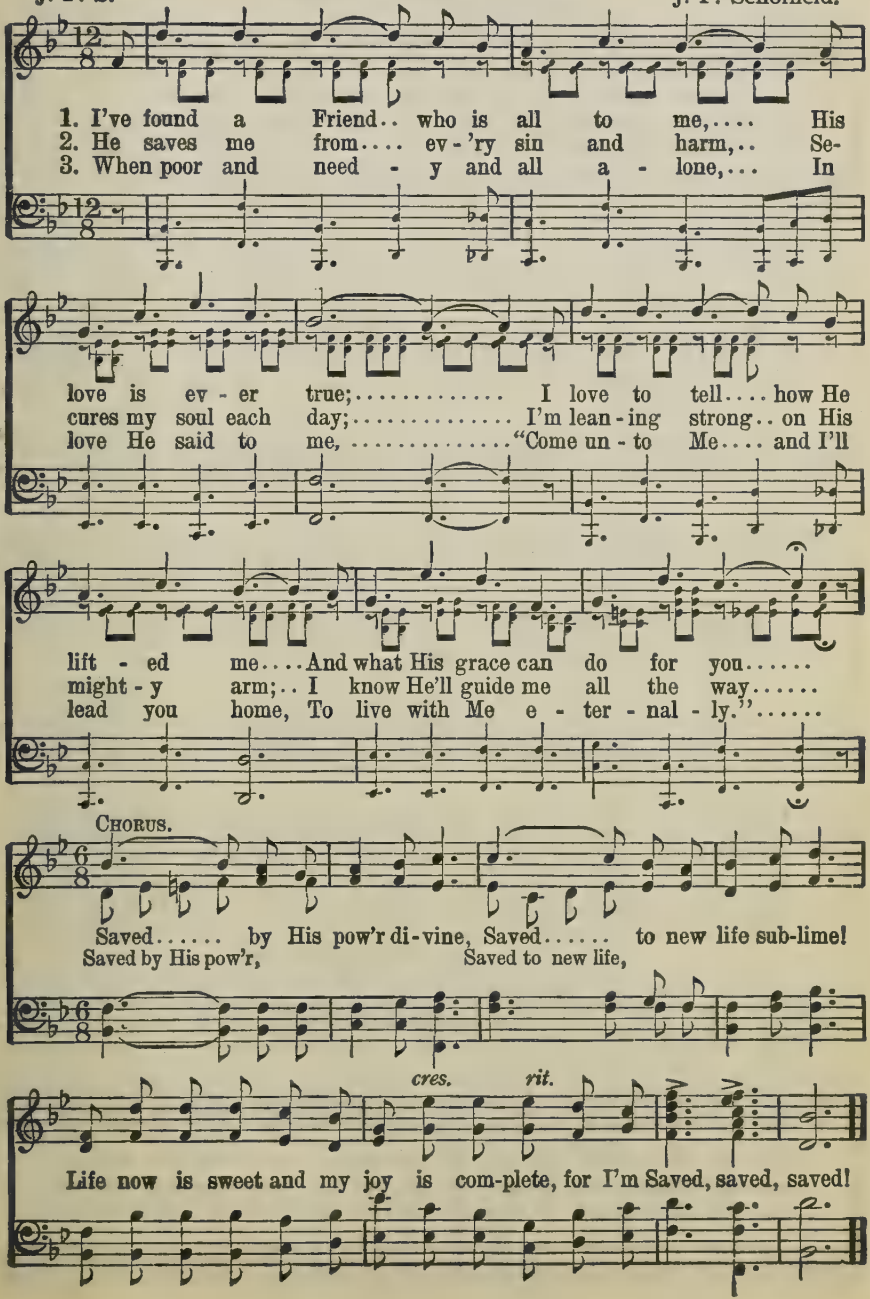
J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from.... ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In
love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
love He said to me,....."Come un - to Me.... and I'll
lift - ed me....And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."....
Chorus.
Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

424 This Very Same Jesus.

Avis Burgeson.

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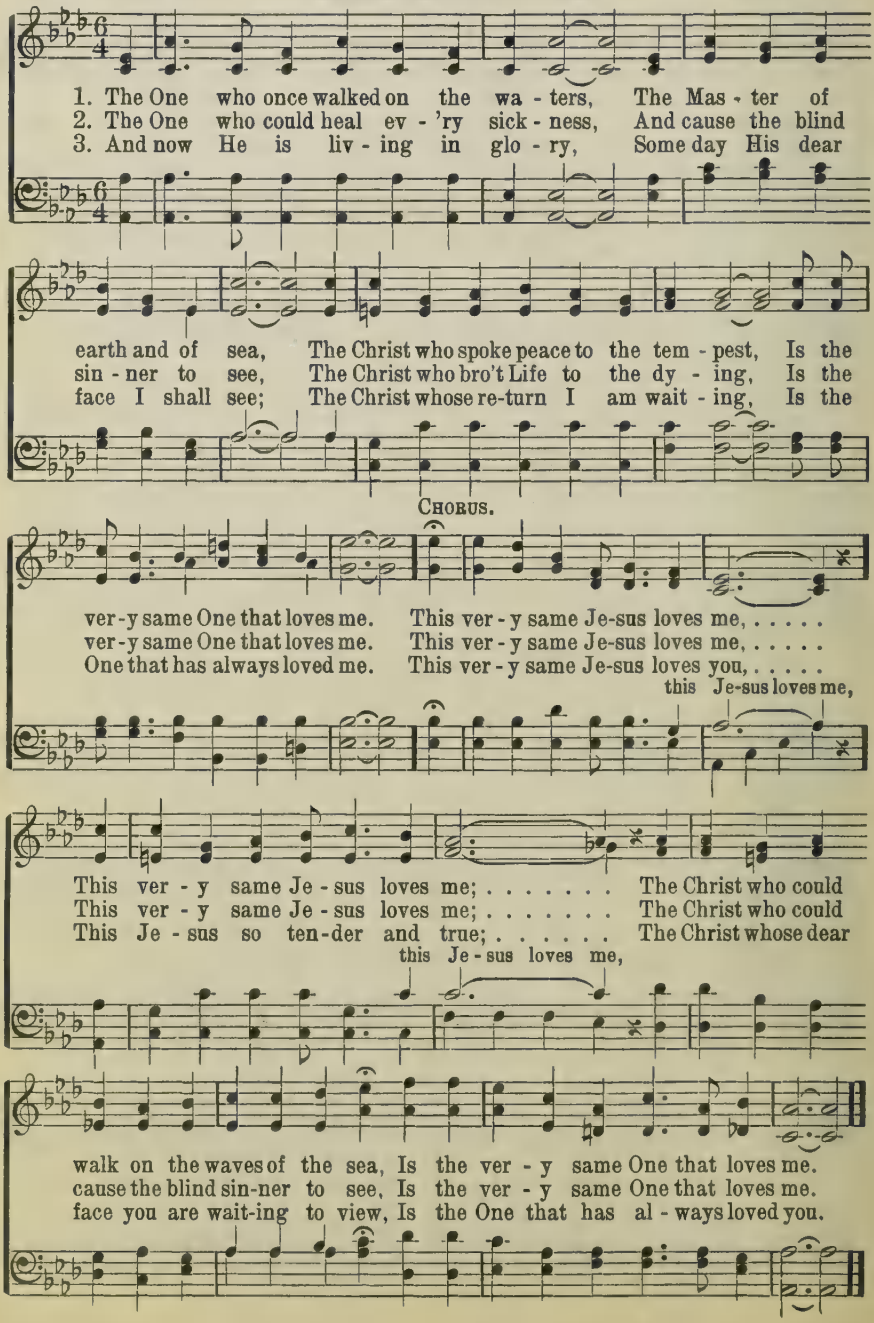
1. The One who once walked on the wa - ters, The Mas - ter of
2. The One who could heal ev - 'ry sick - ness, And cause the blind
3. And now He is liv - ing in glo - ry, Some day His dear
earth and of sea, The Christ who spoke peace to the tem - pest, Is the
sin - ner to see, The Christ who bro't Life to the dy - ing, Is the
face I shall see; The Christ whose re-turn I am wait - ing, Is the
CHORUS.
ver-y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves me, ...
ver-y same One that loves me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves me, ...
One that has always loved me. This ver - y same Je-sus loves you, ...
this Je-sus loves me,
This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; . . . . . The Christ who could
This ver - y same Je - sus loves me; . . . . . The Christ who could
This Je - sus so ten-der and true; . . . . . The Christ whose dear
this Je - sus loves me,
walk on the waves of the sea, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
cause the blind sin-ner to see, Is the ver - y same One that loves me.
face you are wait-ing to view, Is the One that has al - ways loved you.

425 In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

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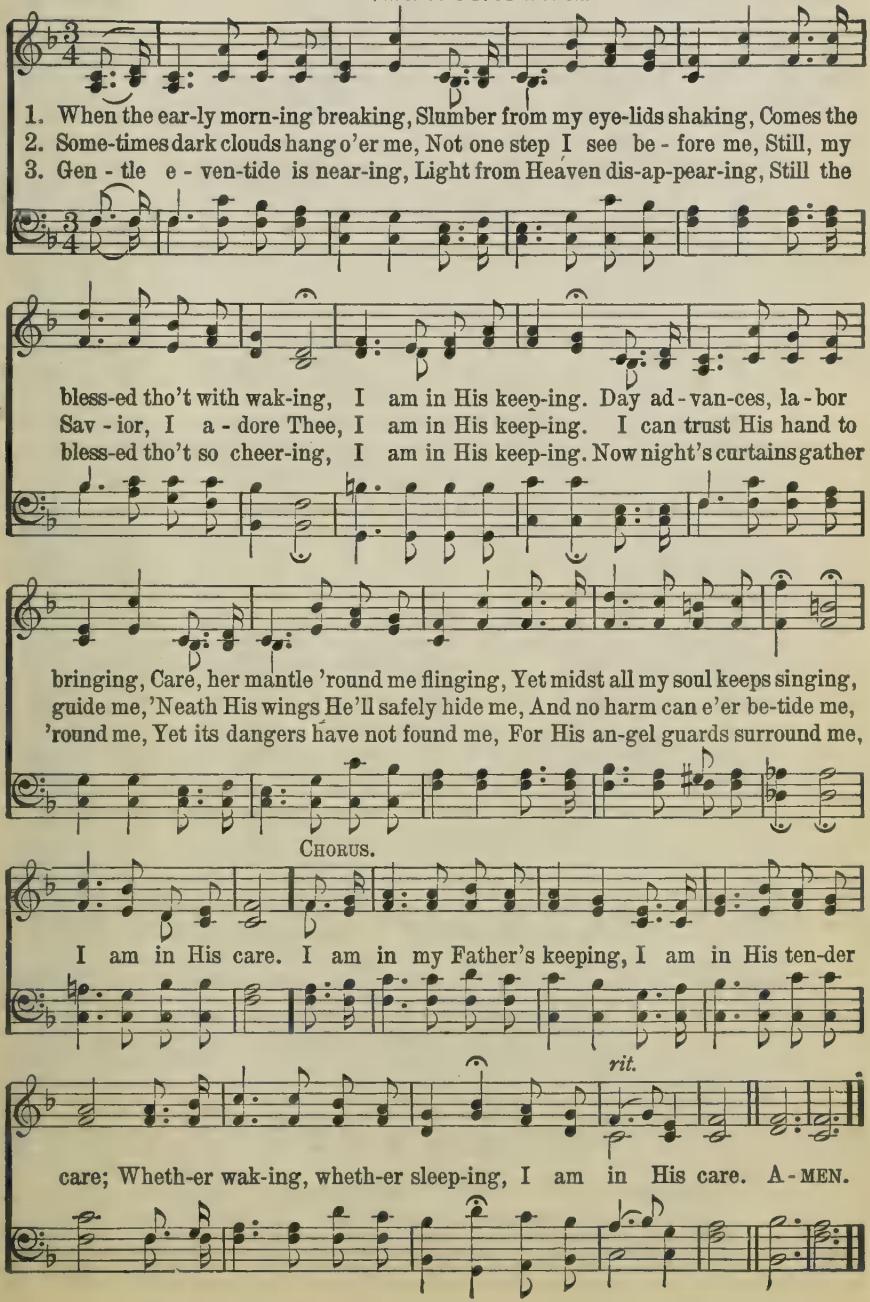
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. When the ear-ly morn-ing breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the
bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad - van-ces, la - bor
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather
bringing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,
CHORUS.
I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der
rit.
care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A - MEN.

426 Anchored on the Rock.

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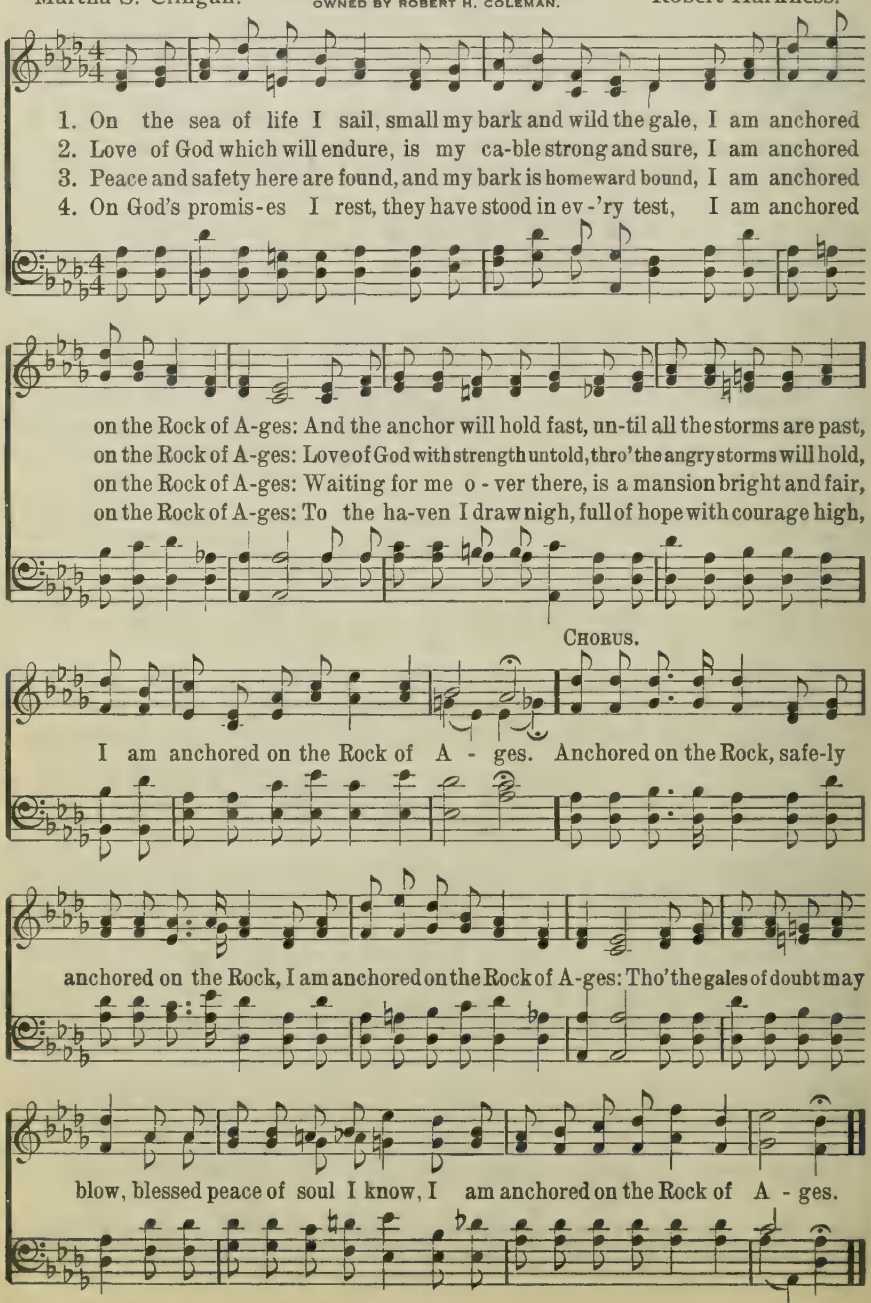
Martha S. Clingan. Robert Harkness.


1. On the sea of life I sail, small my bark and wild the gale, I am anchored
2. Love of God which will endure, is my ca-ble strong and sure, I am anchored
3. Peace and safety here are found, and my bark is homeward bound, I am anchored
4. On God's promis-es I rest, they have stood in ev-'ry test, I am anchored
on the Rock of A-ges: And the anchor will hold fast, un-til all the storms are past,
on the Rock of A-ges: Love of God with strength untold, thro' the angry storms will hold,
on the Rock of A-ges: Waiting for me o-ver there, is a mansion bright and fair,
on the Rock of A-ges: To the ha-ven I draw nigh, full of hope with courage high,
Chorus.
I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges. Anchored on the Rock, safe-ly
anchored on the Rock, I am anchored on the Rock of A-ges: Tho' the gales of doubt may
blow, blessed peace of soul I know, I am anchored on the Rock of A - ges.

427 Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

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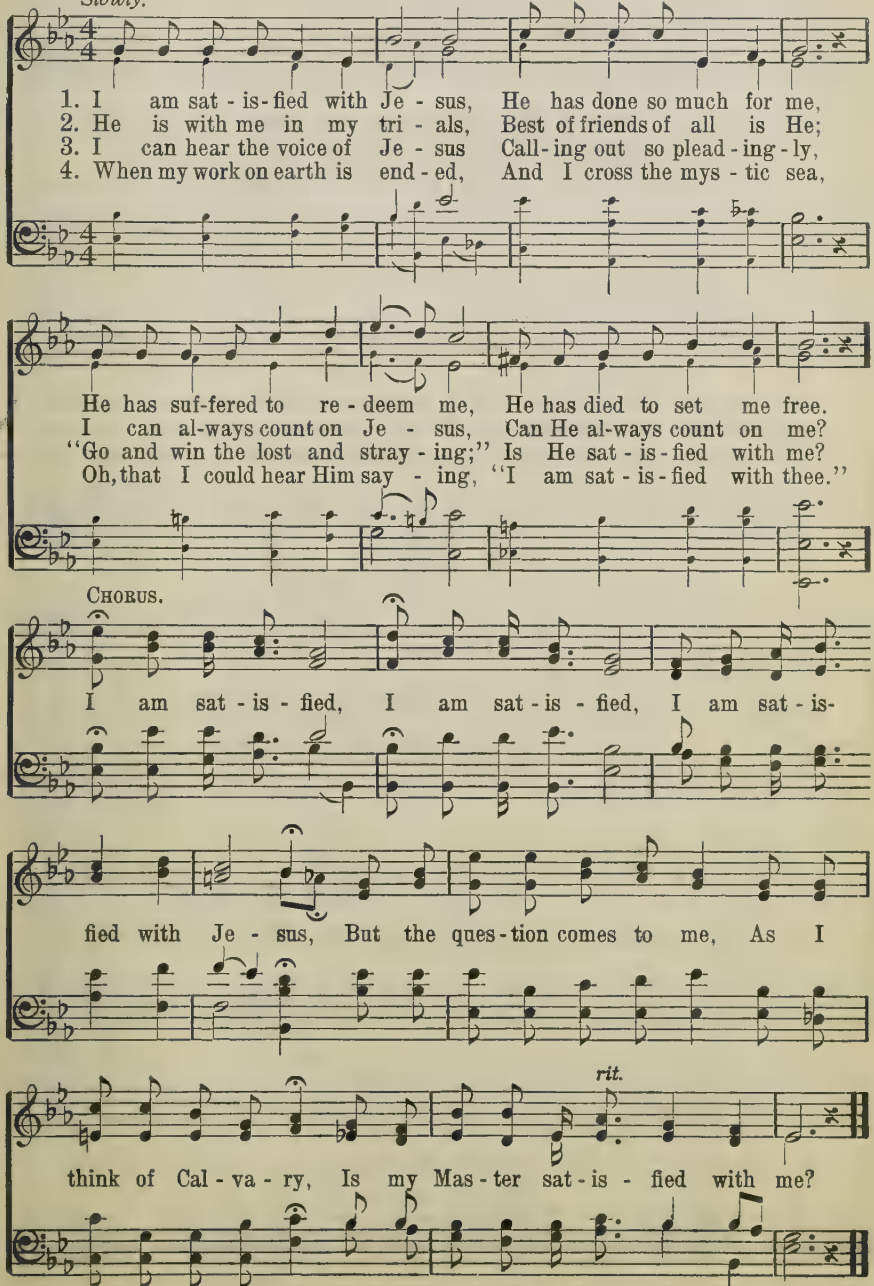
B. B. McKinney.

Slowly.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call - ing out so plead - ing - ly,
4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,
He has suf-fered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
I can al-ways count on Je - sus, Can He al-ways count on me?
"Go and win the lost and stray - ing;" Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."
CHORUS.
I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is-
fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I
rit.
think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

428 The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

Not too fast.

1. When a child, I used to hear my moth - er Sing a song that nev-er
2. I have yield-ed to this Christ, my Sav - ior, And the half has nev-er
3. I am walk-ing ev-'ry day with my Sav - ior, And each day new treas-ures

has grown old; 'Twas the first time I had heard of the Sav - ior, 'Tis the
yet been told; For each day He is to me grow-ing dear - er, 'Tis the
I be - hold; How we thro' His love and grace find God's fa - vor, Is the

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told. That's the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er

told, It's a sto - ry that ne'er grows old; How His won - der - ful

rit.

love bro't Him down from a - bove, 'Tis the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told.

429 No Longer Lonely.

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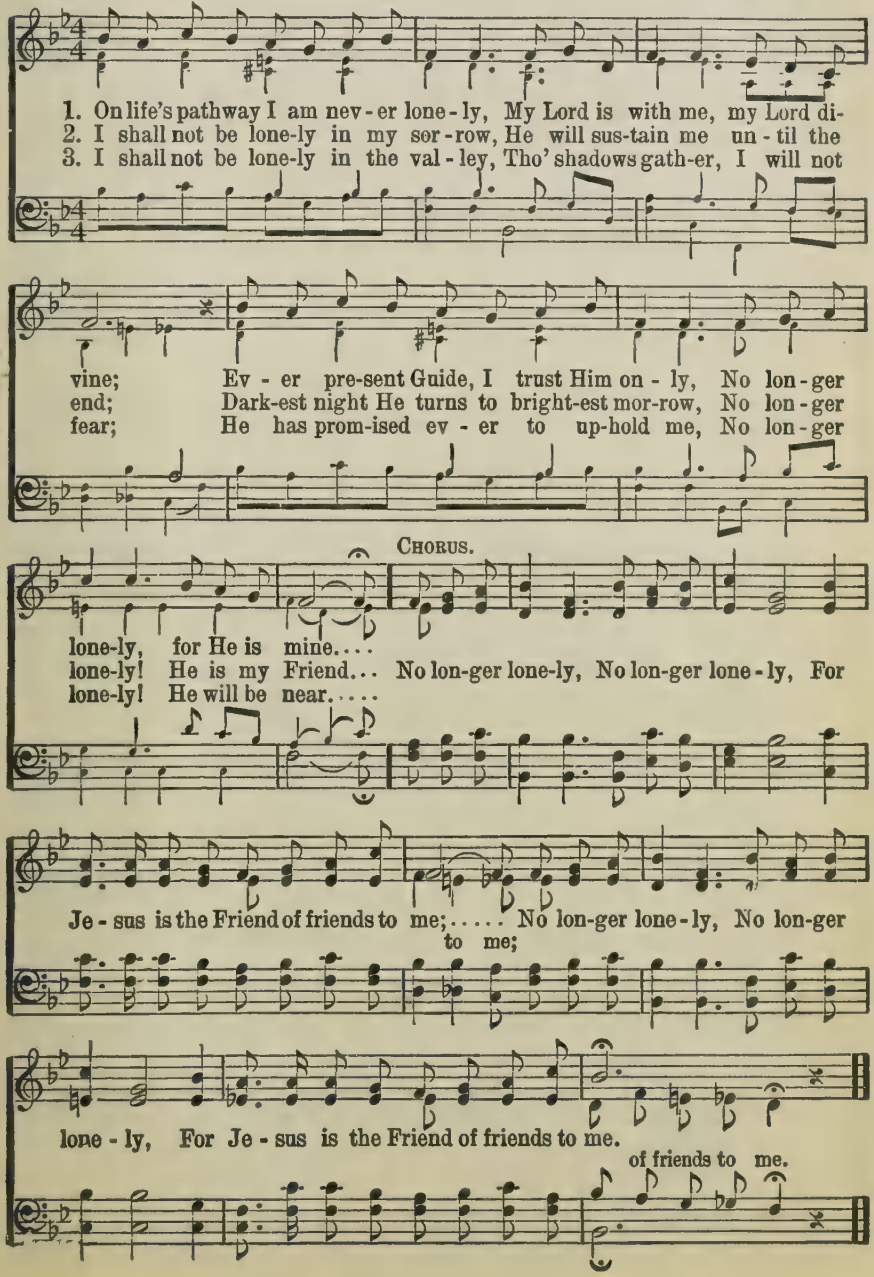
1. On life's pathway I am nev - er lone - ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor - row, He will sus-tain me un - til the
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val - ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not
vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon - ger
end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon - ger
fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon - ger
Chorus.
lone-ly, for He is mine....
lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone - ly, For
lone-ly! He will be near.....
Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone - ly, No lon-ger
to me;
lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
of friends to me.

430 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

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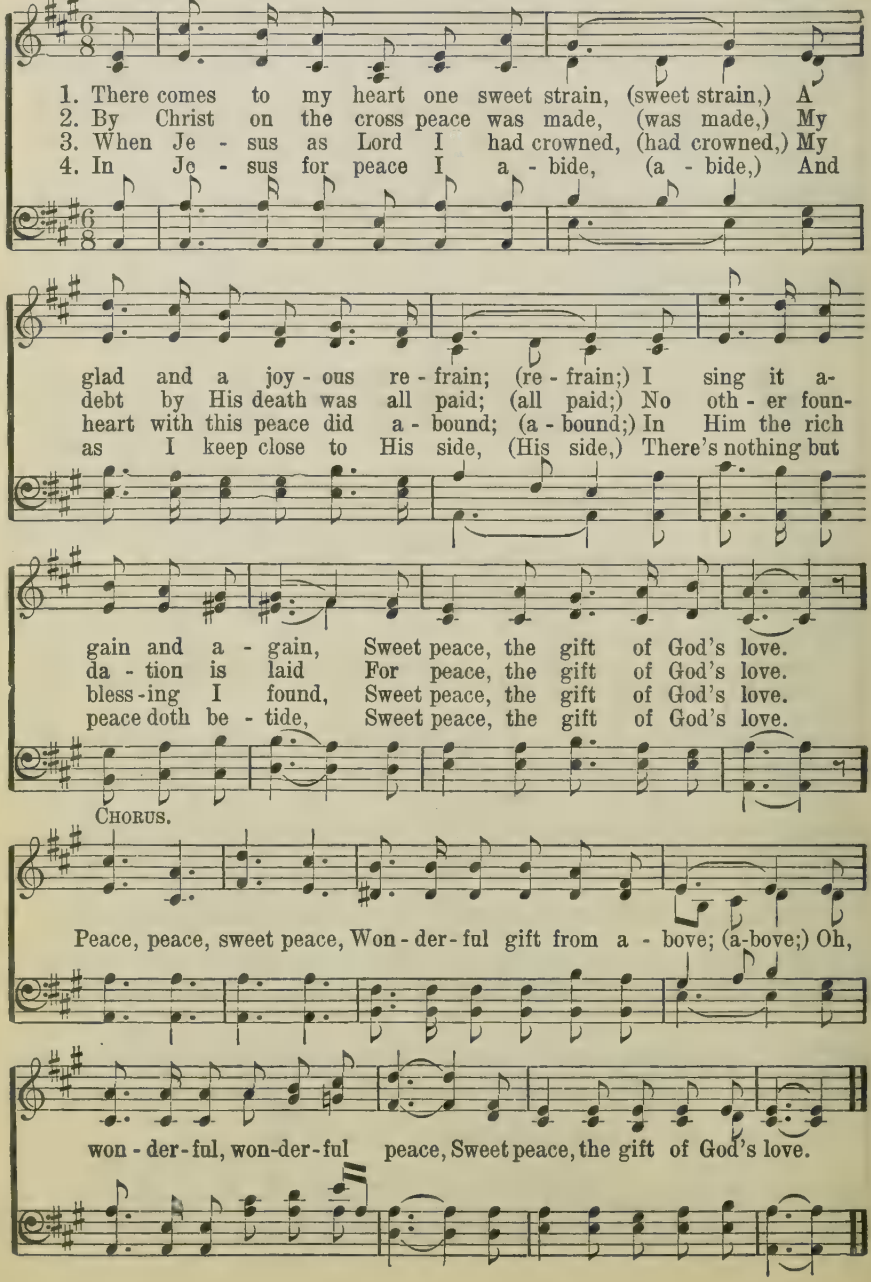
P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And
glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I sing it a-
debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No oth - er foun-
heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In Him the rich
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but
gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a-bove;) Oh,
won - der - ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

431 Wonderful, Wonderful Jesus.

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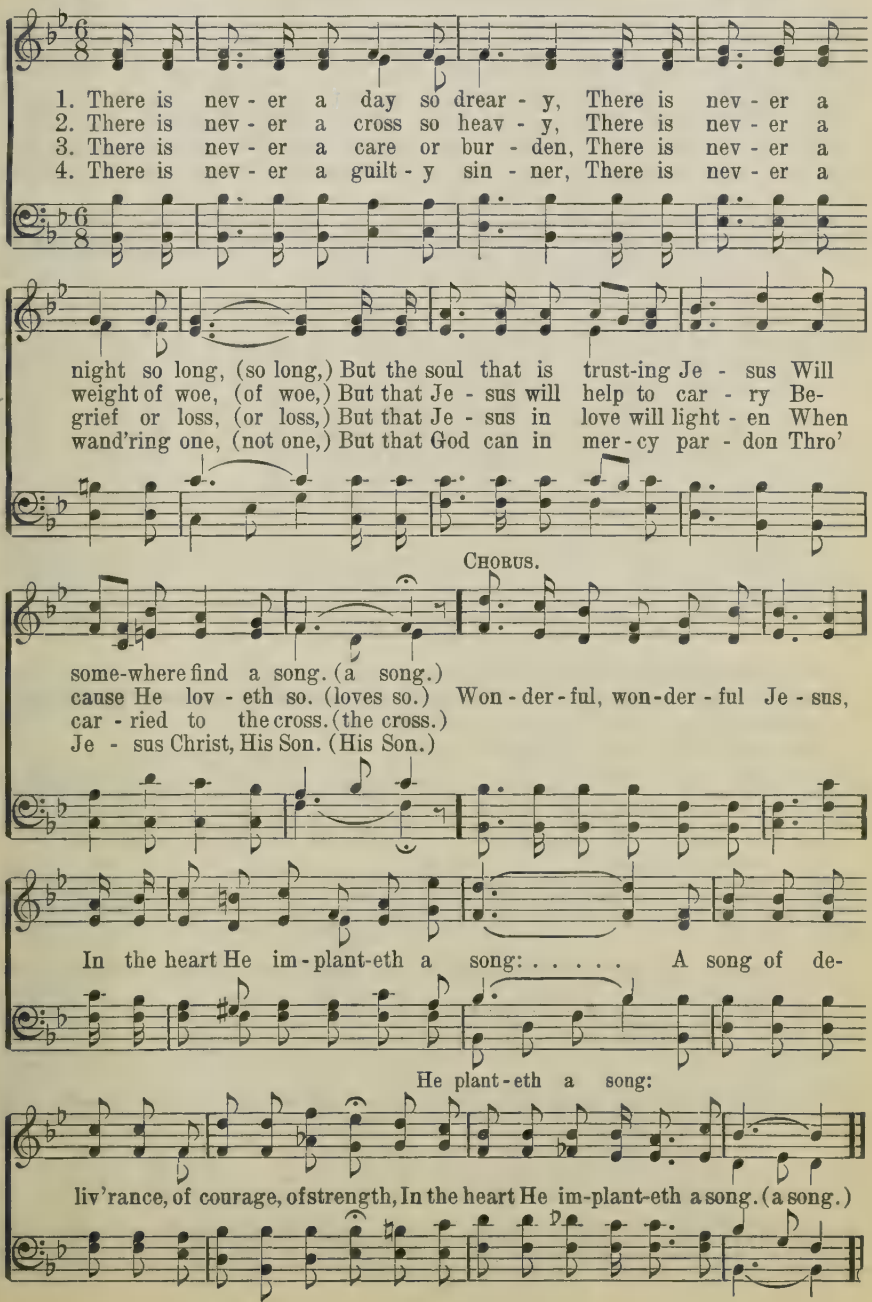
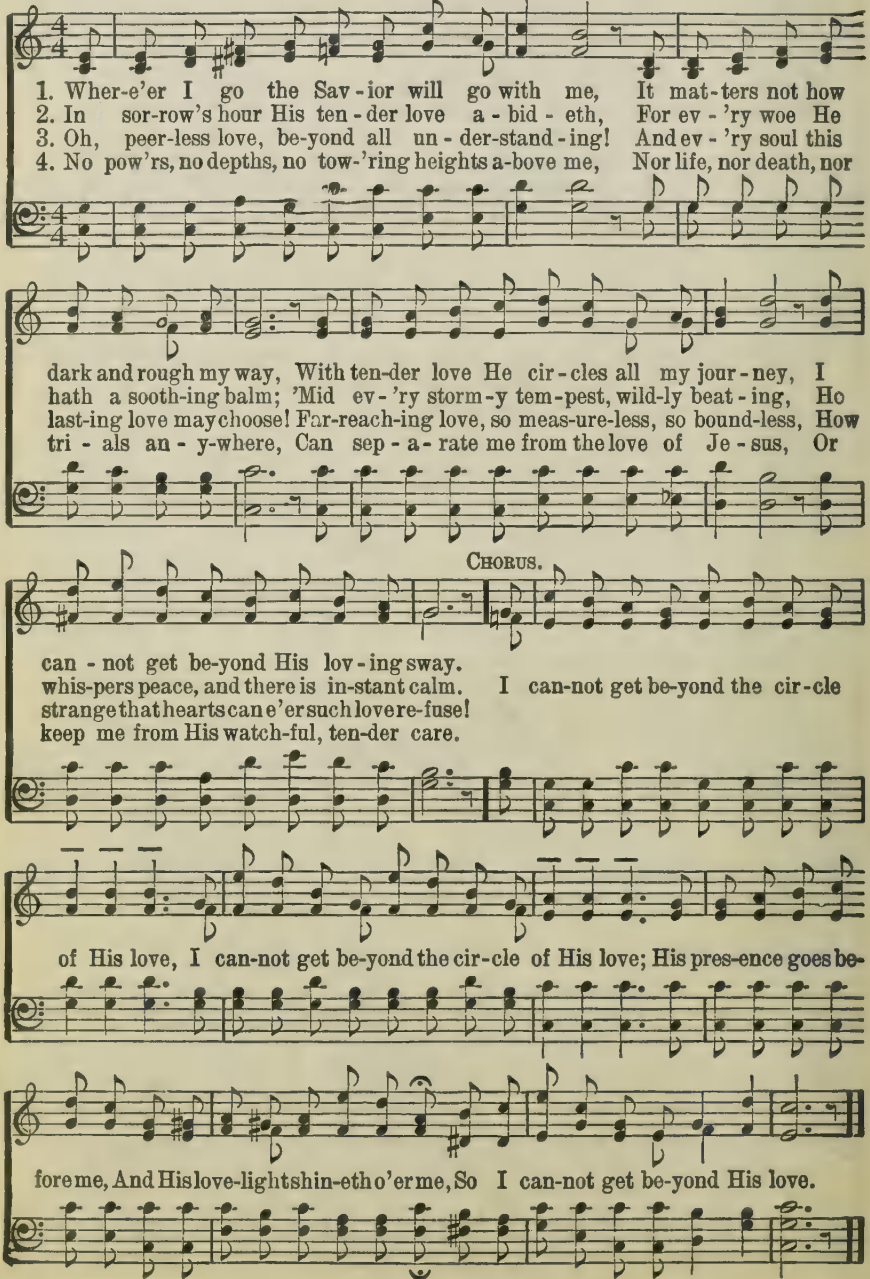

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a
night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will
weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer-cy par - don Thro'
Chorus.
some-where find a song. (a song.)
cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won-der - ful Je - sus,
car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)
In the heart He im - plant-eth a song: . . . . . A song of de-
He plant - eth a song:
liv'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im-plant-eth a song. (a song.)

432 I Cannot Get Beyond His Love.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Grant Colfax **Tullar.**


1. Wher-e'er I go the Sav-ior will go with me, It mat-ters not how
2. In sor-row's hour His ten-der love a-bid-eth, For ev-'ry woe He
3. Oh, peer-less love, be-yond all un-der-stand-ing! And ev-'ry soul this
4. No pow'rs, no depths, no tow-'ring heights a-bove me, Nor life, nor death, nor
dark and rough my way, With ten-der love He cir-cles all my jour-ney, I
hath a sooth-ing balm; 'Mid ev-'ry storm-y tem-pest, wild-ly beat-ing, Ho
last-ing love may choose! Far-reach-ing love, so meas-ure-less, so bound-less, How
tri-als an-y-where, Can sep-a-rate me from the love of Je-sus, Or
CHORUS.
can-not get be-yond His lov-ing sway.
whis-pers peace, and there is in-stant calm. I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle
strange that hearts can e'er such love re-fuse!
keep me from His watch-ful, ten-der care.
of His love, I can-not get be-yond the cir-cle of His love; His pres-ence goes be-
fore me, And His love-light shin-eth o'er me, So I can-not get be-yond His love.

433 When I Get to the End of the Way.

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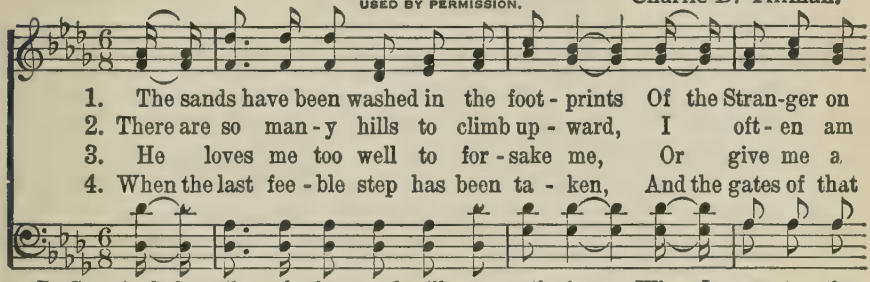
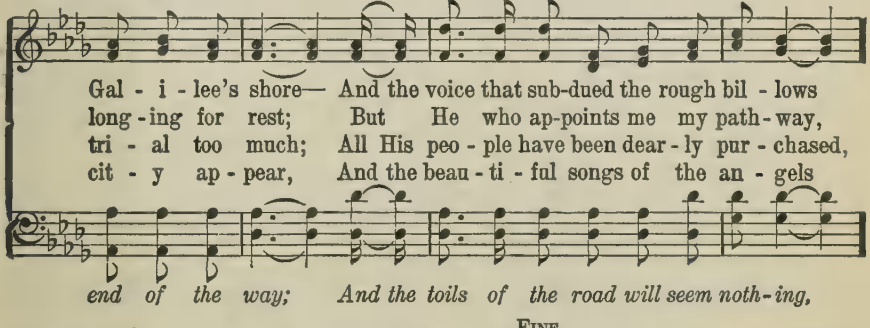
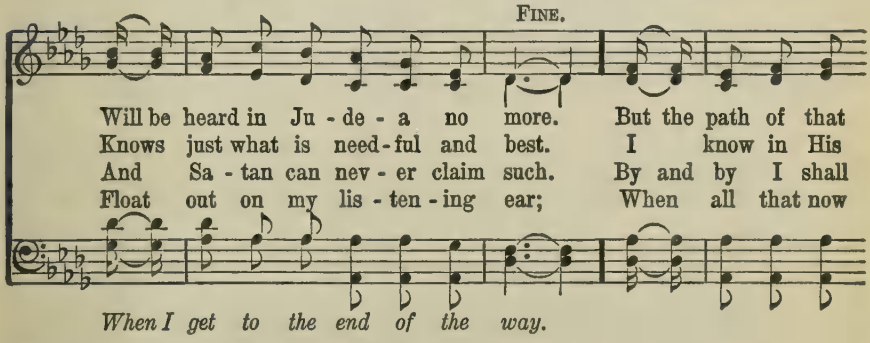
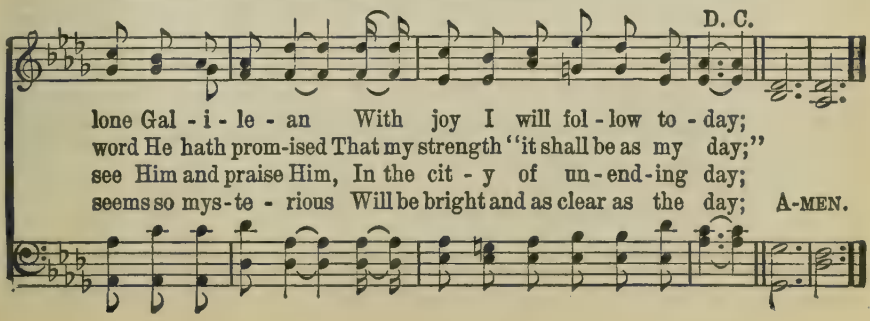
Charlie D. Tillman.


1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that
D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the
Last verse.—Then the toils of the road, etc.


Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil - lows
long - ing for rest; But He who ap-points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels
end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,


FINE.
Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now
When I get to the end of the way.


D. C.
lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day; A-MEN.

434 He Will Hold Me Fast.

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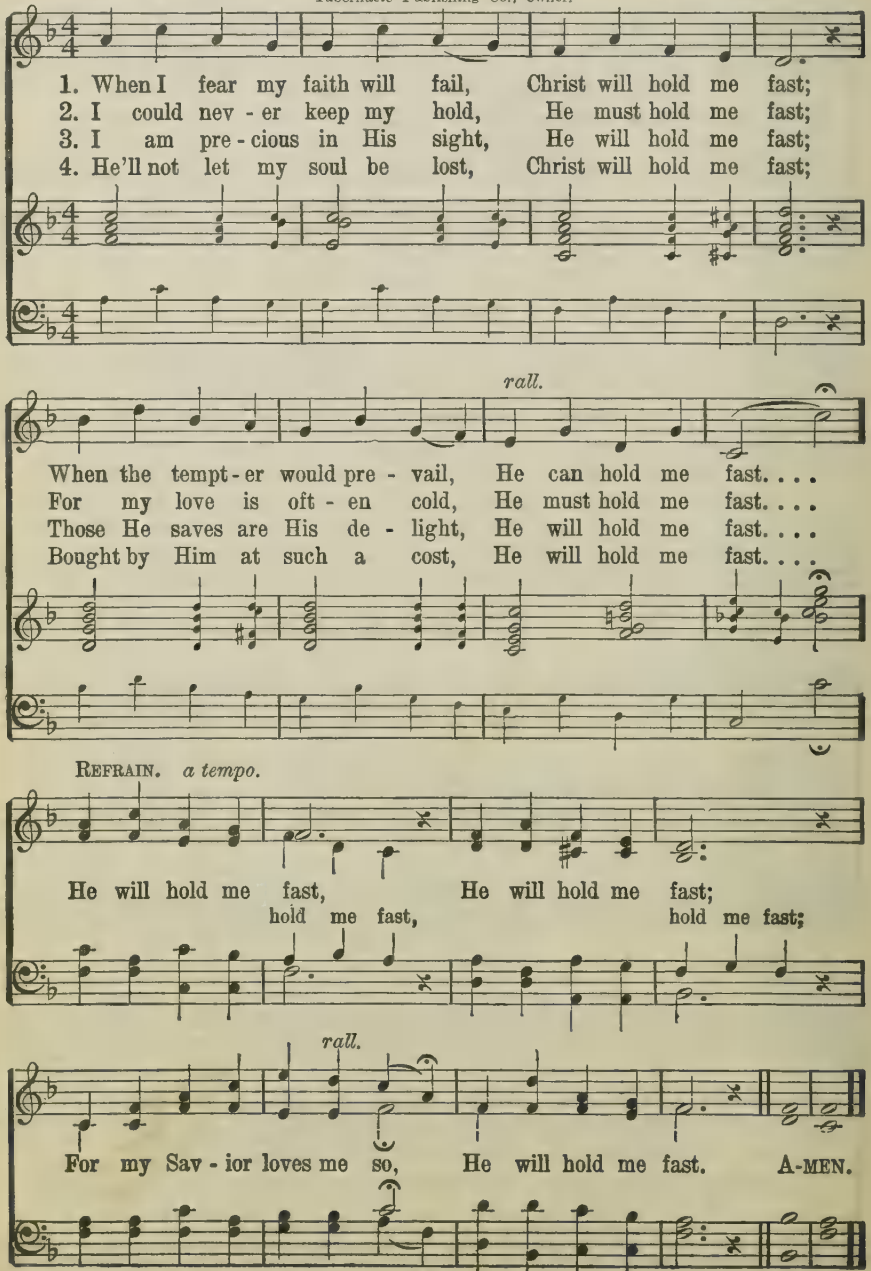
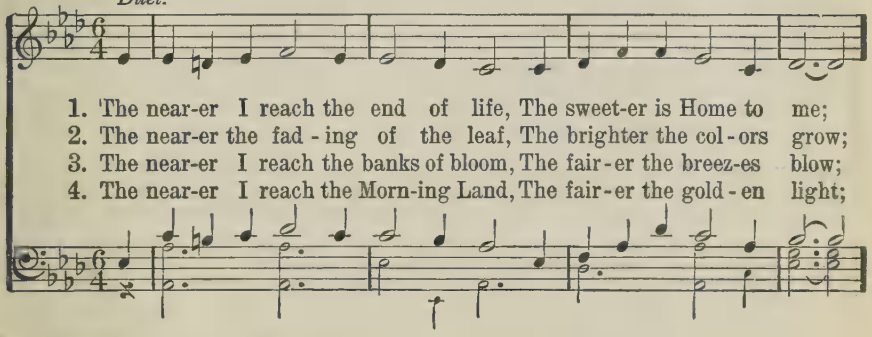
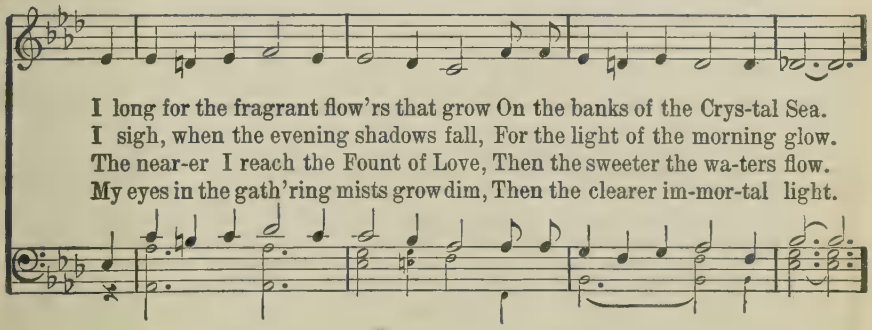
Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rall.
When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast....
REFRAIN. a tempo.
He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;
rall.
For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

435 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

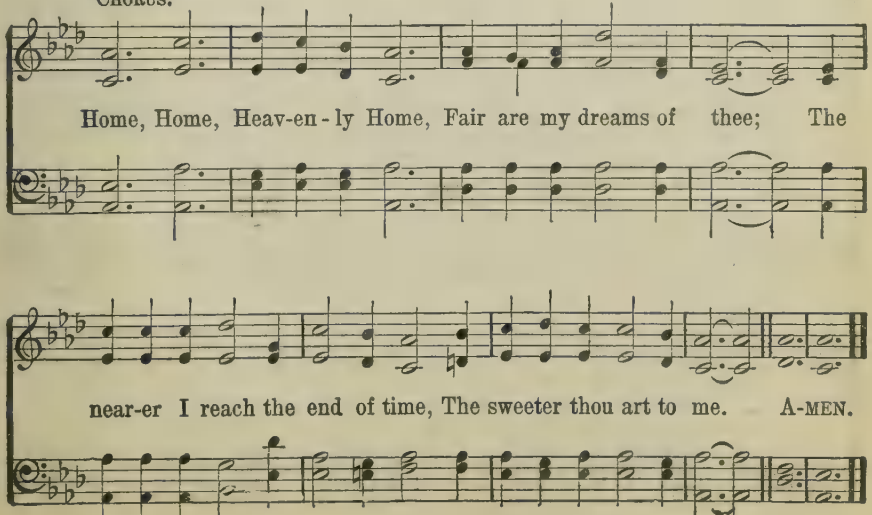
Jesse P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

Duet.


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.

CHORUS.



436 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

M. B. J.

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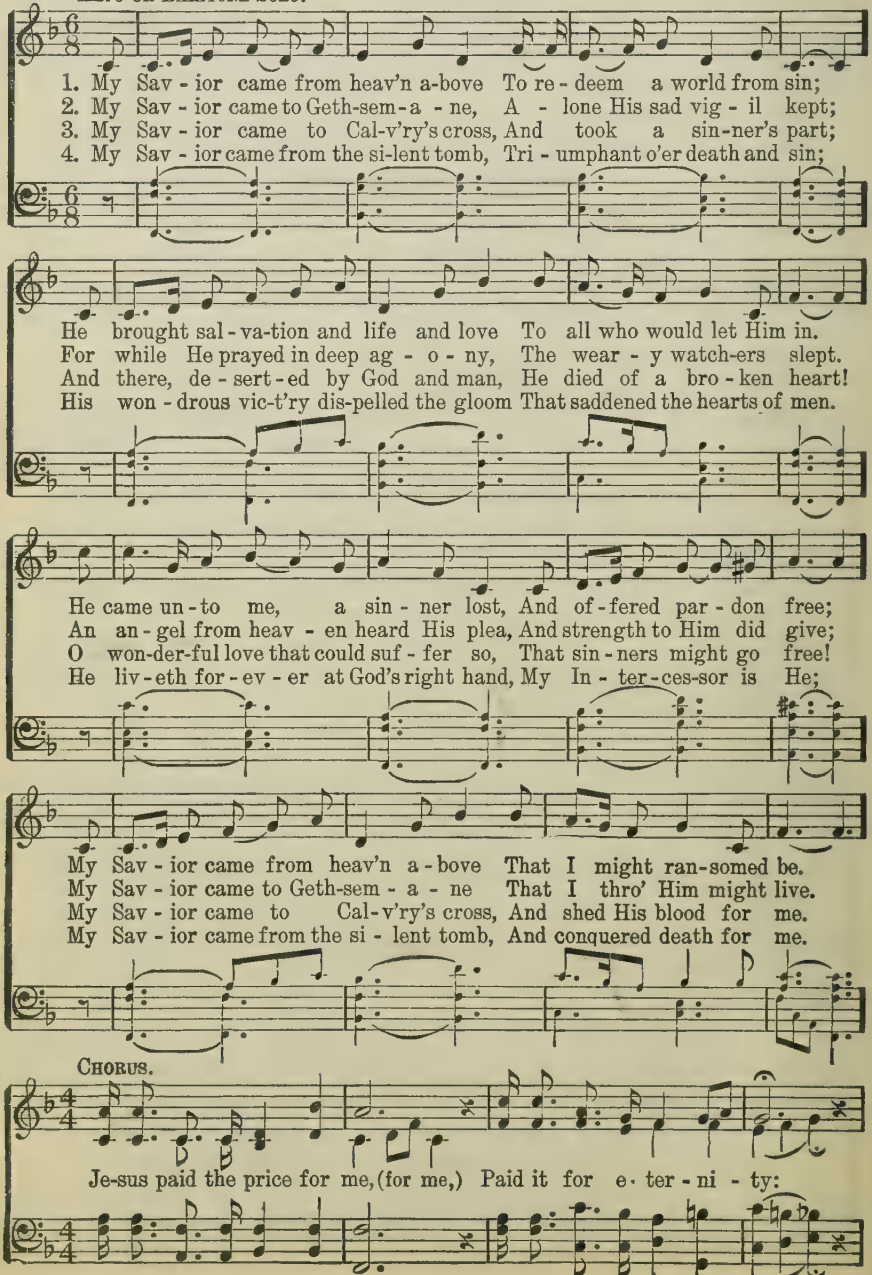
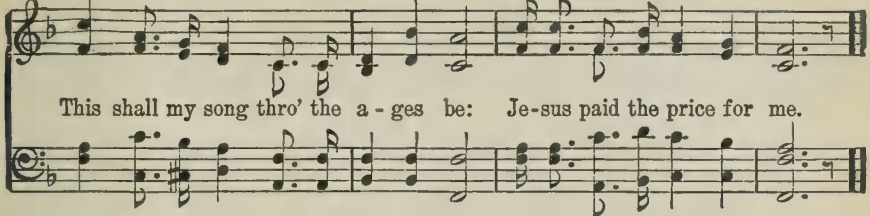
Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO.


1. My Sav - ior came from heav'n a-bove To re - deem a world from sin;
2. My Sav - ior came to Geth-sem-a - ne, A - lone His sad vig - il kept;
3. My Sav - ior came to Cal-v'ry's cross, And took a sin-ner's part;
4. My Sav - ior came from the si-lent tomb, Tri - umphant o'er death and sin;
He brought sal - va-tion and life and love To all who would let Him in.
For while He prayed in deep ag - o - ny, The wear - y watch-ers slept.
And there, de - sert - ed by God and man, He died of a bro - ken heart!
His won - drous vic-t'ry dis-pelled the gloom That saddened the hearts of men.
He came un - to me, a sin - ner lost, And of - fered par - don free;
An an - gel from heav - en heard His plea, And strength to Him did give;
O won-der-ful love that could suf - fer so, That sin - ners might go free!
He liv - eth for - ev - er at God's right hand, My In - ter - ces-sor is He;
My Sav - ior came from heav'n a - bove That I might ran-somed be.
My Sav - ior came to Geth-sem - a - ne That I thro' Him might live.
My Sav - ior came to Cal-v'ry's cross, And shed His blood for me.
My Sav - ior came from the si - lent tomb, And conquered death for me.
CHORUS.
Je-sus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ter - ni - ty:

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



437 When the Night Shades Are Falling.

M. B. J.

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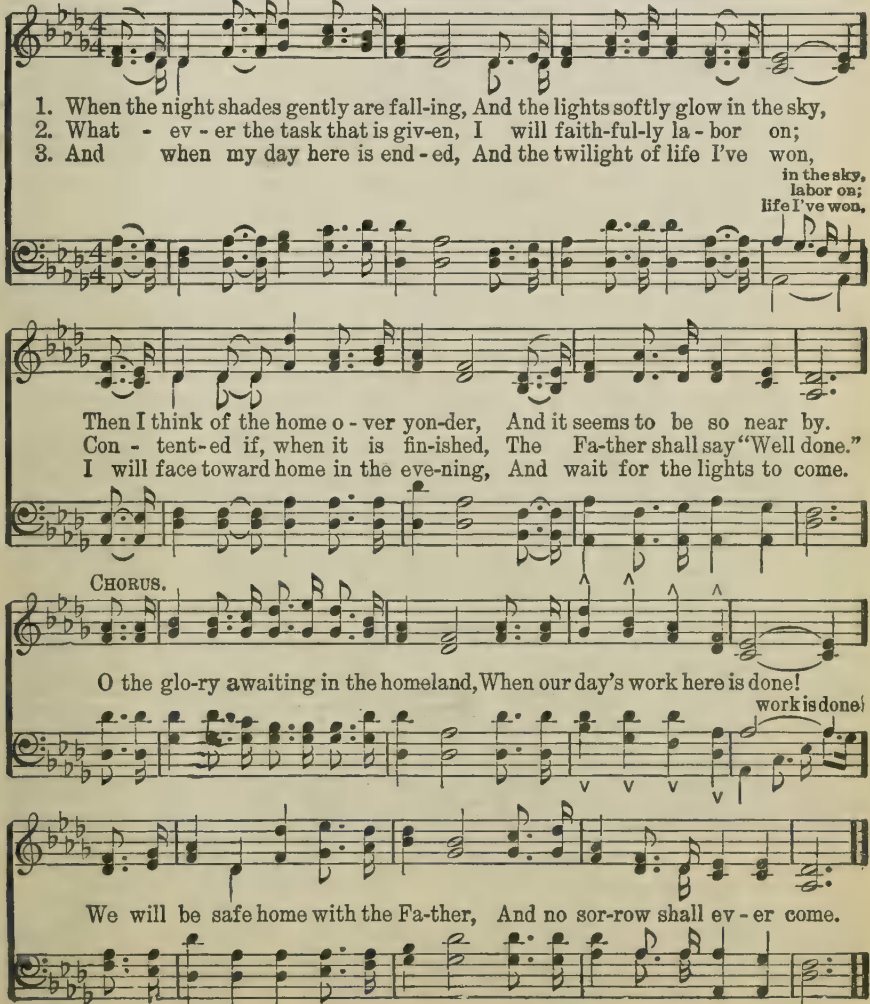
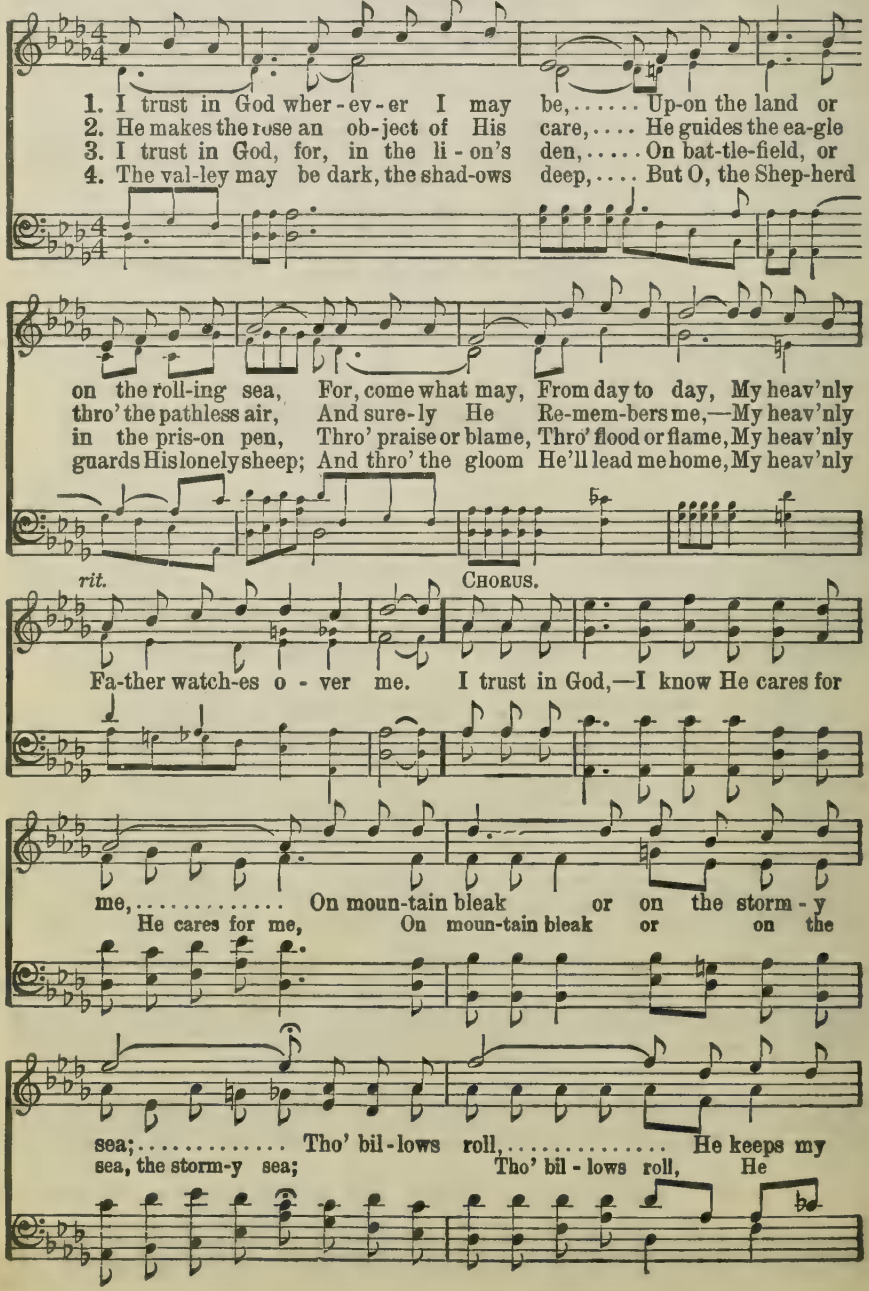
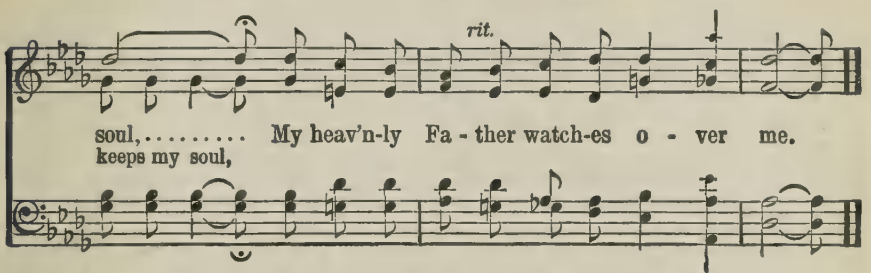
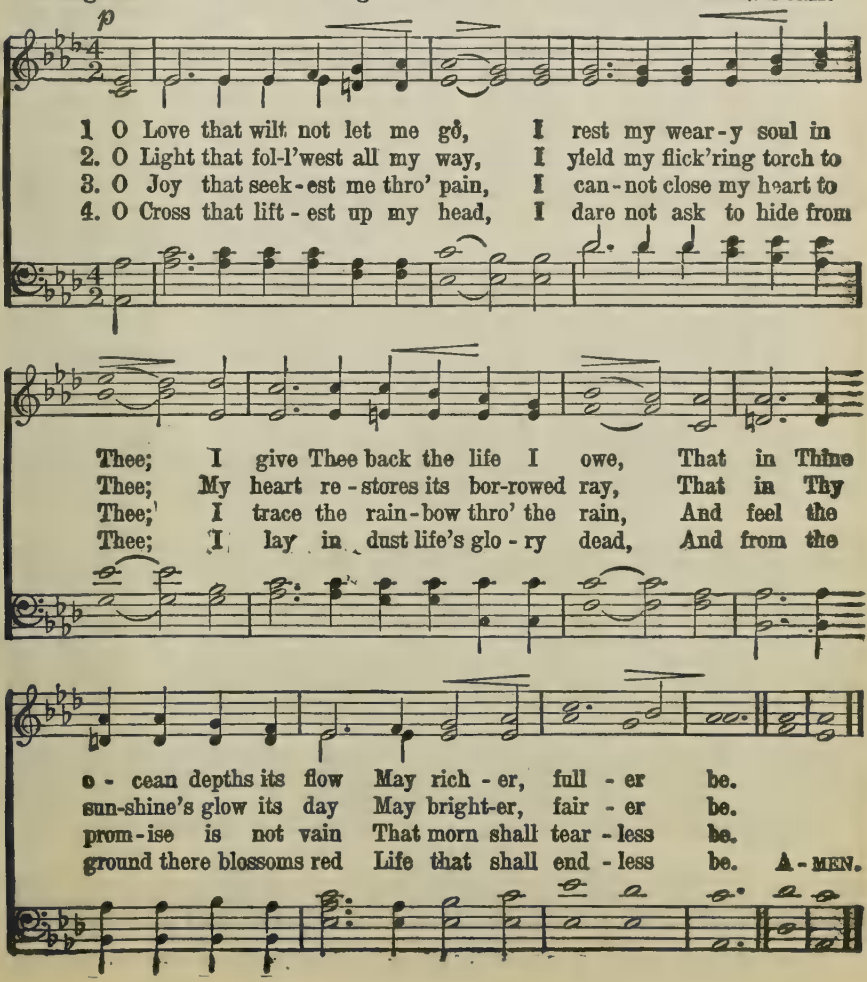

1. When the night shades gently are fall-ing, And the lights softly glow in the sky,
2. What - ev - er the task that is giv-en, I will faith-ful-ly la - bor on;
3. And when my day here is end - ed, And the twilight of life I've won,
in the sky,
labor on;
life I've won.
Then I think of the home o - ver yon-der, And it seems to be so near by.
Con - tent-ed if, when it is fin-ished, The Fa-ther shall say "Well done."
I will face toward home in the eve-ning, And wait for the lights to come.
CHORUS.
O the glo-ry awaiting in the homeland, When our day's work here is done!
work is done!
We will be safe home with the Fa-ther, And no sor-row shall ev - er come.

438 My Father Watches Over Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be, ... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care, ... He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den, ... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep, ... But O, the Shep-herd
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly
rit.
CHORUS.
Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for
me, ... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the
sea; . . . . . Tho' bil-lows roll, ... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

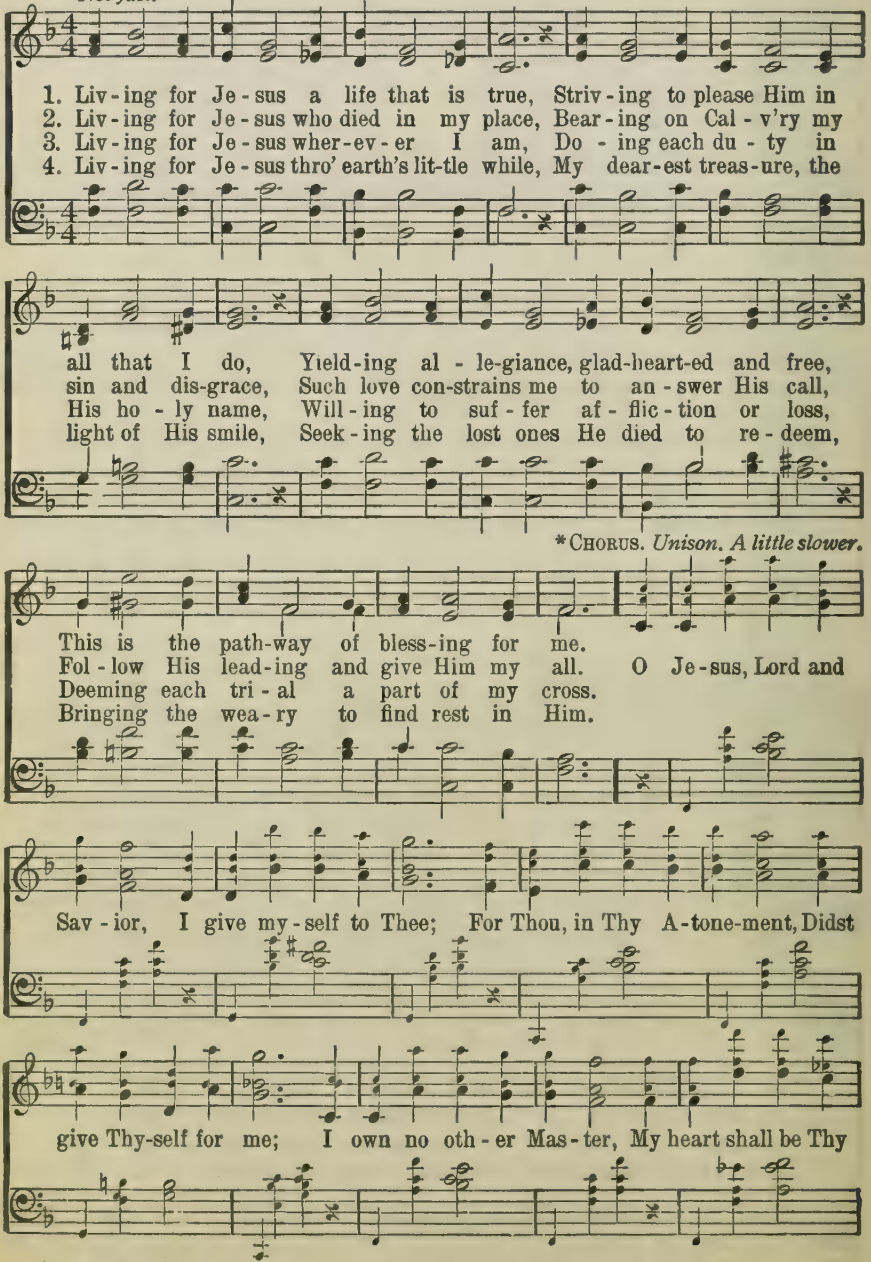
My Father Watches Over Me.

439 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.

p
1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the
o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be. A-MEN.

440 Living for Jesus.

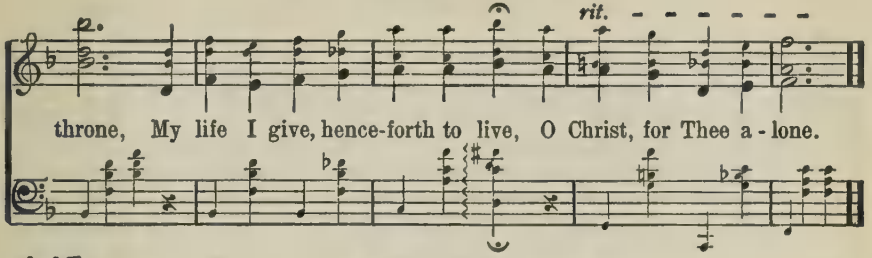
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE HEIDELBERG PRESS. C. Harold Lowden.

Not fast.


1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,
*Chorus. Unison. A little slower.
This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.
Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst
give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

*Note.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

Living For Jesus.



441 Ready.

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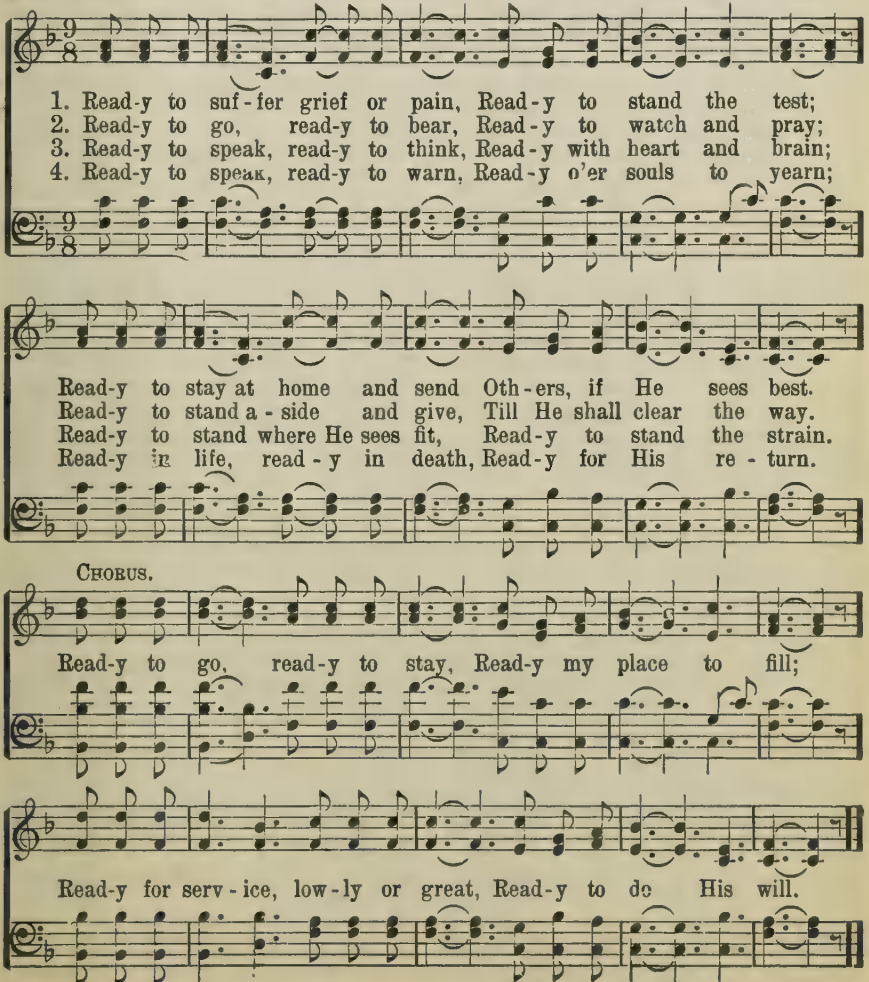
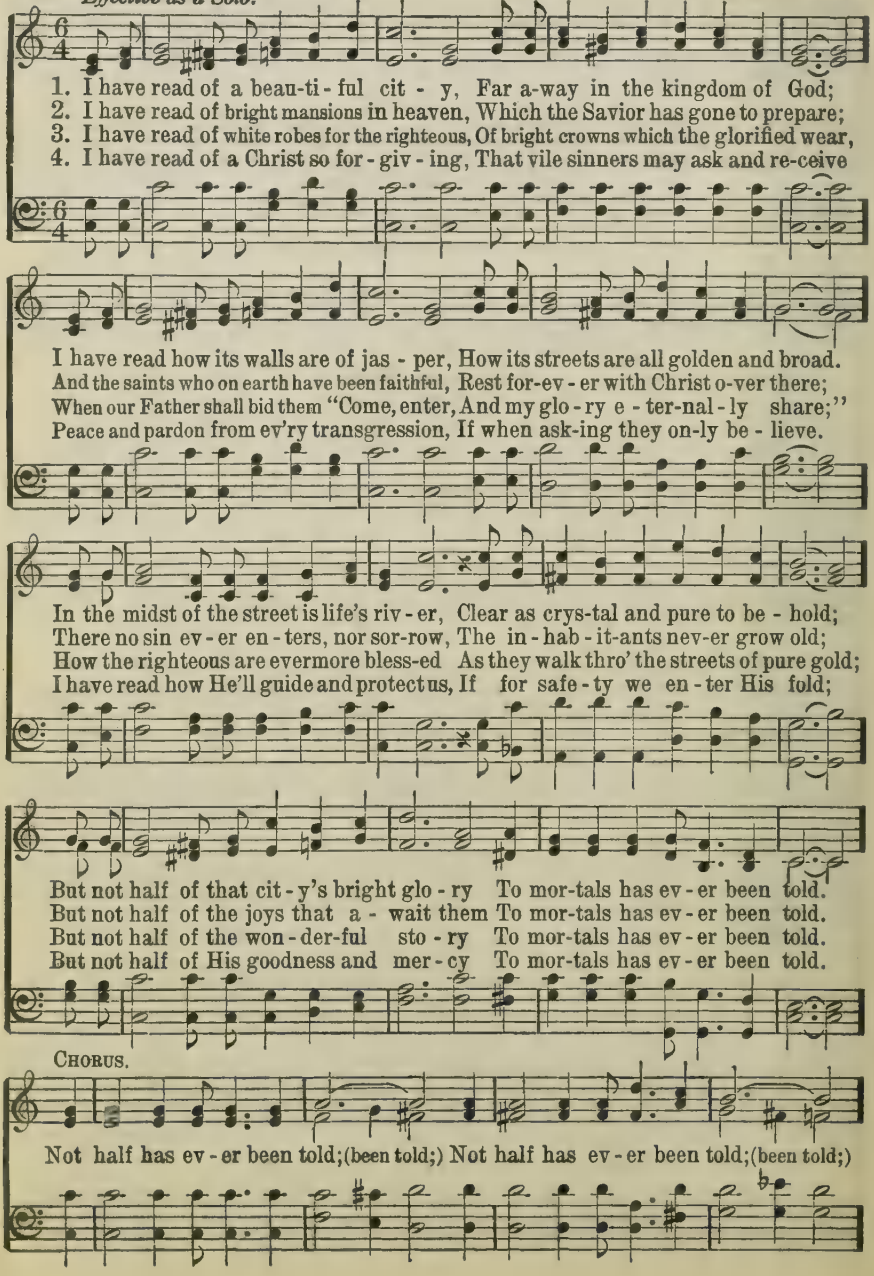

1. Read-y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;
Read-y to stay at home and send Oth - ers, if He sees best.
Read-y to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
Read-y in life, read - y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.
Chorus.
Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;
Read-y for serv - ice, low - ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

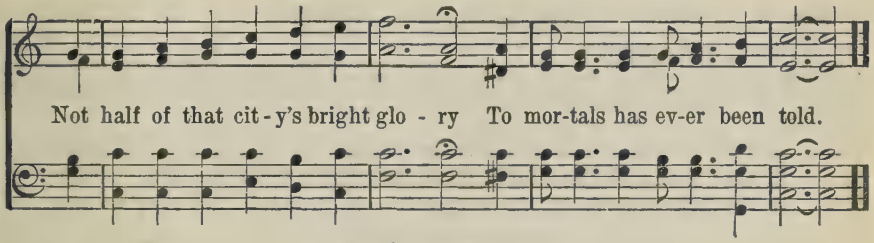
442 Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey.
Effective as a Solo. Arr. B. B. McKinney.


1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a-way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Savior has gone to prepare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sinners may ask and re-ceive
I have read how its walls are of jas - per, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for-ev - er with Christ o-ver there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glo - ry e - ter-nal - ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev'ry transgression, If when ask-ing they on-ly be - lieve.
In the midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be - hold;
There no sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor-row, The in - hab - it-ants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are evermore bless-ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold;
But not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the joys that a - wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of the won - der-ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
But not half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
CHORUS.
Not half has ev - er been told;(been told;) Not half has ev - er been told;(been told;)

Not Half Has Ever Been Told.



443 Tread Softly.

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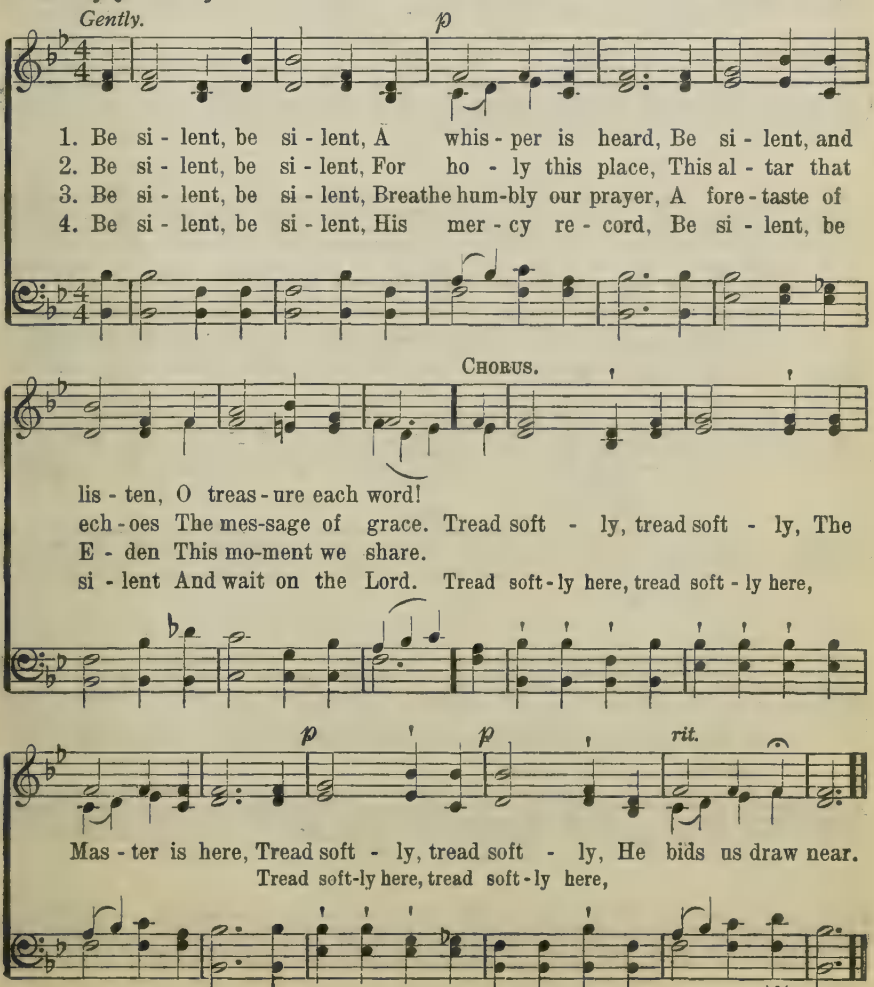
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


Gently.
p
1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard, Be si - lent, and
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place, This al - tar that
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe hum-bly our prayer, A fore - taste of
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord, Be si - lent, be
Chorus.
lis - ten, O treas - ure each word!
ech - oes The mes-sage of grace. Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
E - den This mo-ment we share.
si - lent And wait on the Lord. Tread soft - ly here, tread soft - ly here,
p
p
rit.
Mas - ter is here, Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
Tread soft-ly here, tread soft - ly here,

On Calvary.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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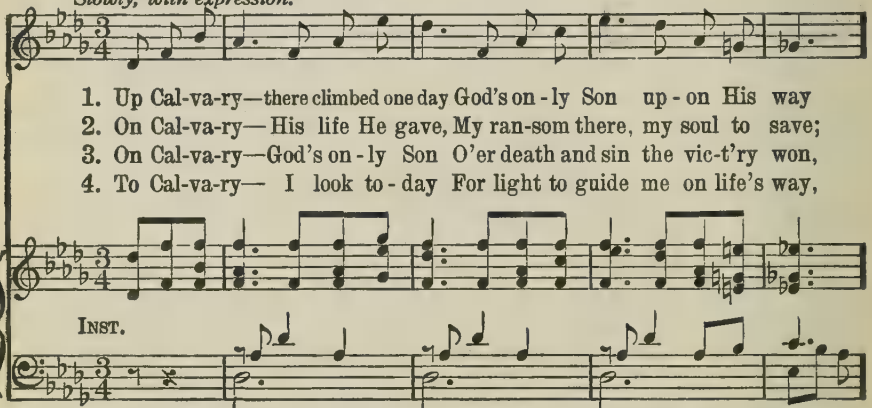
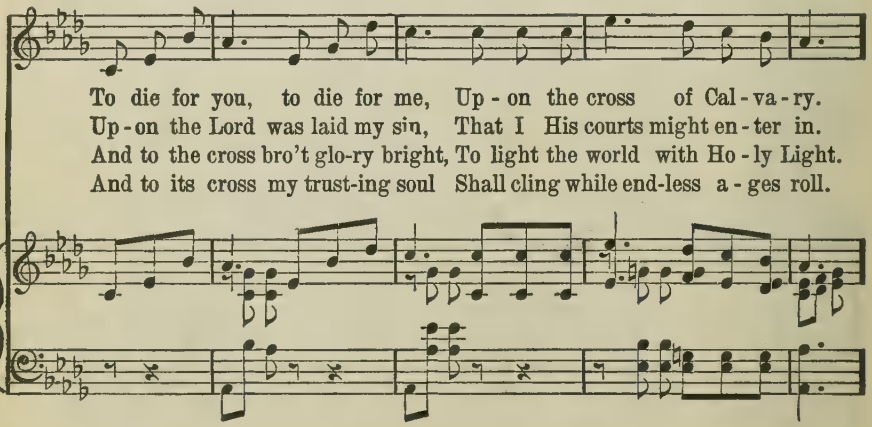
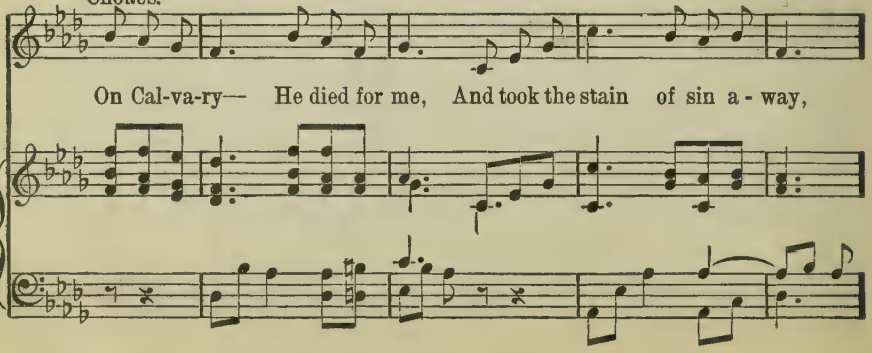
B. D. Ackley.

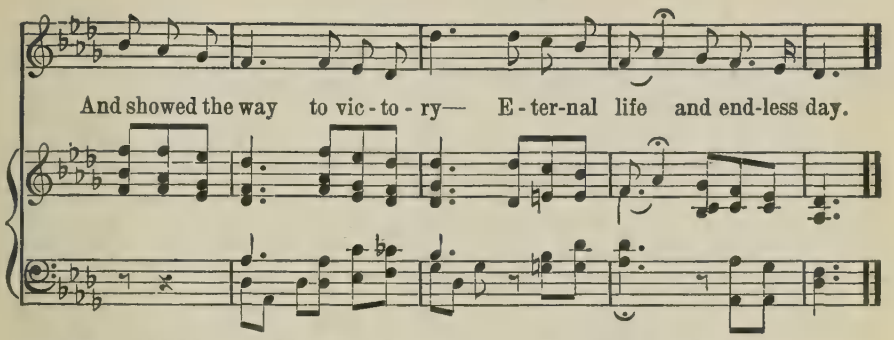
Slowly, with expression.


1. Up Cal-va-ry—there climbed one day God's on-ly Son up-on His way
2. On Cal-va-ry—His life He gave, My ran-som there, my soul to save;
3. On Cal-va-ry—God's on-ly Son O'er death and sin the vic-t'ry won,
4. To Cal-va-ry— I look to-day For light to guide me on life's way,
Inst.

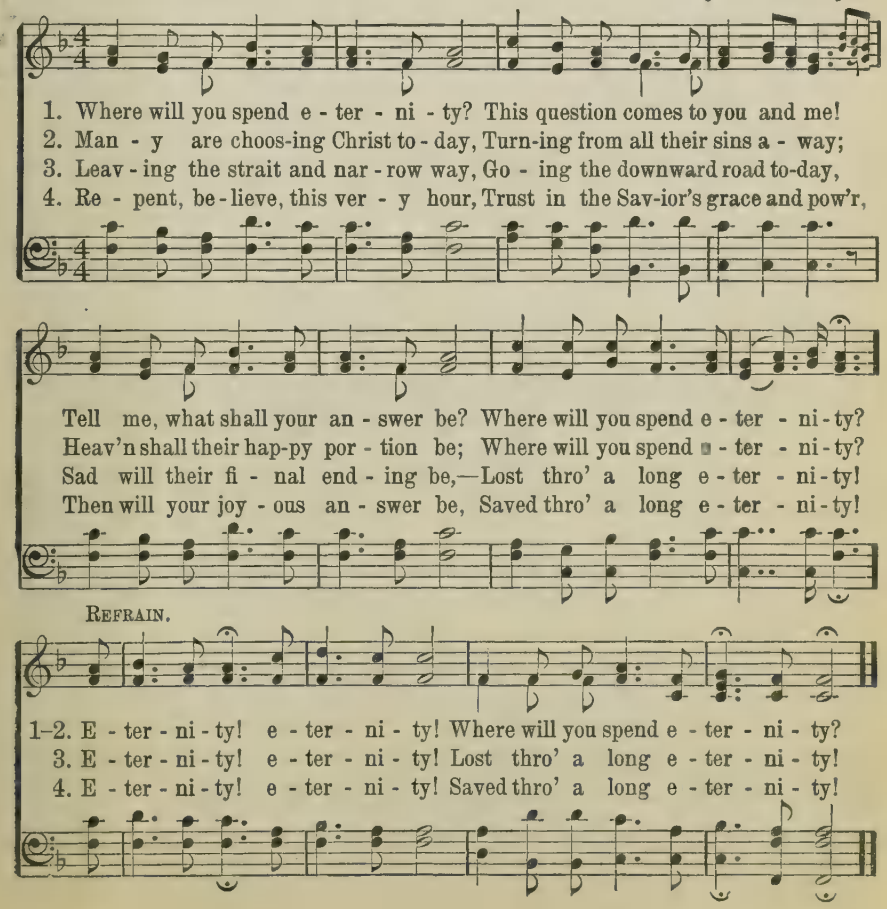

To die for you, to die for me, Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry.
Up-on the Lord was laid my sin, That I His courts might en-ter in.
And to the cross bro't glo-ry bright, To light the world with Ho-ly Light.
And to its cross my trust-ing soul Shall cling while end-less a-ges roll.



On Calvary.



445 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choos-ing Christ to - day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,
Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por - tion be; Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
REFRAIN.
1–2. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

446 No Other Name.

C. B.

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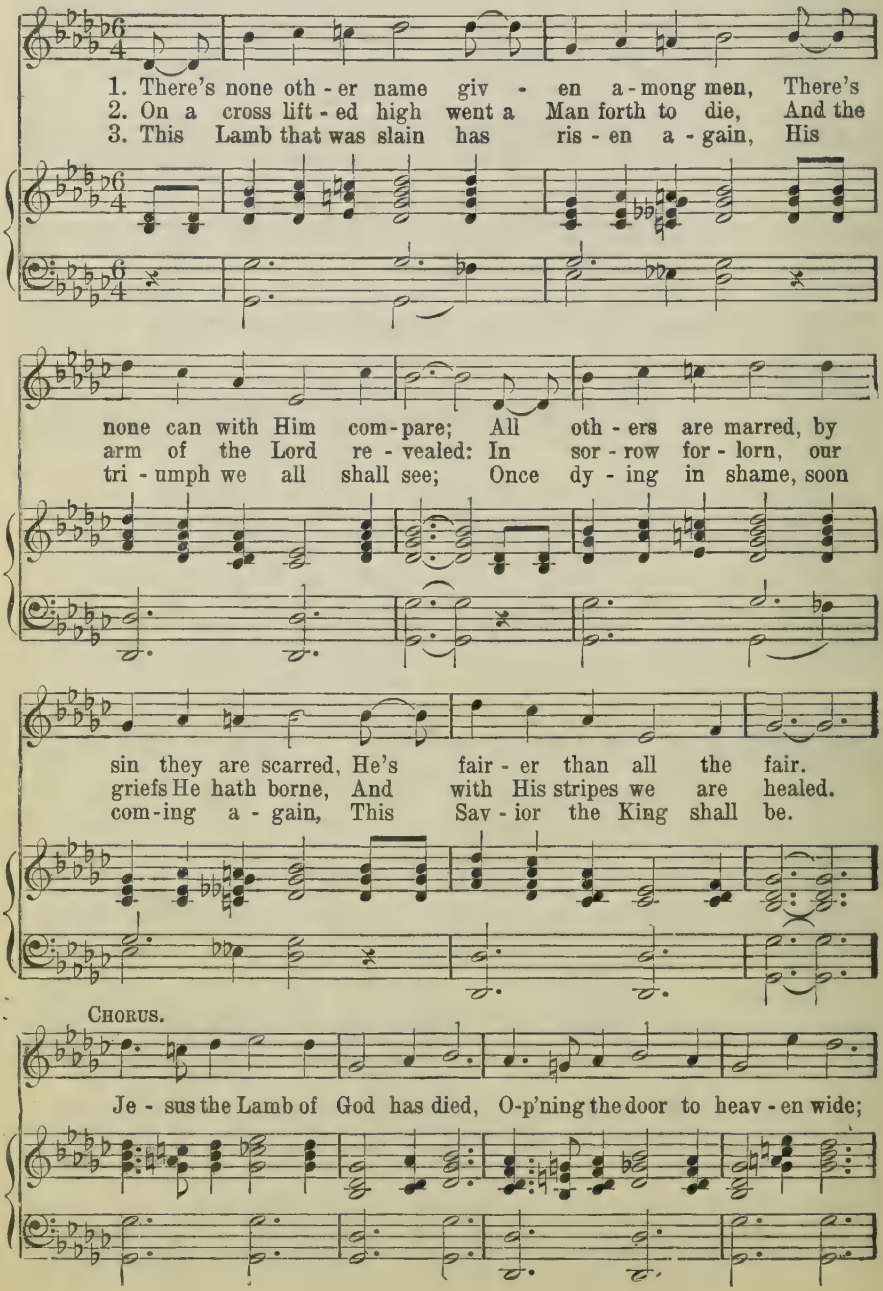
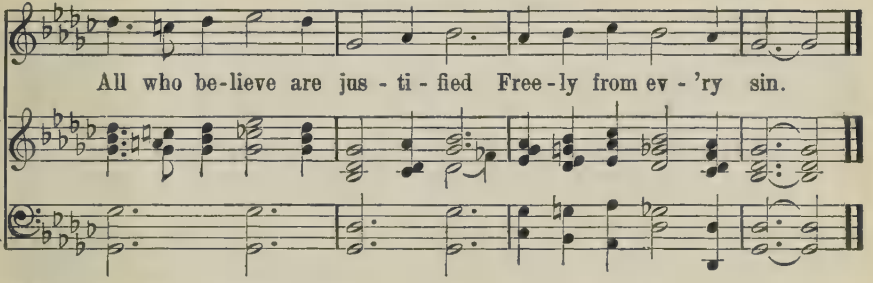
Charlie Butler.

1. There's none oth - er name giv - en a - mong men, There's
2. On a cross lift - ed high went a Man forth to die, And the
3. This Lamb that was slain has ris - en a - gain, His
none can with Him com - pare; All oth - ers are marred, by
arm of the Lord re - vealed: In sor - row for - lorn, our
tri - umph we all shall see; Once dy - ing in shame, soon
sin they are scarred, He's fair - er than all the fair.
griefs He hath borne, And with His stripes we are healed.
com - ing a - gain, This Sav - ior the King shall be.
CHORUS.
Je - sus the Lamb of God has died, O-p'ning the door to heav - en wide;

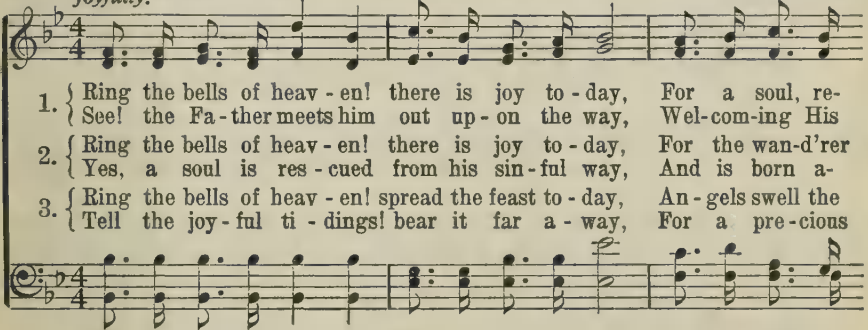
No Other Name.



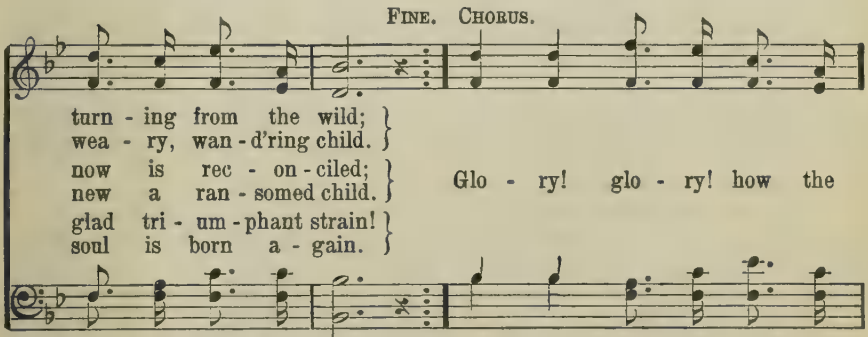
447 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

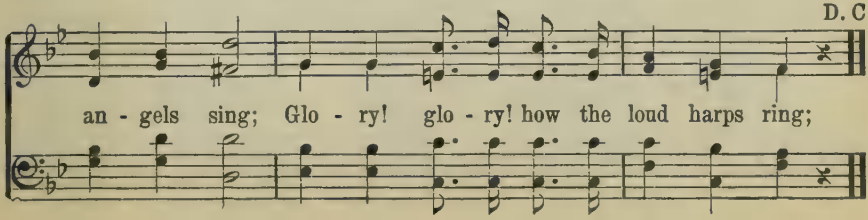
Joyfully.


1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul, re-
See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel-com-ing His
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan-d'rer
Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a-
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the
Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious
D. C—'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the

FINE. CHORUS.


turn - ing from the wild;
wea - ry, wan - d'ring child.
now is rec - on - ciled;
new a ran - somed child.
glad tri - um - phant strain!
soul is born a - gain.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
an - them of the free.

D. C



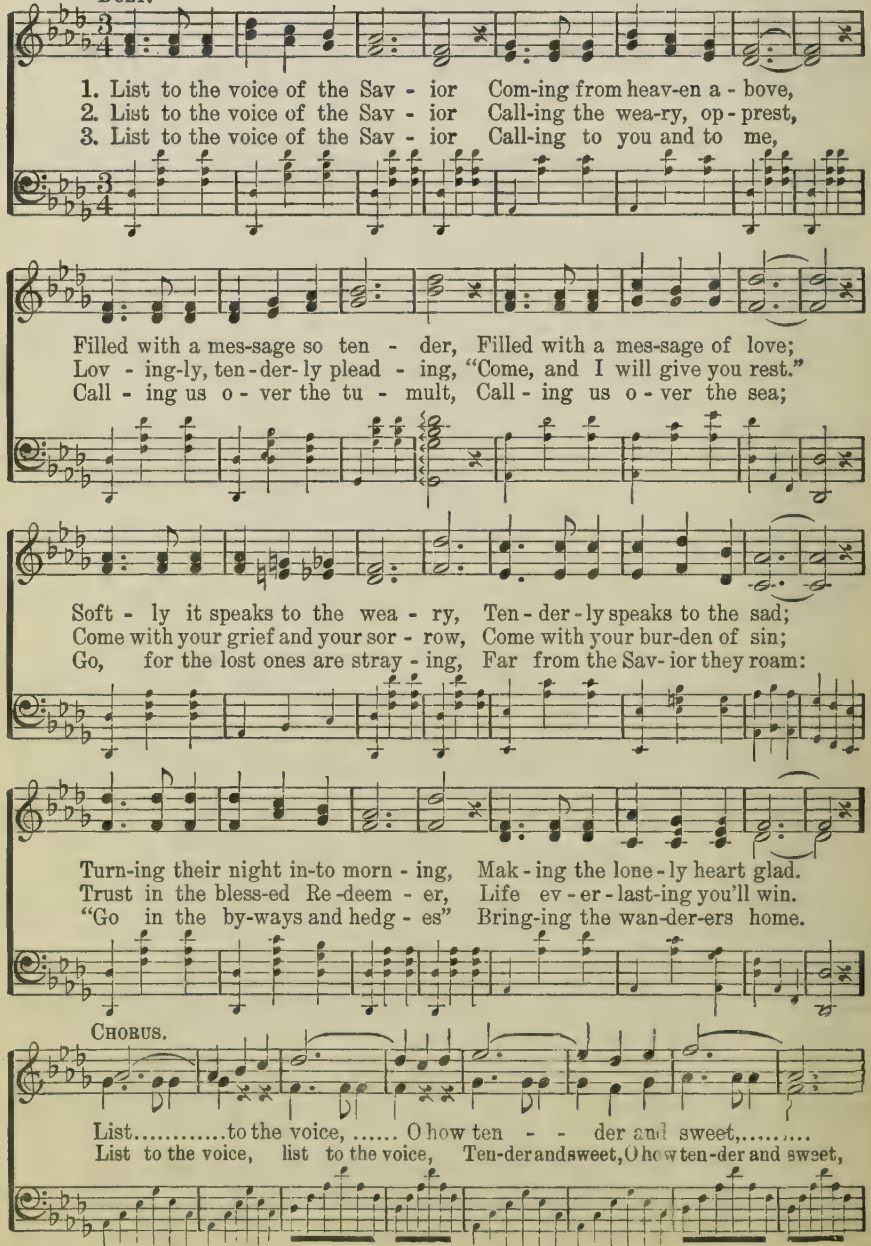
448 List to the Voice.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY ROBERT. H. COLEMAN.

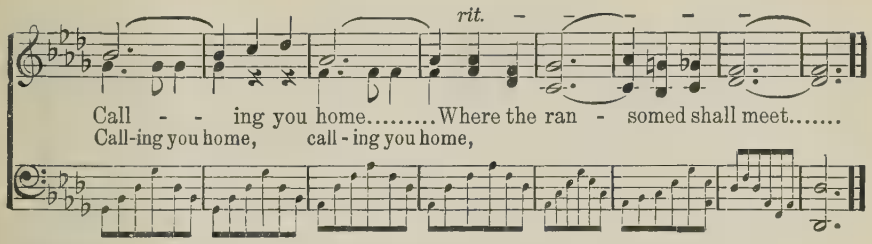
B. B. McK. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

From "Whispering Hope."

DUET.


1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Com-ing from heav-en a - bove,
2. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing the wea-ry, op - prest,
3. List to the voice of the Sav - ior Call-ing to you and to me,
Filled with a mes-sage so ten - der, Filled with a mes-sage of love;
Lov - ing-ly, ten-der-ly plead - ing, "Come, and I will give you rest."
Call - ing us o - ver the tu - mult, Call - ing us o - ver the sea;
Soft - ly it speaks to the wea - ry, Ten - der - ly speaks to the sad;
Come with your grief and your sor - row, Come with your bur-den of sin;
Go, for the lost ones are stray - ing, Far from the Sav-ior they roam:
Turn-ing their night in-to morn - ing, Mak - ing the lone - ly heart glad.
Trust in the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Life ev - er - last-ing you'll win.
"Go in the by-ways and hedg - es" Bring-ing the wan-der-ers home.
CHORUS.
List.....to the voice, ... O how ten - - der and sweet,.....
List to the voice, list to the voice, Ten-der and sweet, O how ten-der and sweet,

List to the Voice.



449 Trust, Try and Prove Me.

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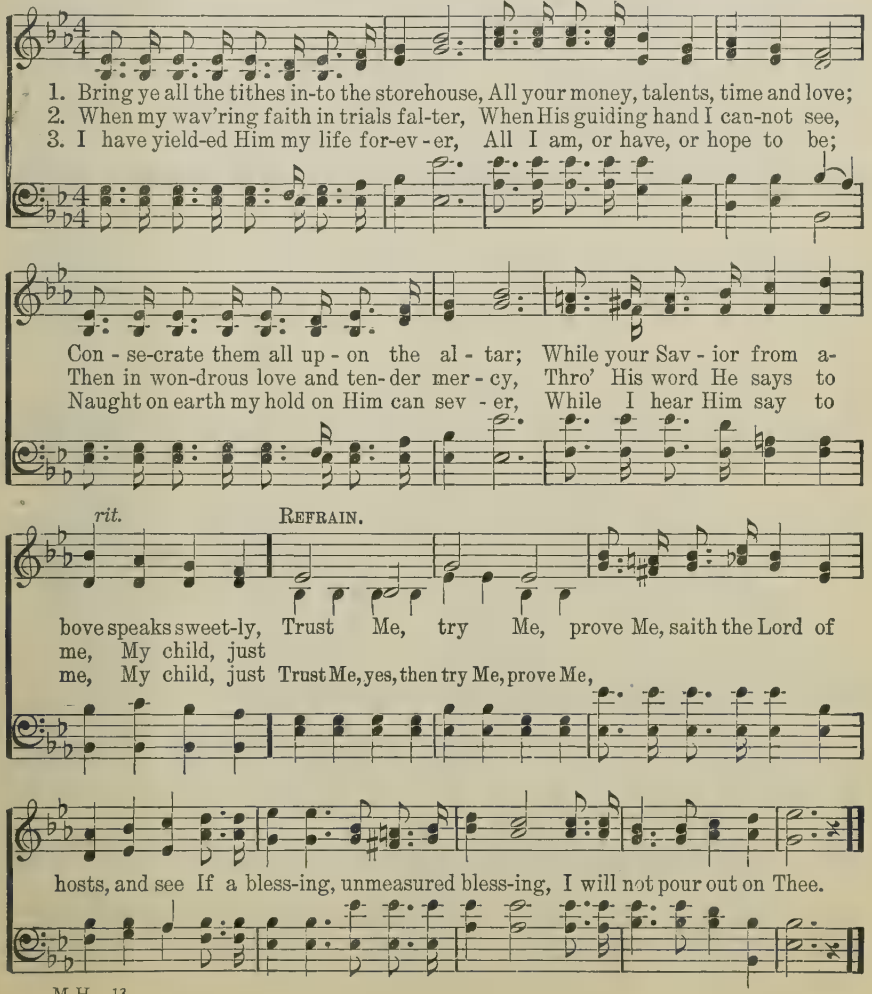
1. Bring ye all the tithes in-to the storehouse, All your money, talents, time and love;
2. When my wav'ring faith in trials fal-ter, When His guiding hand I can-not see,
3. I have yield-ed Him my life for-ev - er, All I am, or have, or hope to be;
Con - se-crate them all up - on the al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a-
Then in won-drous love and ten-der mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to
Naught on earth my hold on Him can sev - er, While I hear Him say to
rit.
REFRAIN.
bove speaks sweet-ly, Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of
me, My child, just
me, My child, just Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,
hosts, and see If a bless-ing, unmeasured bless-ing, I will not pour out on Thee.

450

Love.

B. B. McK.

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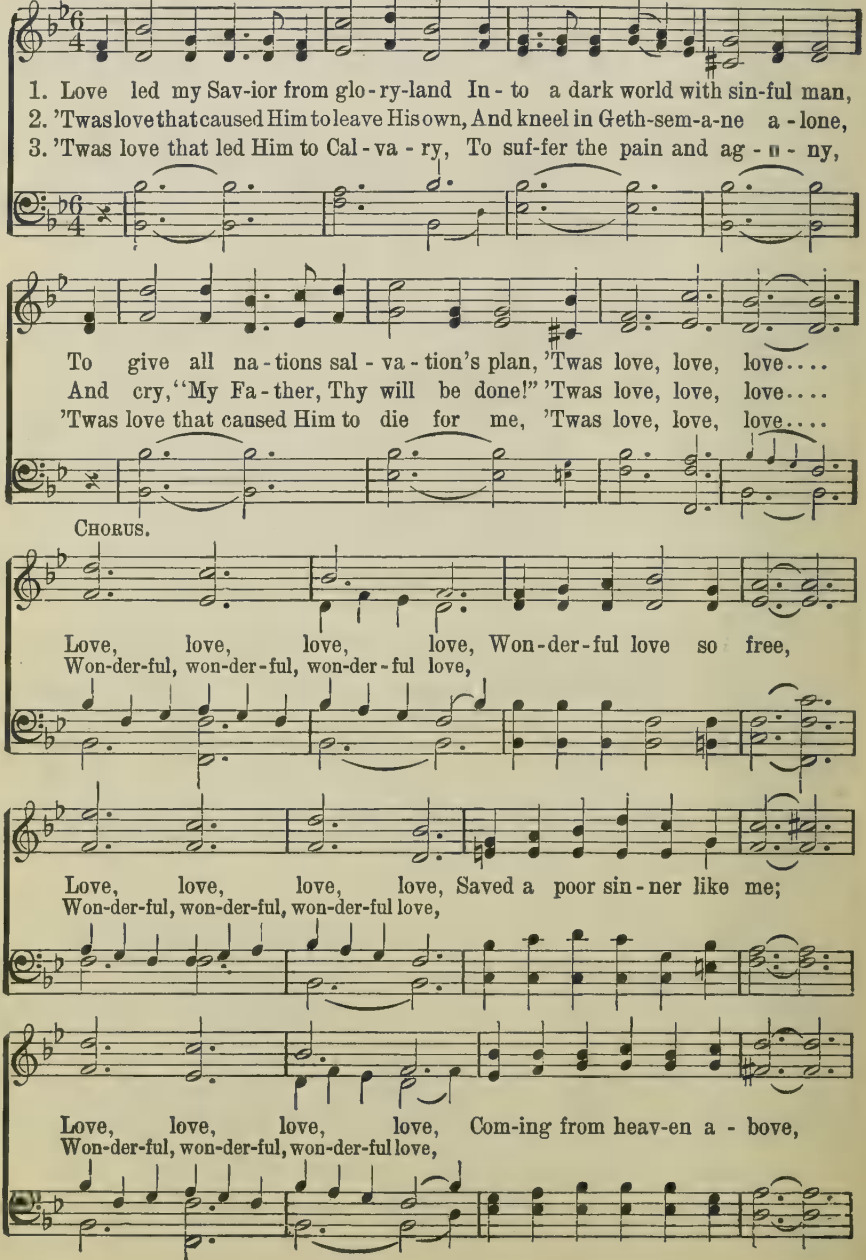
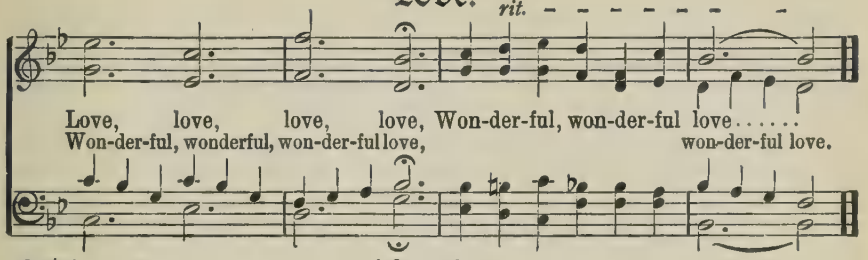
B. B. McKinney.

1. Love led my Sav-ior from glo-ry-land In-to a dark world with sin-ful man,
2. 'Twas love that caused Him to leave His own, And kneel in Geth-sem-a-ne a-lone,
3. 'Twas love that led Him to Cal-va-ry, To suf-fer the pain and ag-o-ny,
To give all na-tions sal-va-tion's plan, 'Twas love, love, love....
And cry, "My Fa-ther, Thy will be done!" 'Twas love, love, love....
'Twas love that caused Him to die for me, 'Twas love, love, love....
Chorus.
Love, love, love, love, Won-der-ful love so free,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,
Love, love, love, love, Saved a poor sin-ner like me;
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,
Love, love, love, love, Com-ing from heav-en a-bove,
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,

Love.



451 Rejoice.

B. B. McK.

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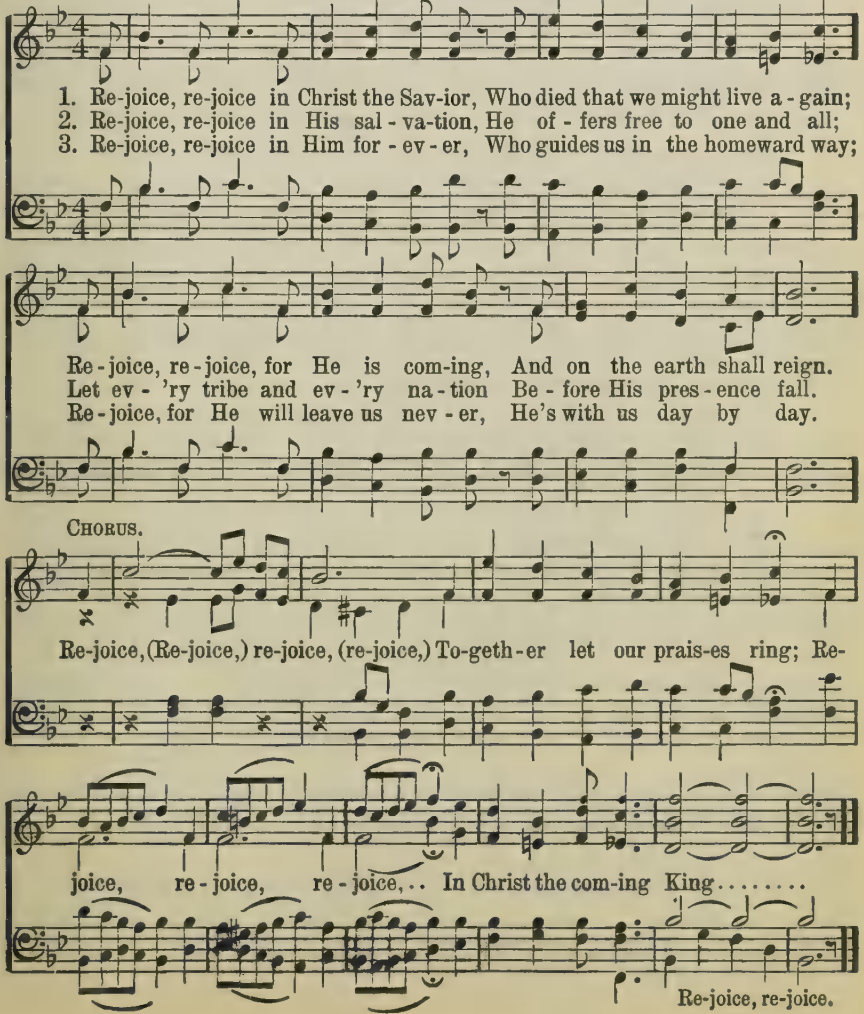
B. B. McKinney.


1. Re-joice, re-joice in Christ the Sav-ior, Who died that we might live a-gain;
2. Re-joice, re-joice in His sal-va-tion, He of-fers free to one and all;
3. Re-joice, re-joice in Him for-ev-er, Who guides us in the homeward way;
Re-joice, re-joice, for He is com-ing, And on the earth shall reign.
Let ev-'ry tribe and ev-'ry na-tion Be-fore His pres-ence fall.
Re-joice, for He will leave us nev-er, He's with us day by day.
Chorus.
Re-joice, (Re-joice,) re-joice, (re-joice,) To-geth-er let our prais-es ring; Re-
joice, re-joice, re-joice, .. In Christ the com-ing King.....
Re-joice, re-joice.

452 Shadows.

R. H.

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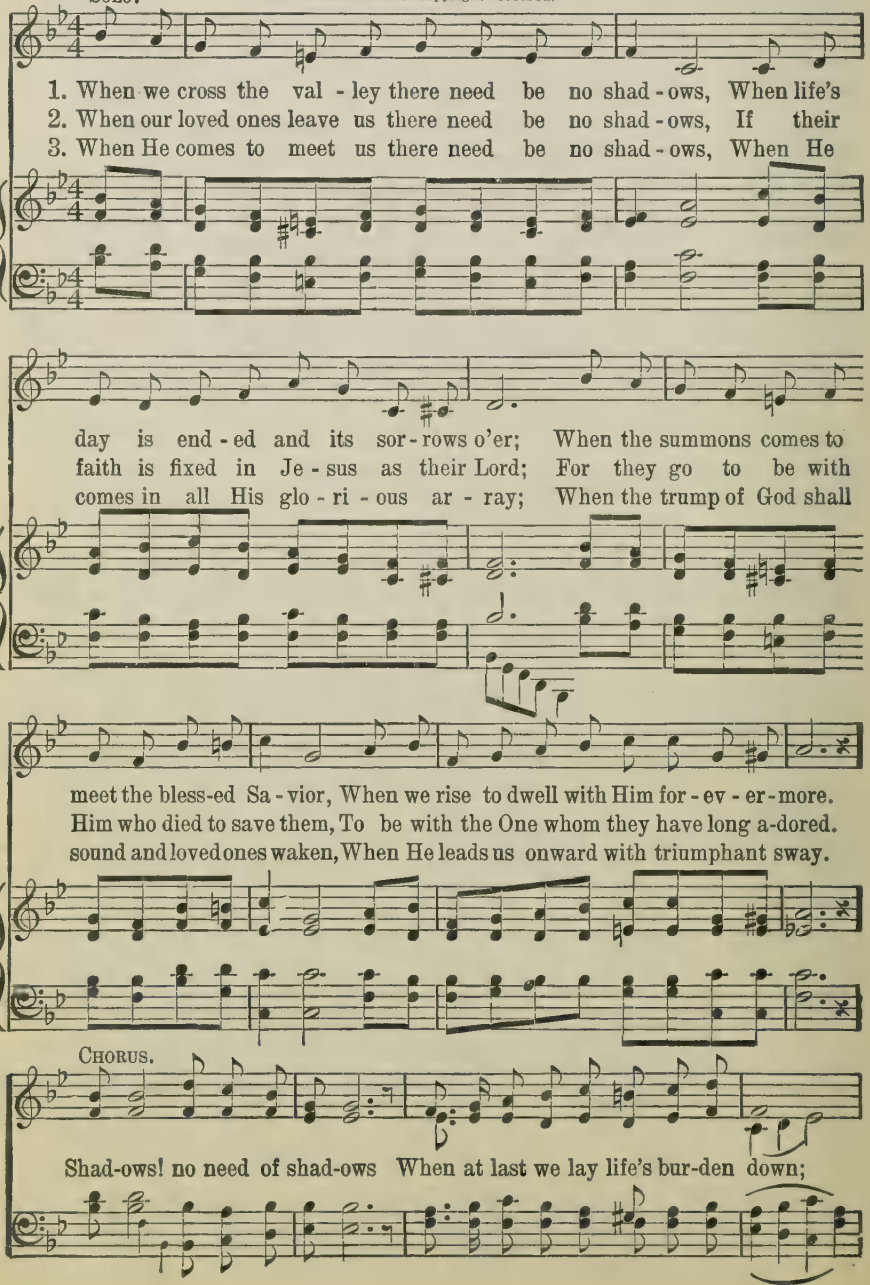
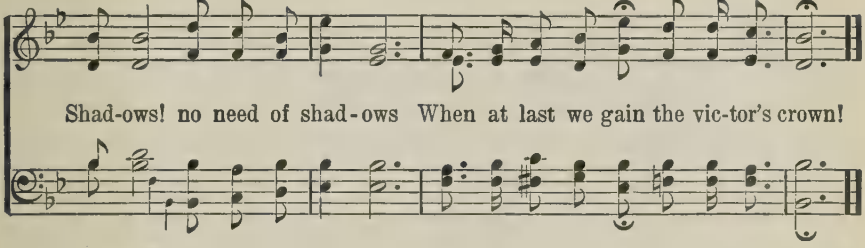
Robert Harkness.

Solo.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's day is end - ed and its sor - rows o'er; When the summons comes to meet the bless-ed Sa - vior, When we rise to dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a-dored.
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall sound and loved ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.
Chorus.
Shad-ows! no need of shad-ows When at last we lay life's bur-den down;

Shadows.



453 Sometime!

R. H.

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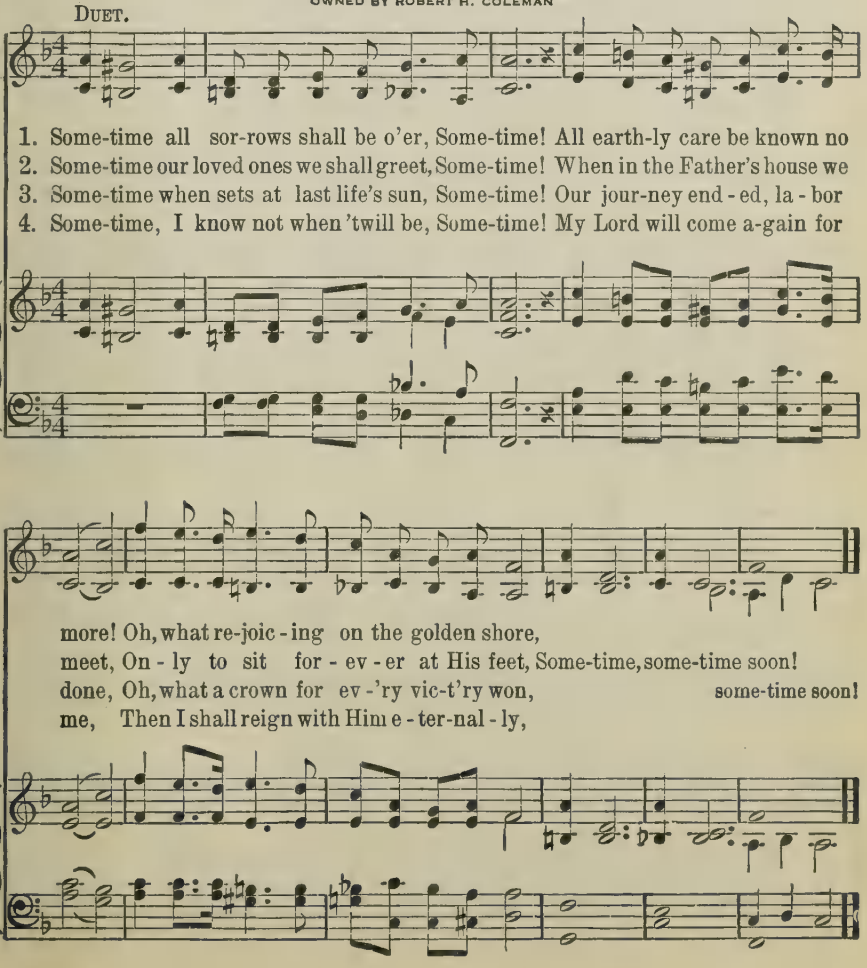
Robert Harkness.

DUET.


1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for
more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!
done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,
me, Then I shall reign with Him e-ter-nal-ly,
some-time soon!

454 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

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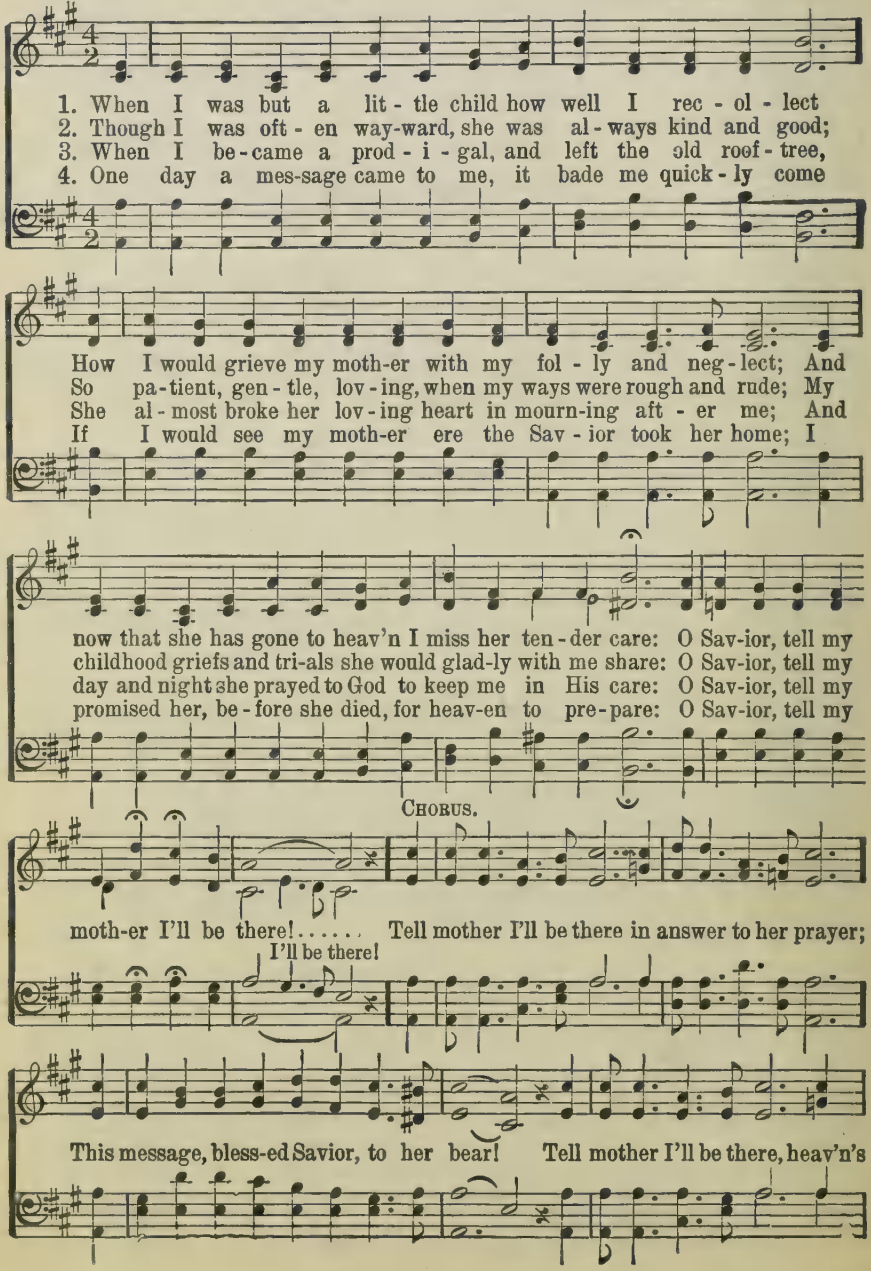
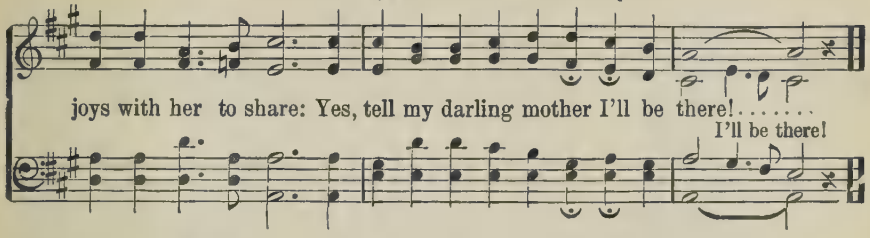
C. M. F.

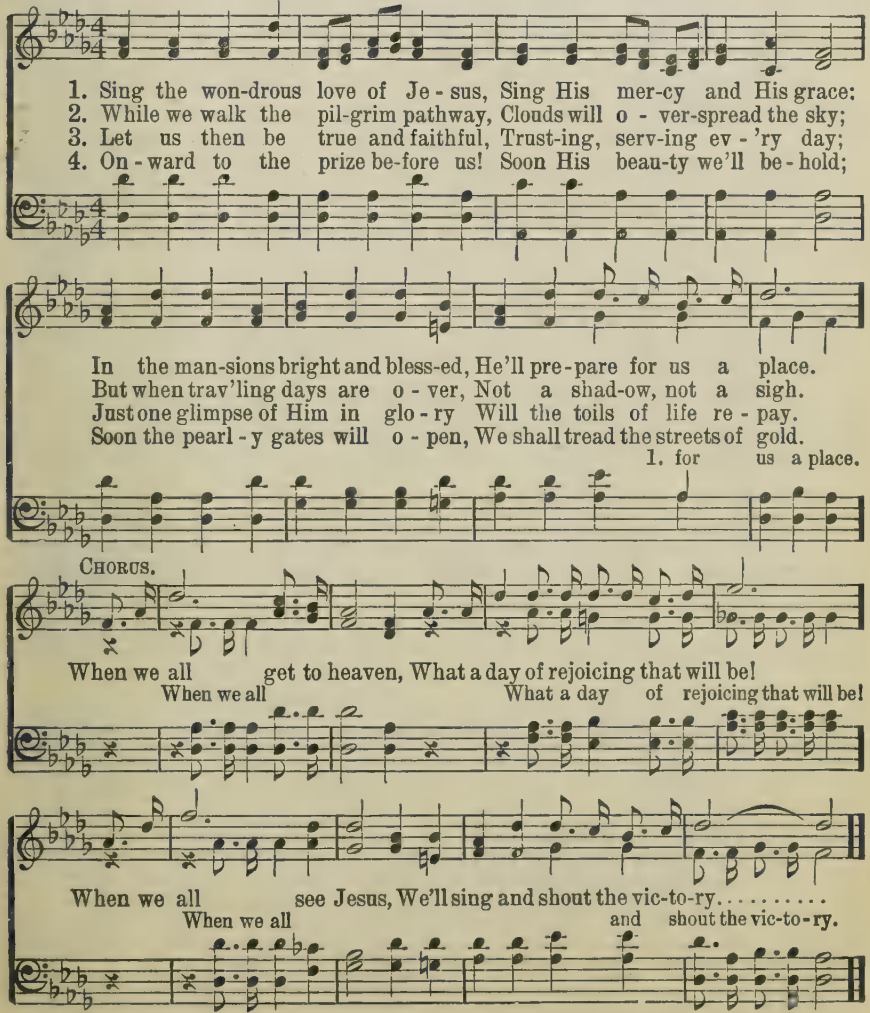
Charles M. Fillmore.
Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Though I was oft - en way-ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come
How I would grieve my moth-er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn-ing aft - er me; And
If I would see my moth-er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I
now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav-ior, tell my
childhood griefs and tri-als she would glad-ly with me share: O Sav-ior, tell my
day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav-ior, tell my
promised her, be - fore she died, for heav-en to pre - pare: O Sav-ior, tell my
CHORUS.
moth-er I'll be there!..... Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
I'll be there!
This message, bless-ed Savior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.



455 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace:
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
Chorus.
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic-to-ry.
When we all and shout the vic-to-ry.

456 The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm.

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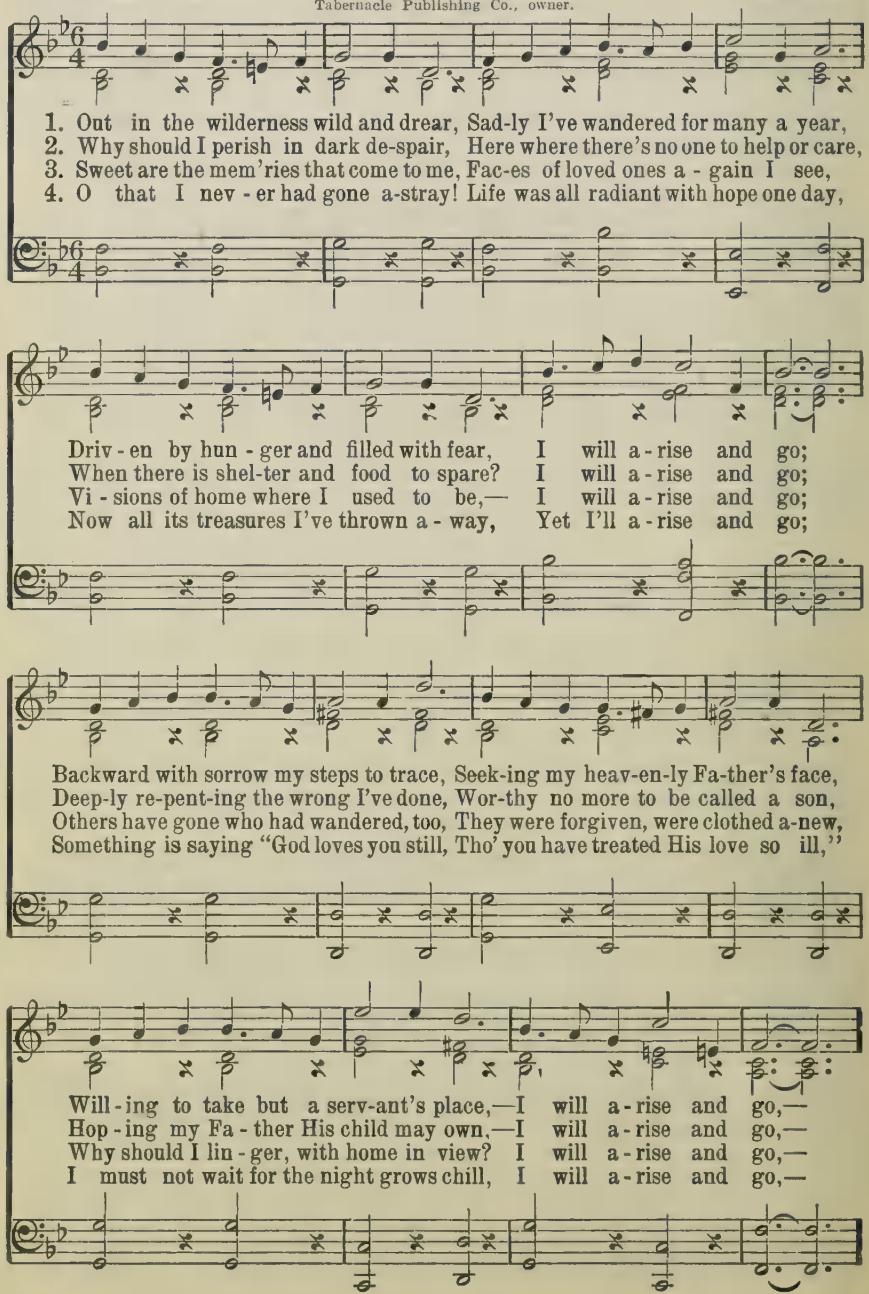
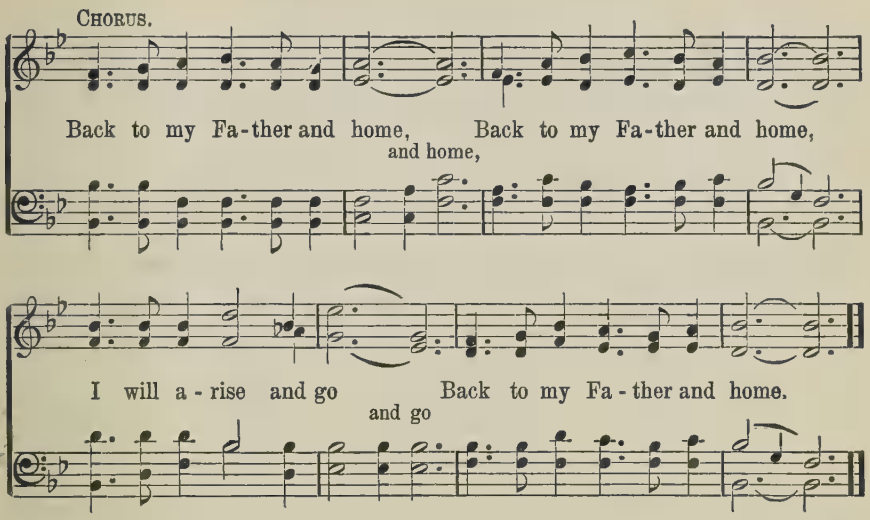
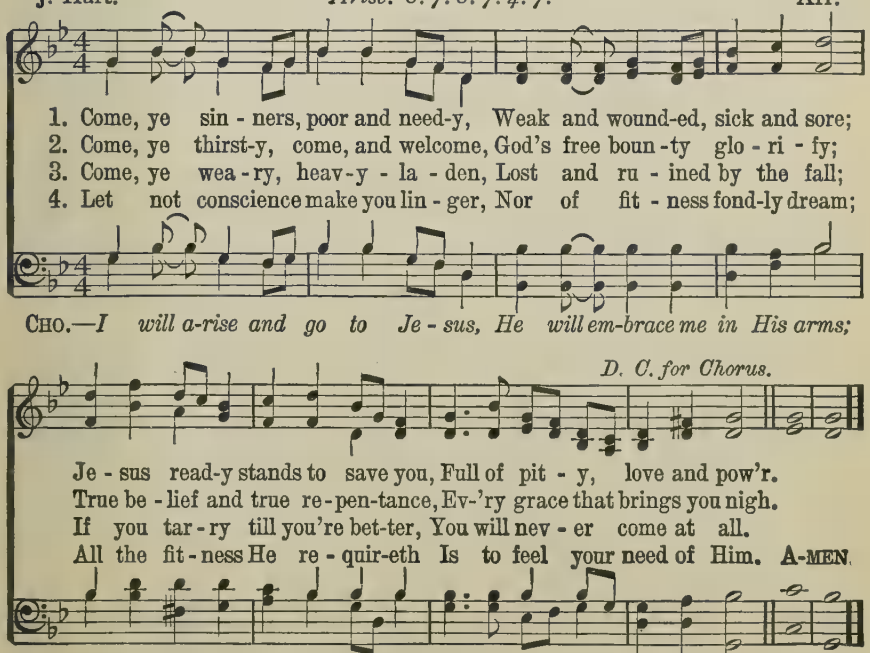
Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I perish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a - gain I see,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,
Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
When there is shel-ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
Vi - sions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go;
Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seek-ing my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's face,
Deep-ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor-thy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed a-new,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"
Will - ing to take but a serv-ant's place,—I will a - rise and go,—
Hop - ing my Fa - ther His child may own,—I will a - rise and go,—
Why should I lin - ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

The Prodigal Son.

457 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. *Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Arr.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
Cho.—*I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*
D. C. for Chorus.
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-men.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

458 He is the King of Love.

CHORUS SONG.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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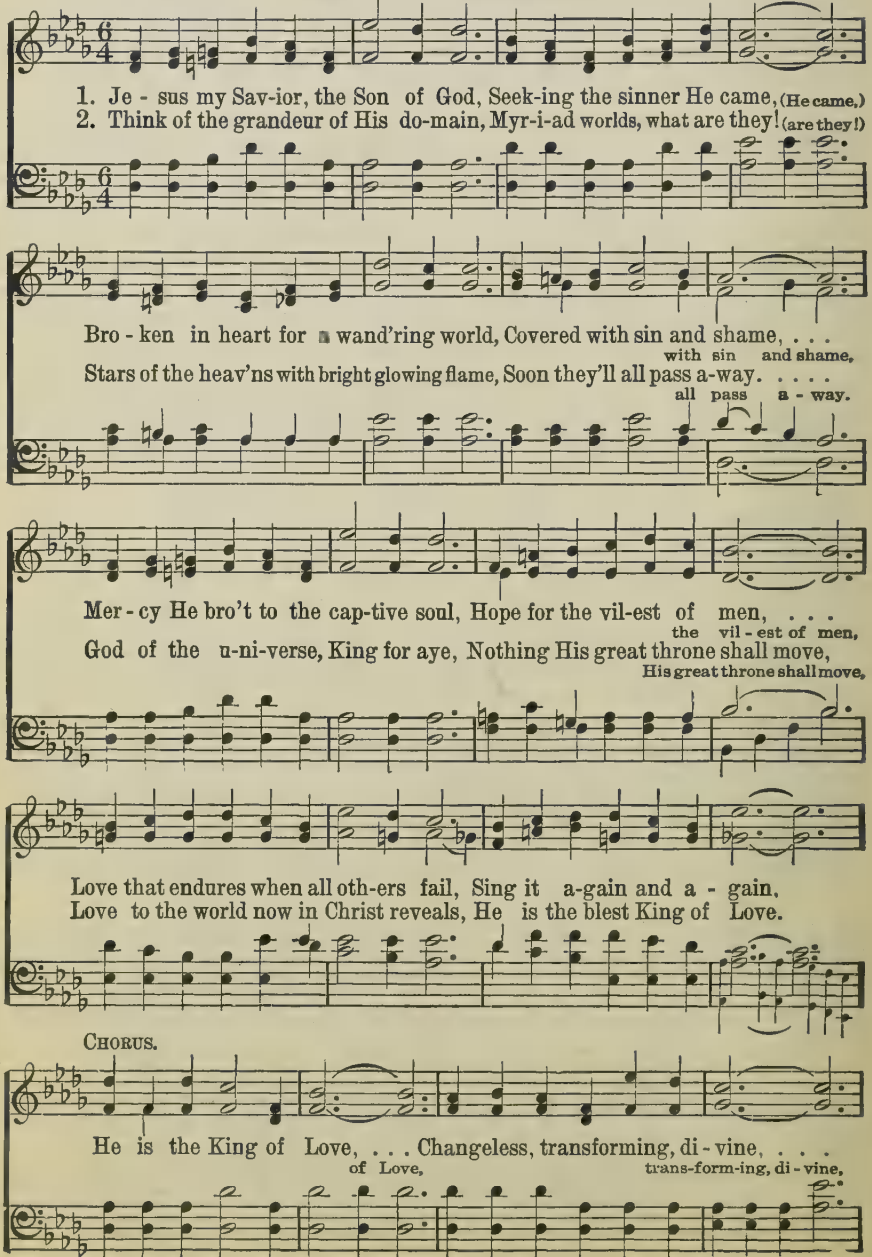
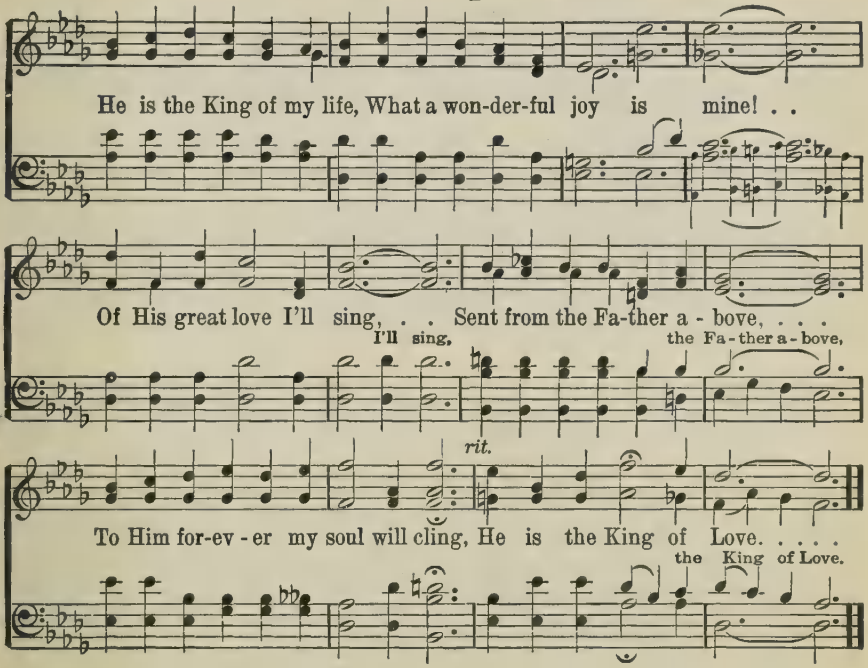
B. D. Ackley.

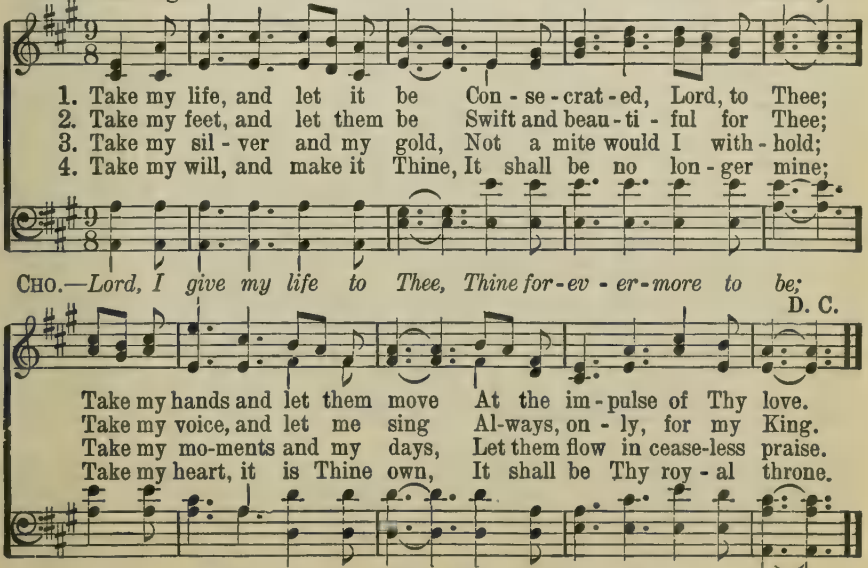

1. Je - sus my Sav-ior, the Son of God, Seek-ing the sinner He came, (He came,)
2. Think of the grandeur of His do-main, Myr-i-ad worlds, what are they! (are they!)
Bro - ken in heart for a wand'ring world, Covered with sin and shame, . . .
with sin and shame,
Stars of the heav'ns with bright glowing flame, Soon they'll all pass a-way. . . . .
all pass a - way.
Mer - cy He bro't to the cap-tive soul, Hope for the vil-est of men, . . .
the vil - est of men,
God of the u-ni-verse, King for aye, Nothing His great throne shall move,
His great throne shall move,
Love that endures when all oth-ers fail, Sing it a-gain and a - gain,
Love to the world now in Christ reveals, He is the blest King of Love.
CHORUS.
He is the King of Love, . . . Changeless, transforming, di - vine, . . .
of Love,
trans-form-ing, di - vine,

He is the King of Love.


He is the King of my life, What a won-der-ful joy is mine! . .
Of His great love I'll sing, . . Sent from the Fa-ther a - bove, . . .
I'll sing,
the Fa-ther a-bove,
rit.
To Him for-ev - er my soul will cling, He is the King of Love. . . . .
the King of Love.

459 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
Cho.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er-more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

460 Tenting By the Cross.

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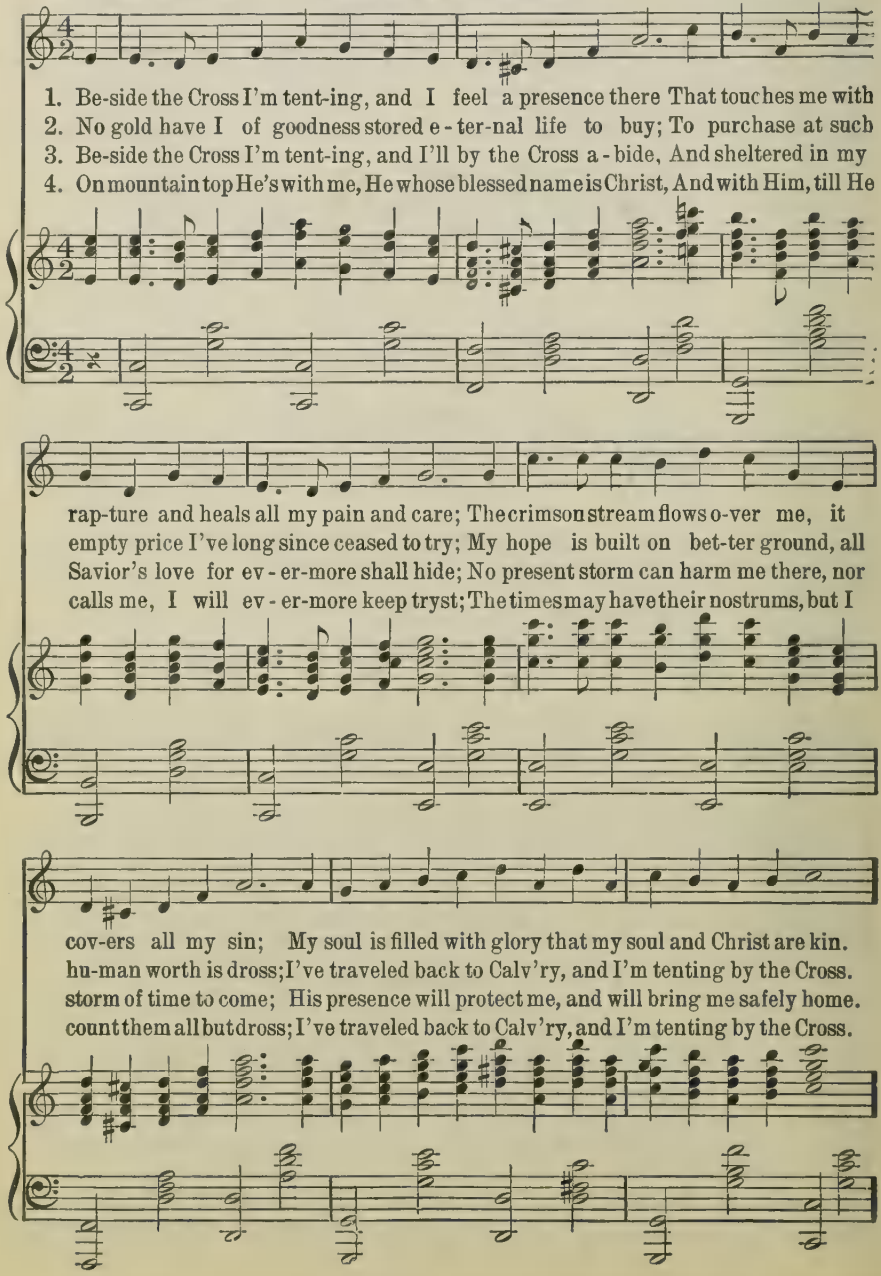
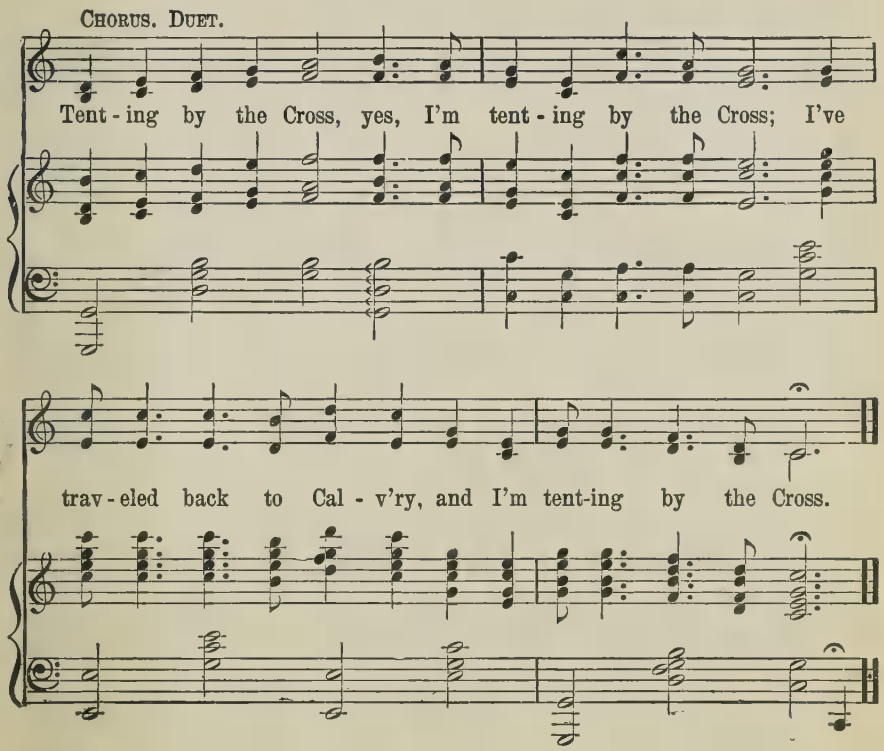
Rev. Campbell Coyle. Robert Harkness.


1. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I feel a presence there That touches me with
2. No gold have I of goodness stored e-ter-nal life to buy; To purchase at such
3. Be-side the Cross I'm tent-ing, and I'll by the Cross a-bide, And sheltered in my
4. On mountain top He's with me, He whose blessed name is Christ, And with Him, till He
rap-ture and heals all my pain and care; The crimson stream flows o-ver me, it
empty price I've long since ceased to try; My hope is built on bet-ter ground, all
Savior's love for ev-er-more shall hide; No present storm can harm me there, nor
calls me, I will ev-er-more keep tryst; The times may have their nostrums, but I
cov-ers all my sin; My soul is filled with glory that my soul and Christ are kin.
hu-man worth is dross; I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.
storm of time to come; His presence will protect me, and will bring me safely home.
count them all but dross; I've traveled back to Calv'ry, and I'm tenting by the Cross.

Tenting By the Cross.



461 Keep On Praying.

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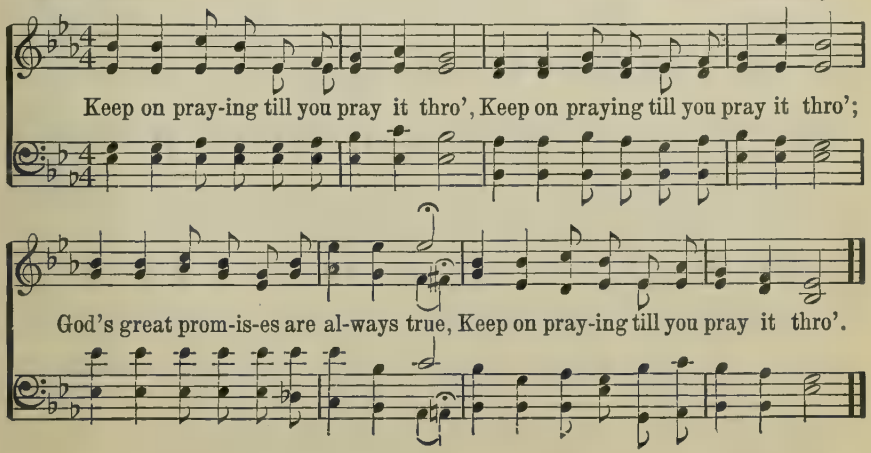
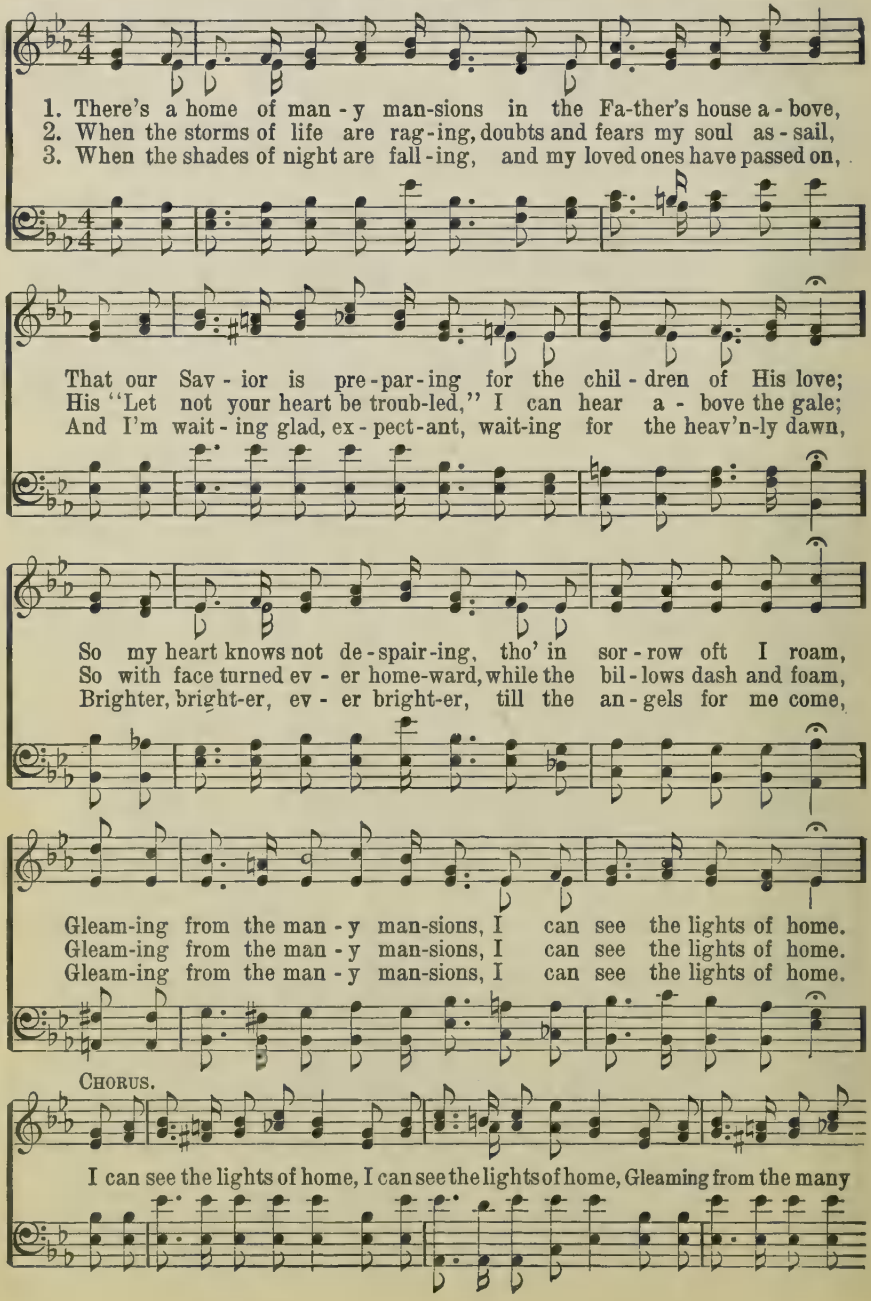
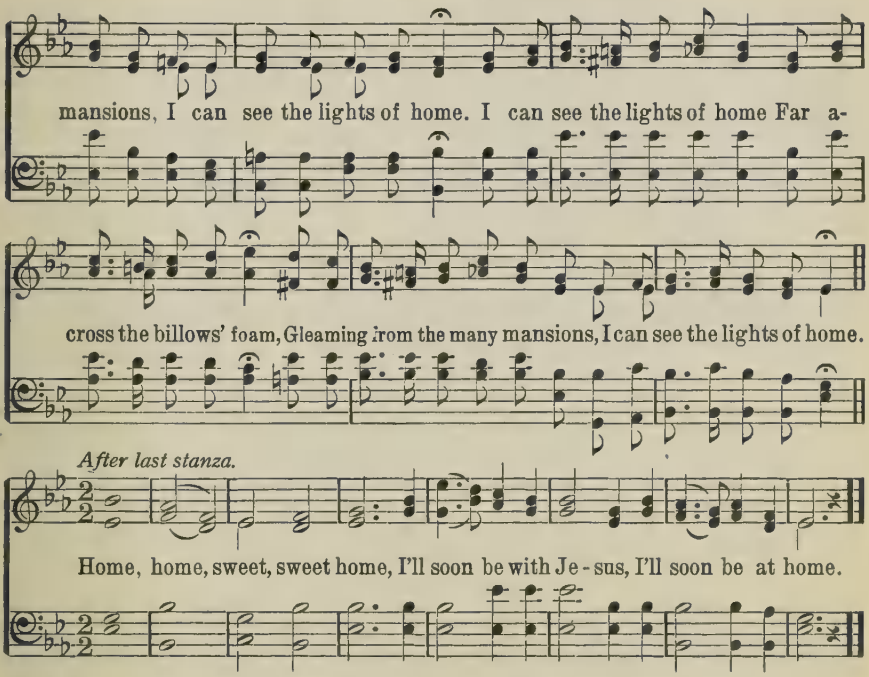
B. B McK. B. B. McKinney.

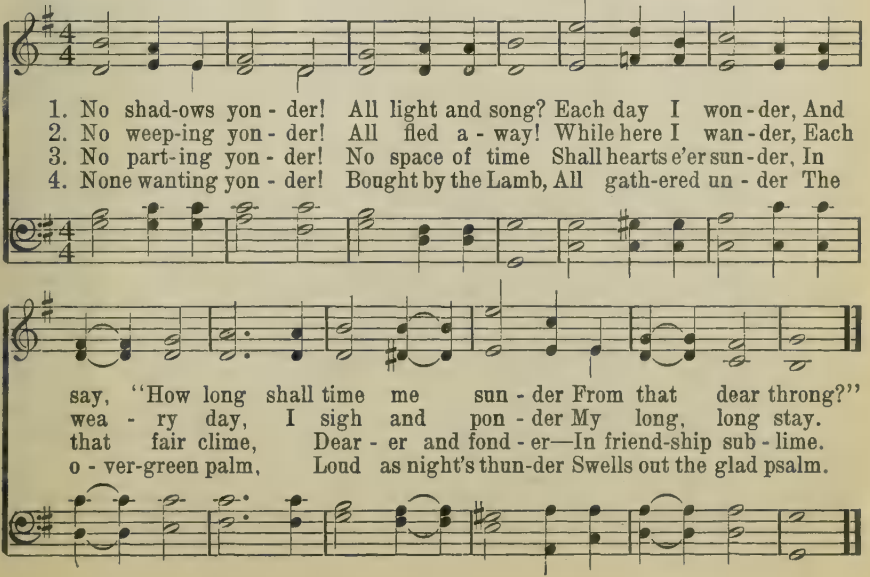

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';
God's great prom-is-es are al-ways true, Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro'.

462 I Can See the Lights of Home.

Miss Calia Altstaetter. COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. B. B. McKinney.

1. There's a home of man - y man-sions in the Fa-ther's house a - bove,
2. When the storms of life are rag - ing, doubts and fears my soul as - sail,
3. When the shades of night are fall - ing, and my loved ones have passed on,
That our Sav - ior is pre - par - ing for the chil - dren of His love;
His "Let not your heart be troub-led," I can hear a - bove the gale;
And I'm wait - ing glad, ex - pect - ant, wait-ing for the heav'n-ly dawn,
So my heart knows not de - spair - ing, tho' in sor - row oft I roam,
So with face turned ev - er home-ward, while the bil - lows dash and foam,
Brighter, bright-er, ev - er bright-er, till the an - gels for me come,
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
Gleam-ing from the man - y man-sions, I can see the lights of home.
CHORUS.
I can see the lights of home, I can see the lights of home, Gleaming from the many

I Can See the Lights of Home.

mansions, I can see the lights of home. I can see the lights of home Far a-
cross the billows' foam, Gleaming from the many mansions, I can see the lights of home.
After last stanza.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, I'll soon be with Je - sus, I'll soon be at home.

463 No Shadows Yonder.

Horatius Bonar. From Alfred R. Gaul.

1. No shad-ows yon - der! All light and song? Each day I won - der, And
2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan - der, Each
3. No part-ing yon - der! No space of time Shall hearts e'er sun - der, In
4. None wanting yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un - der The
say, "How long shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er—In friend-ship sub - lime.
o - ver-green palm, Loud as night's thun-der Swells out the glad psalm.

464 The Pearly White City.

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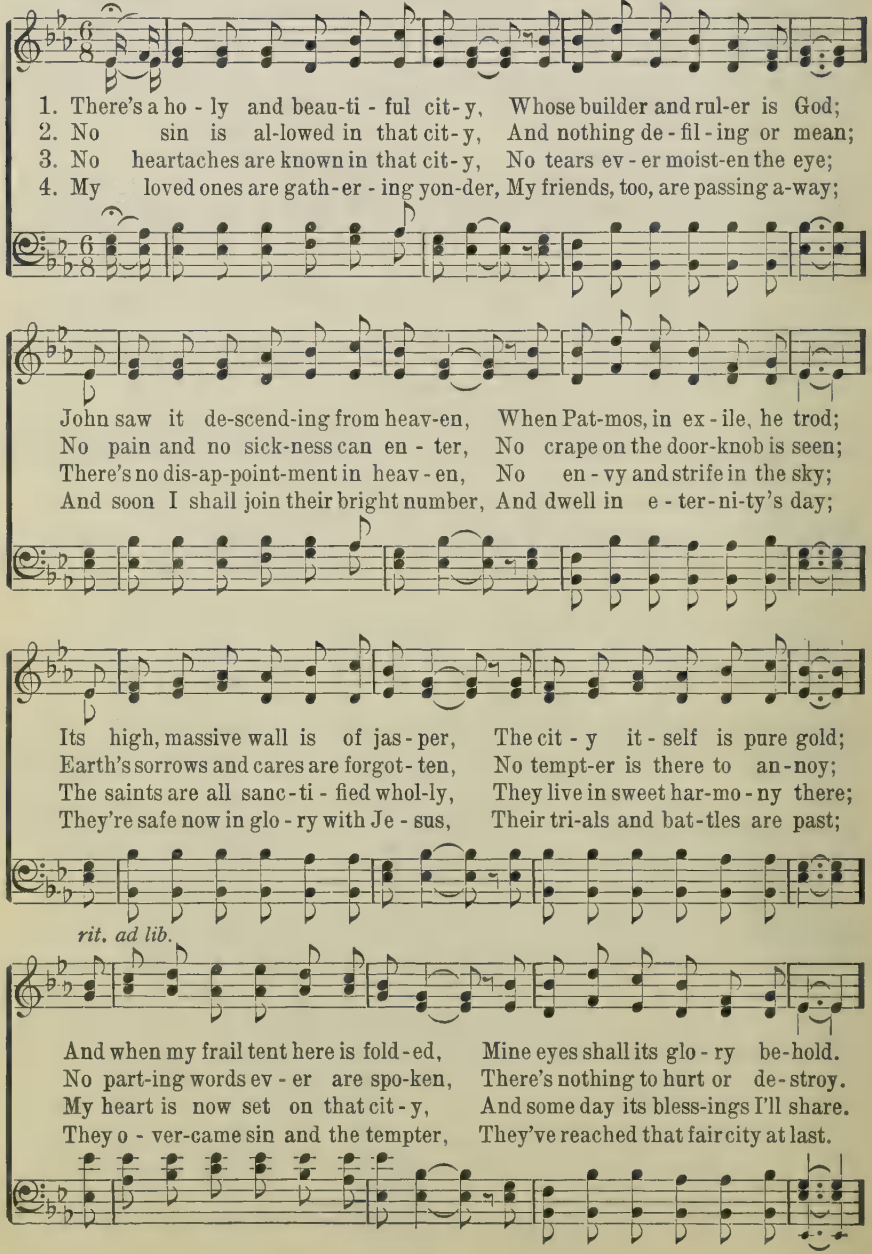
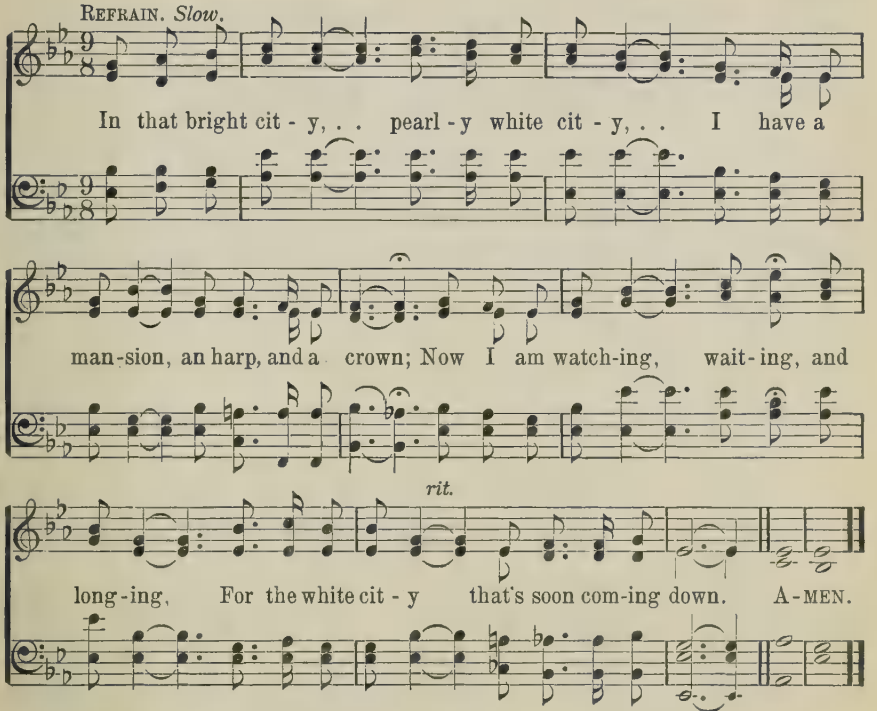
Moderato.

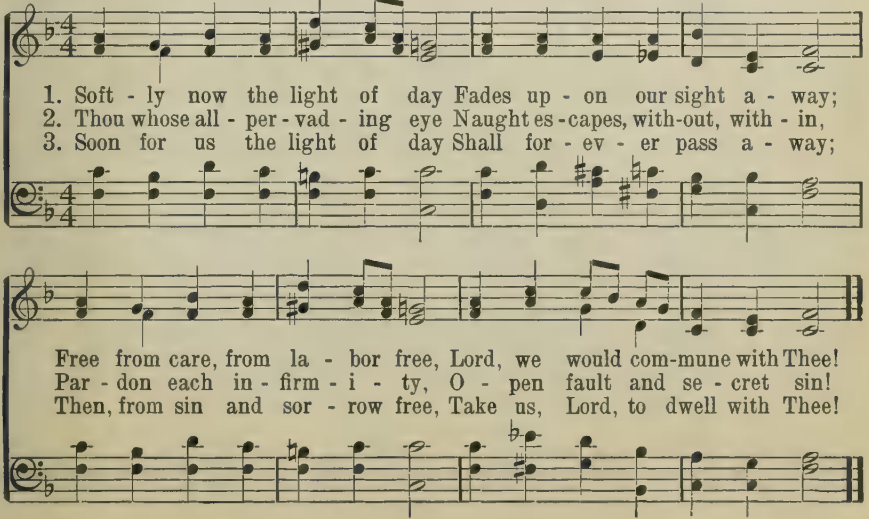

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al-lowed in that cit - y, And nothing de - fil - ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moist-en the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er - ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni-ty's day;
Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgot - ten, No tempt-er is there to an-noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;
rit. ad lib.
And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be-hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt or de-stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair city at last.

The Pearly White City.


REFRAIN. *Slow.*
In that bright cit - y, . . pearl - y white cit - y, . . I have a
man-sion, an harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait-ing, and
rit.
long-ing, For the white cit - y that's soon com-ing down. A-MEN.

465 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane. *Seymour. 7s.* Carl M. von Weber.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with-out, with - in,
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com-mune with Thee!
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin!
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

466 Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

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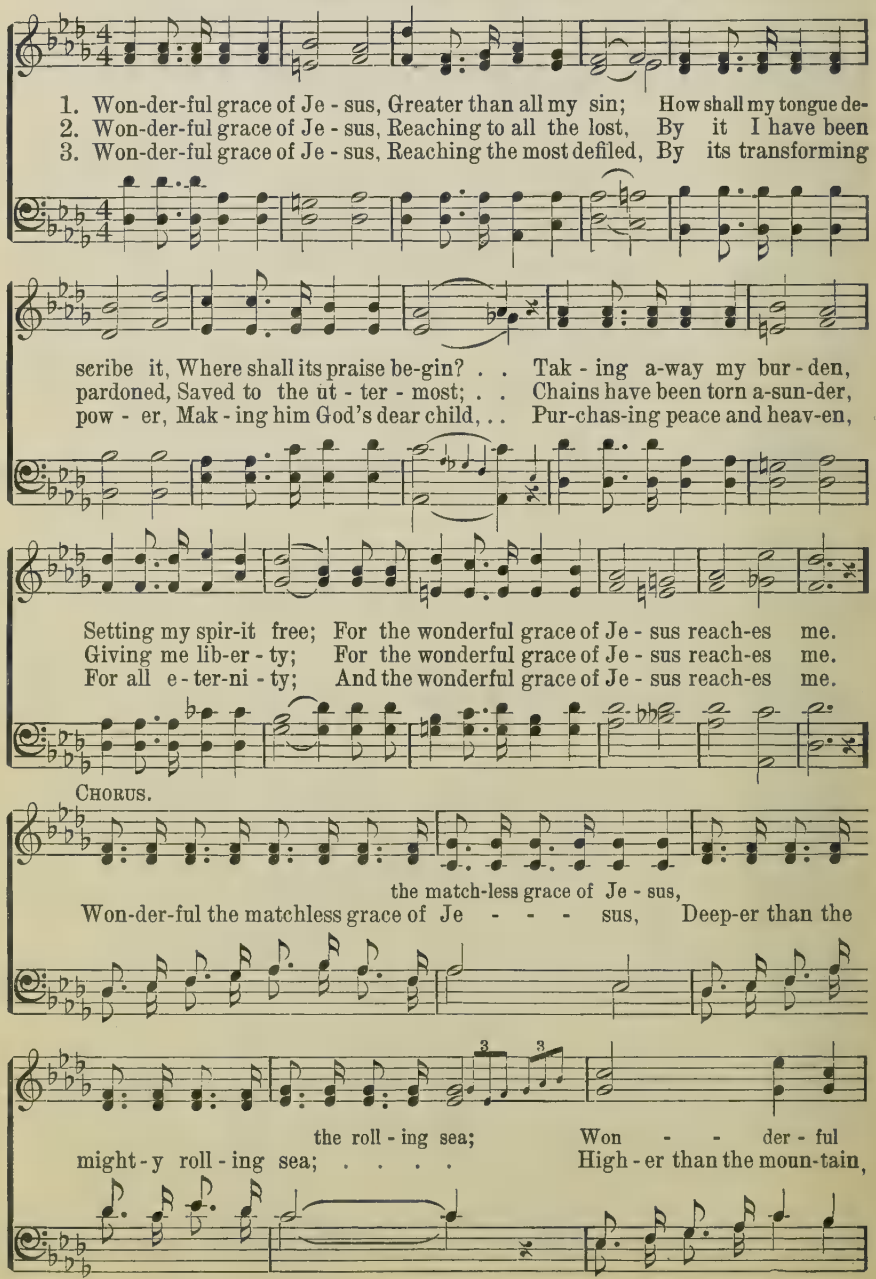
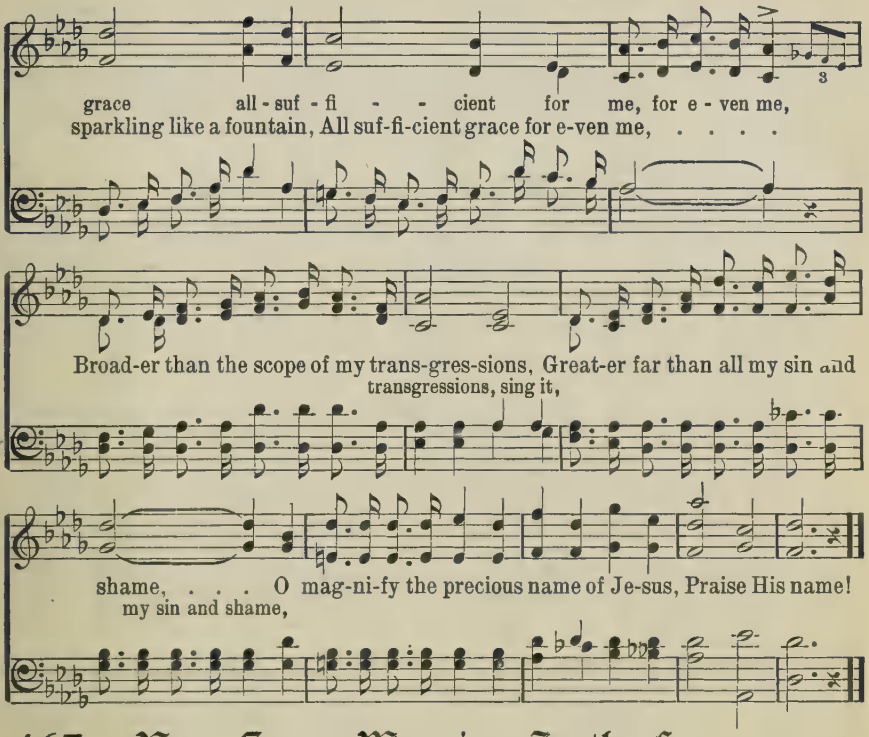
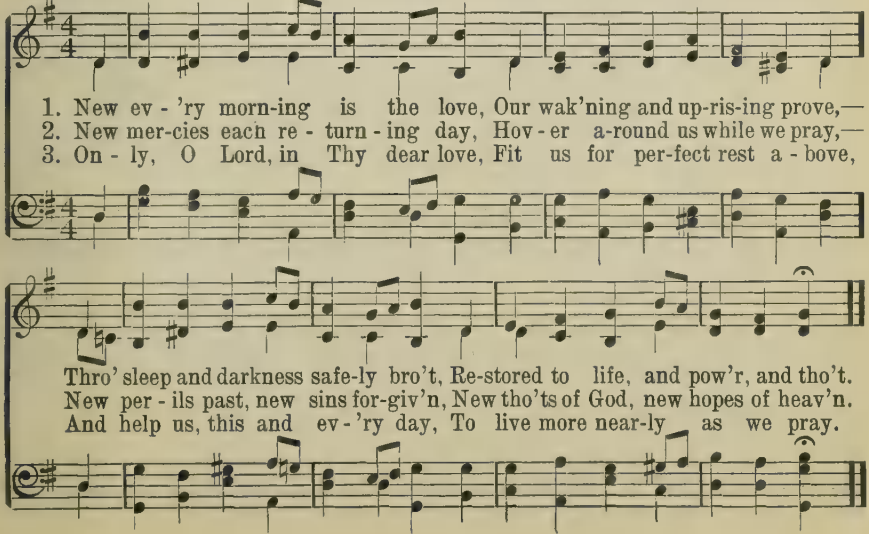

1. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Greater than all my sin; How shall my tongue de-
2. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching to all the lost, By it I have been
3. Won-der-ful grace of Je - sus, Reaching the most defiled, By its transforming
scribe it, Where shall its praise be-gin? . . Tak - ing a-way my bur - den,
pardoned, Saved to the ut - ter - most; . . Chains have been torn a-sun-der,
pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child, . . Pur-chas-ing peace and heav-en,
Setting my spir-it free; For the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.
Giving me lib-er - ty; For the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.
For all e - ter-ni - ty; And the wonderful grace of Je - sus reach-es me.
CHORUS.
the match-less grace of Je - sus,
Won-der-ful the matchless grace of Je - - - - sus, Deep-er than the
the roll - ing sea; Won - - der - ful
might - y roll - ing sea; . . . . High - er than the moun-tain,

Wonderful Grace of Jesus.


grace all-suf-fi-cient for me, for e-ven me,
sparkling like a fountain, All suf-fi-cient grace for e-ven me, ...
Broad-er than the scope of my trans-gres-sions, Great-er far than all my sin and
transgressions, sing it,
shame, . . . O mag-ni-fy the precious name of Je-sus, Praise His name!
my sin and shame,

467 New Every Morning Is the Love.

John Keble. *Canonbury. L. M.* Robert Schumann.


1. New ev-'ry morn-ing is the love, Our wak'ning and up-ris-ing prove,—
2. New mer-cies each re-turn-ing day, Hov-er a-round us while we pray,—
3. On-ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit us for per-fect rest a-bove,
Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly bro't, Re-stored to life, and pow'r, and tho't.
New per-ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
And help us, this and ev-'ry day, To live more near-ly as we pray.

468 That Beautiful Golden Gate.

C. E. L.
B. B. McK.

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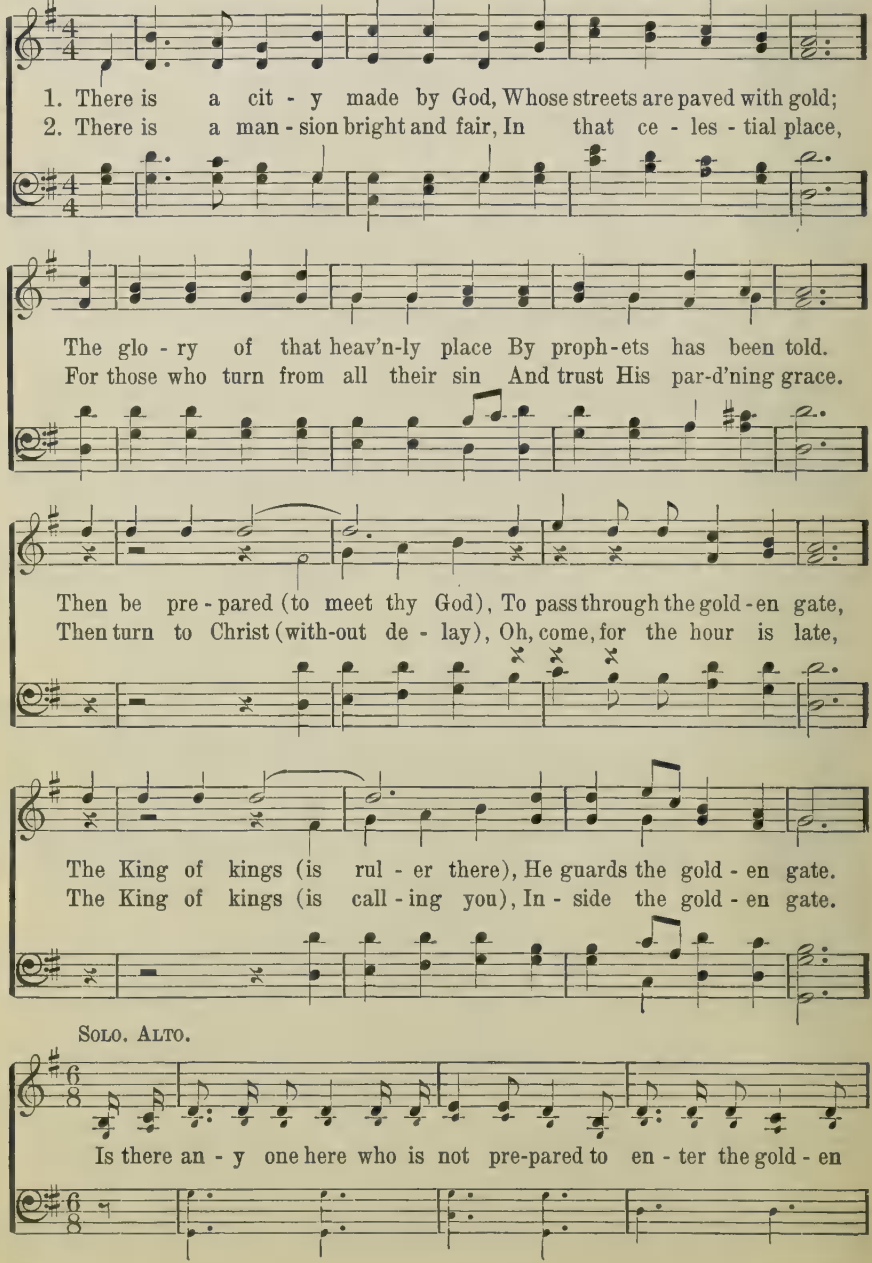
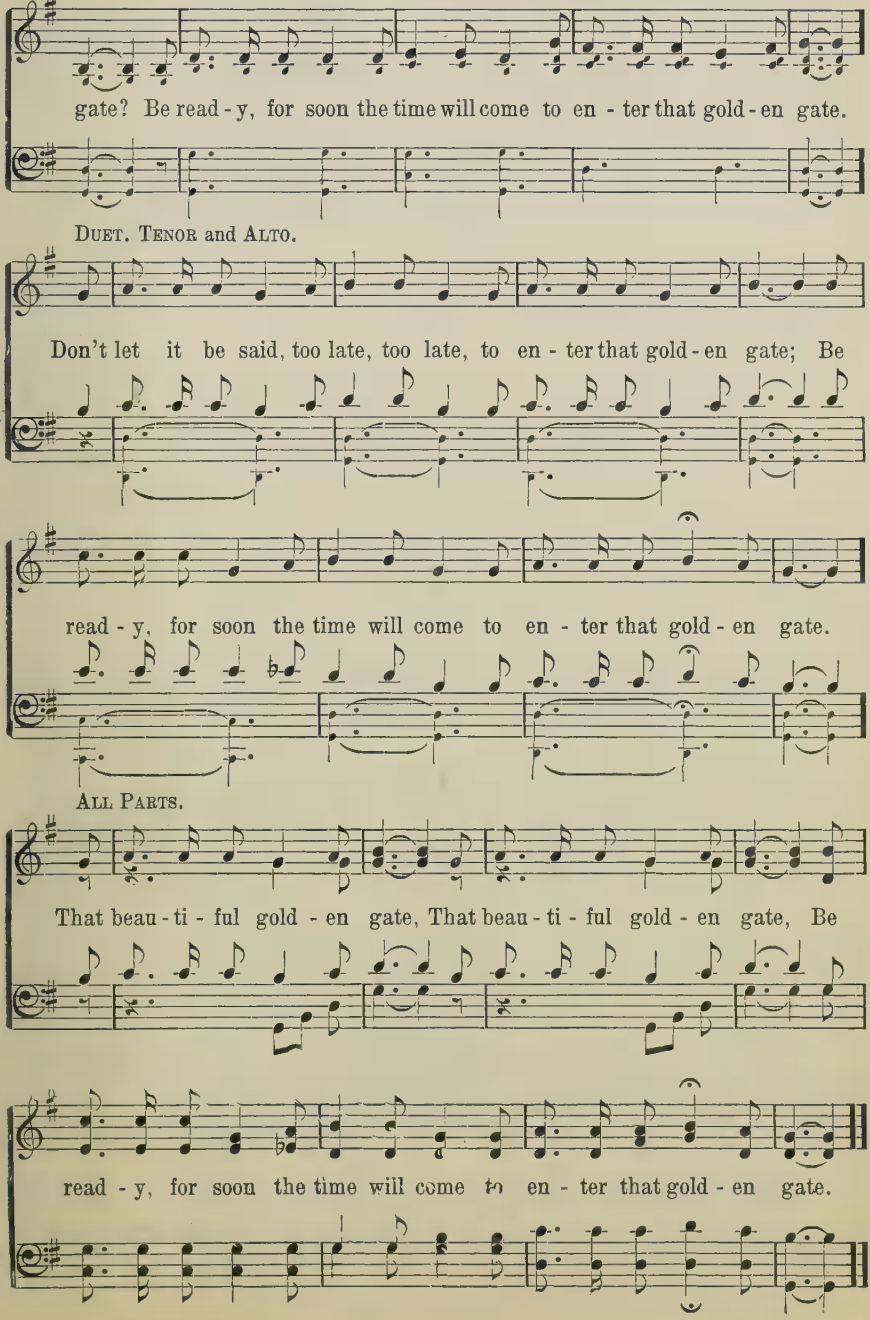
C. E. Leslie.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.


1. There is a cit - y made by God, Whose streets are paved with gold;
2. There is a man - sion bright and fair, In that ce - les - tial place,
The glo - ry of that heav'n-ly place By proph-ets has been told.
For those who turn from all their sin And trust His par-d'ning grace.
Then be pre - pared (to meet thy God), To pass through the gold - en gate,
Then turn to Christ (with-out de - lay), Oh, come, for the hour is late,
The King of kings (is rul - er there), He guards the gold - en gate.
The King of kings (is call - ing you), In - side the gold - en gate.
Solo. Alto.
Is there an - y one here who is not pre-pared to en - ter the gold - en

That Beautiful Golden Gate.

gate? Be read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.
DUET. TENOR and ALTO.
Don't let it be said, too late, too late, to en - ter that gold - en gate; Be
read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.
ALL PARTS.
That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, Be
read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

469 Hallelujah for the Cross.

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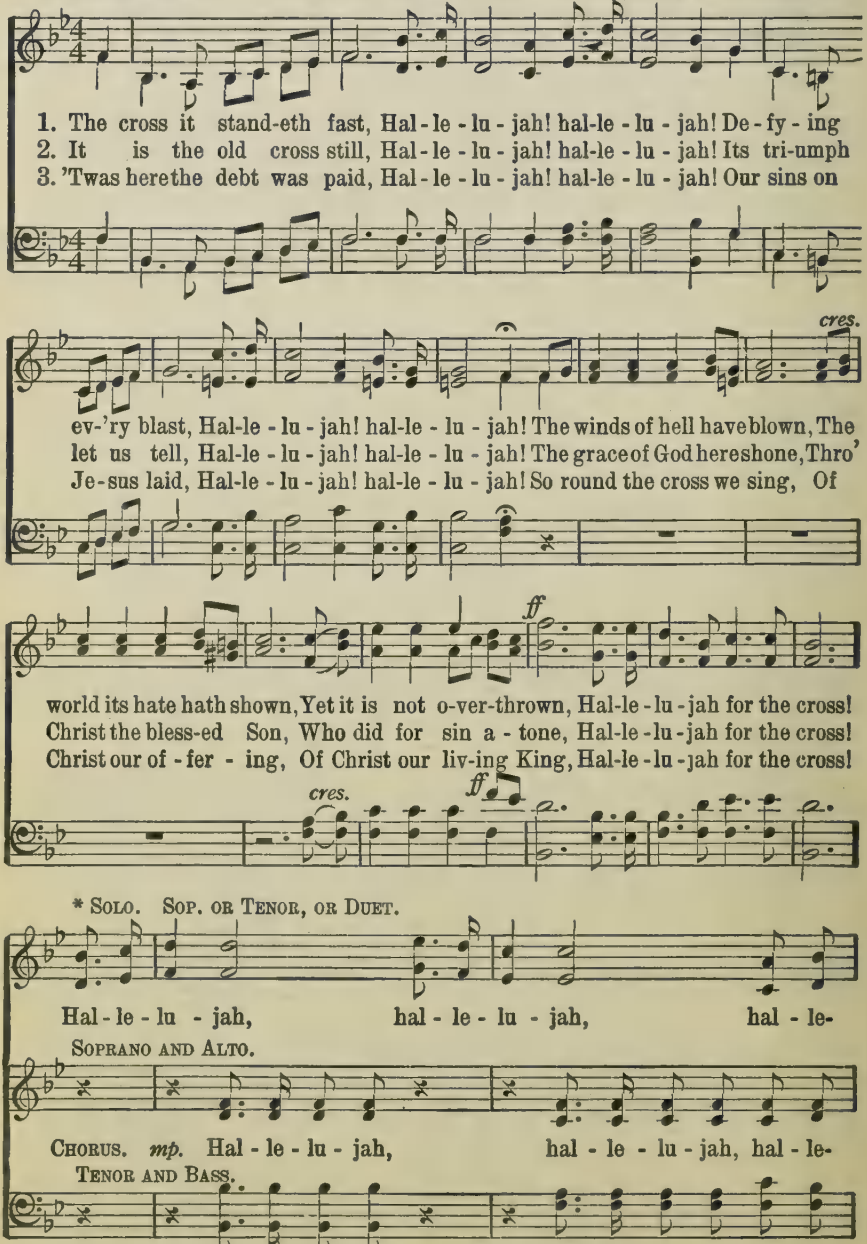
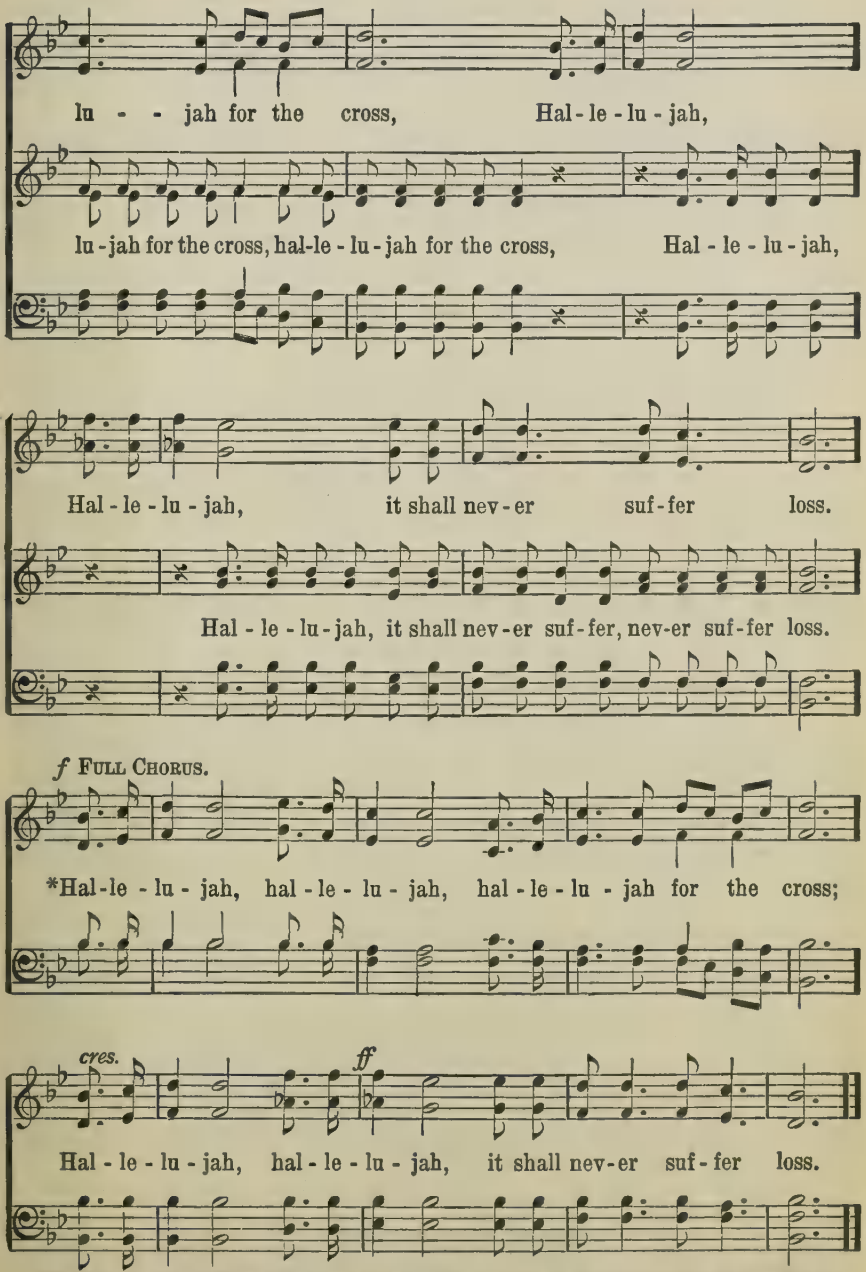

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on
cres.
ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of
ff
world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
cres.
ff
* Solo. Sop. or Tenor, or Duet.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Soprano and Alto.
Chorus. mp. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
Tenor and Bass.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah For the Cross.


lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,
lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.
Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.
f FULL CHORUS.
*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;
cres.
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

470 All Hail, Immanuel!

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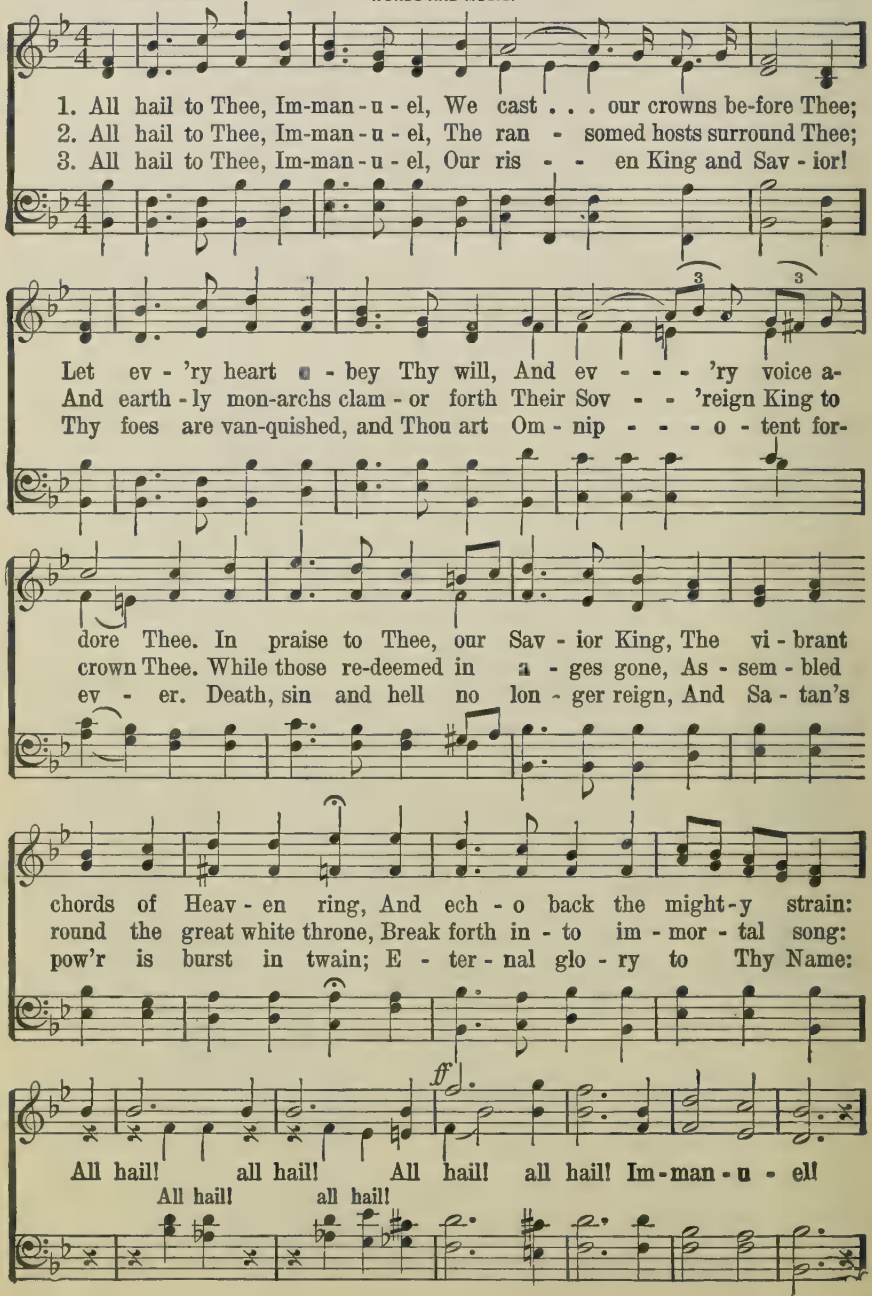
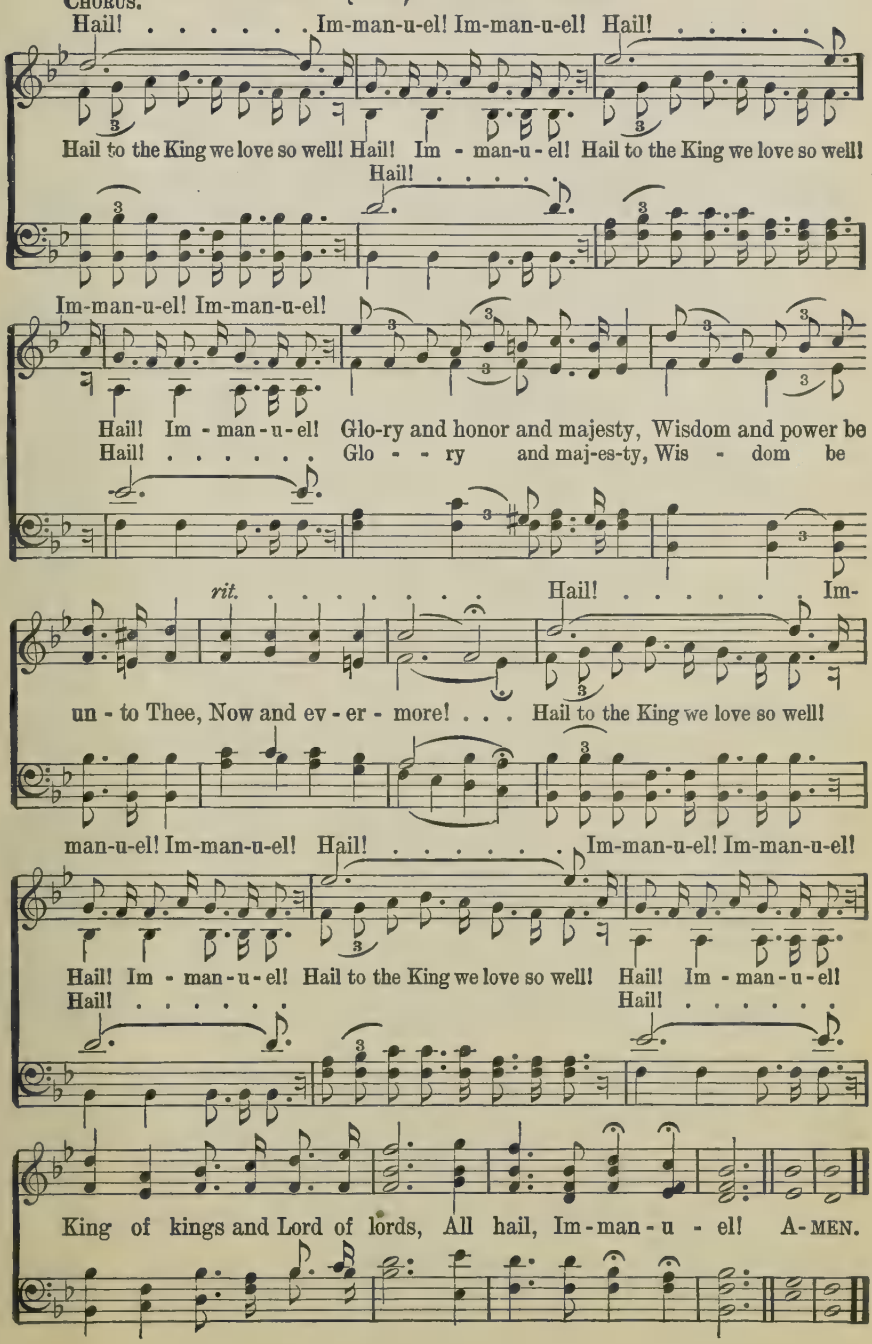

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!
Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:
ff
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.
Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . .
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail! . . . . .
Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit.
Hail! . . . . . Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . .
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im - man - u - el! A-men.

471 Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

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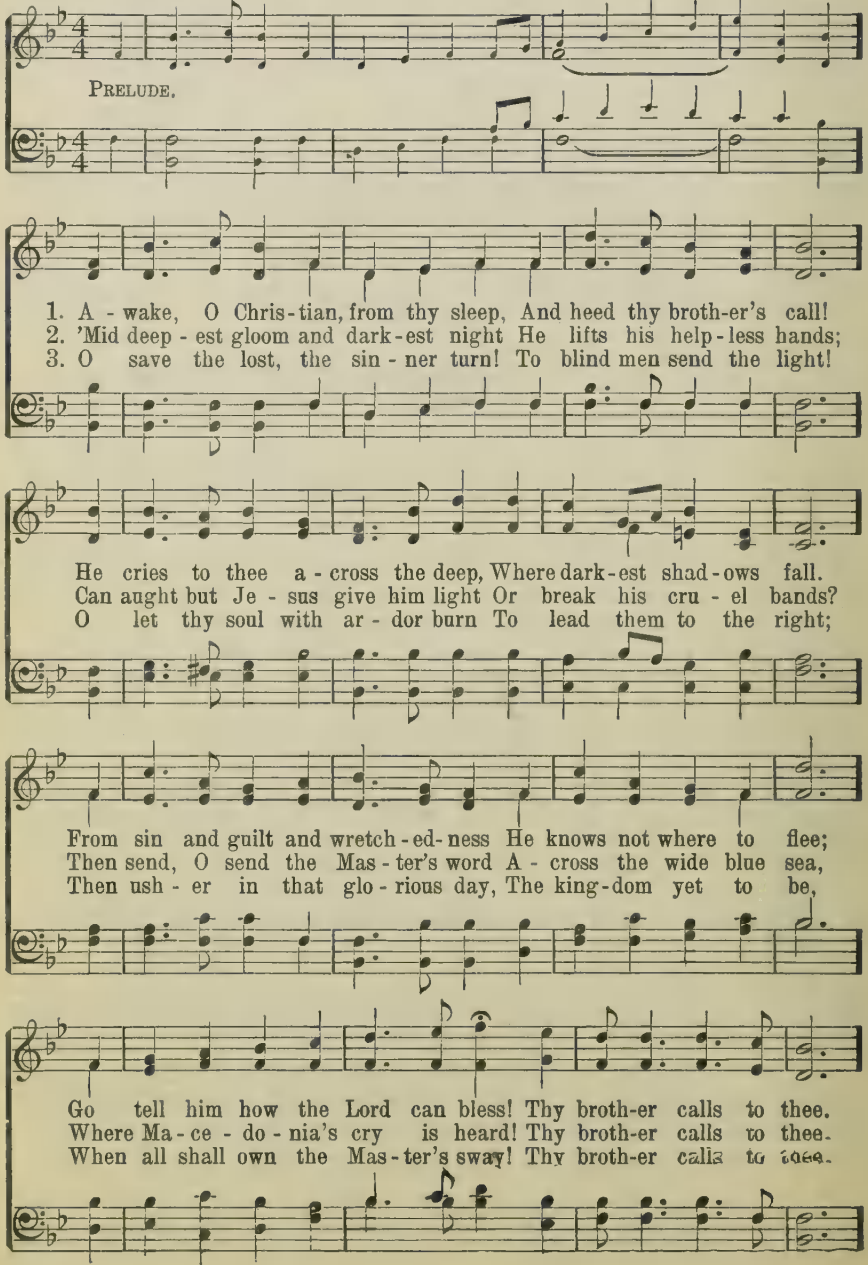
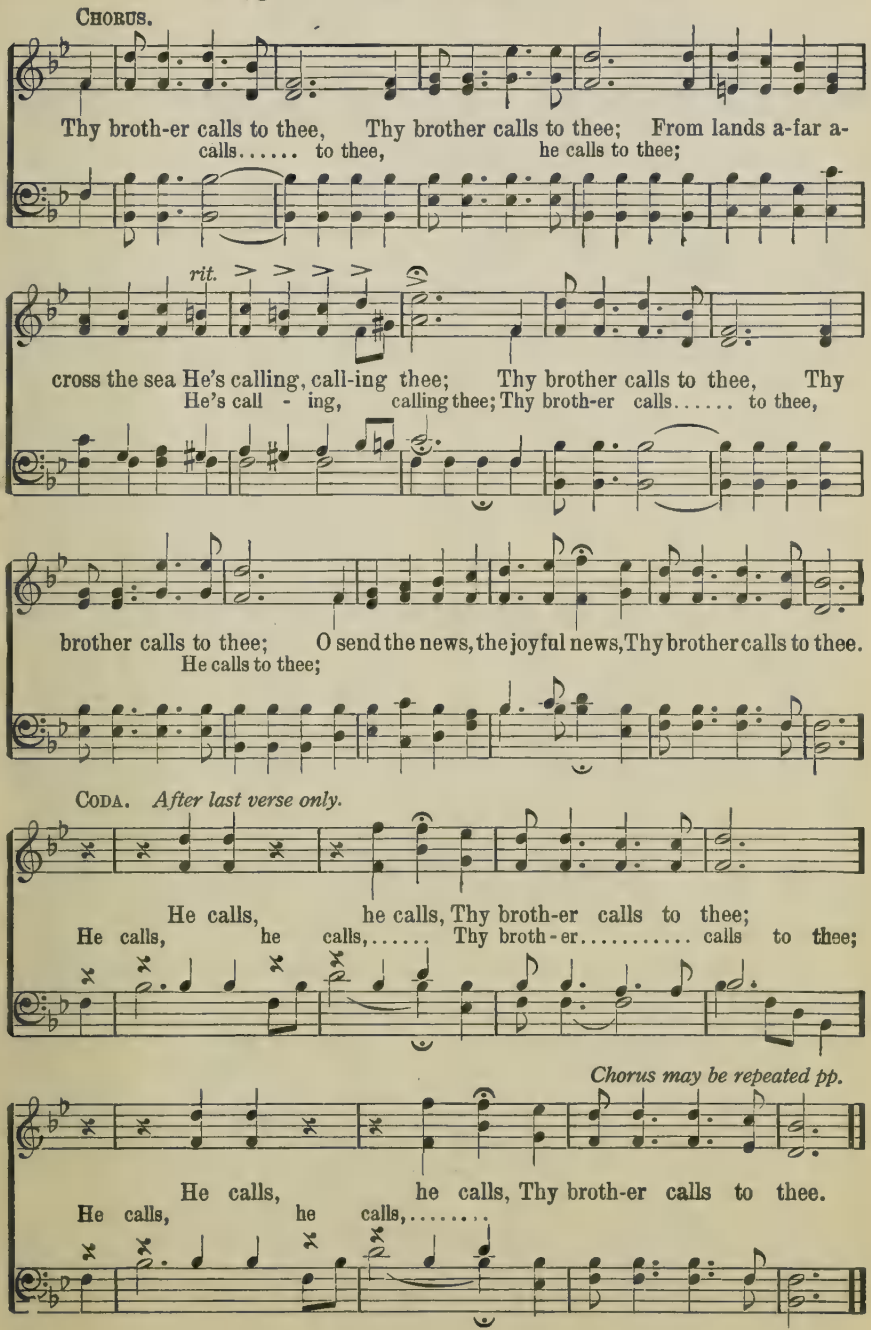
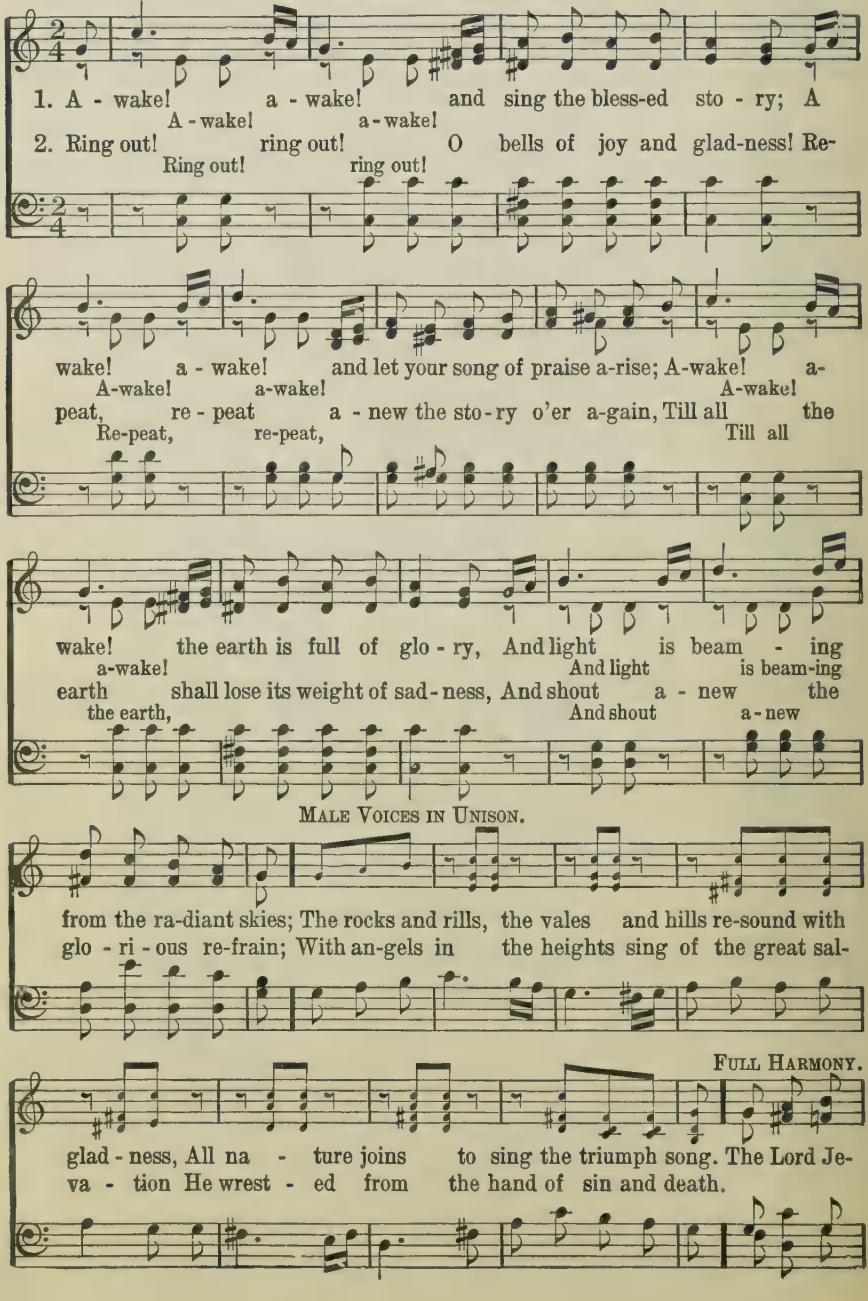
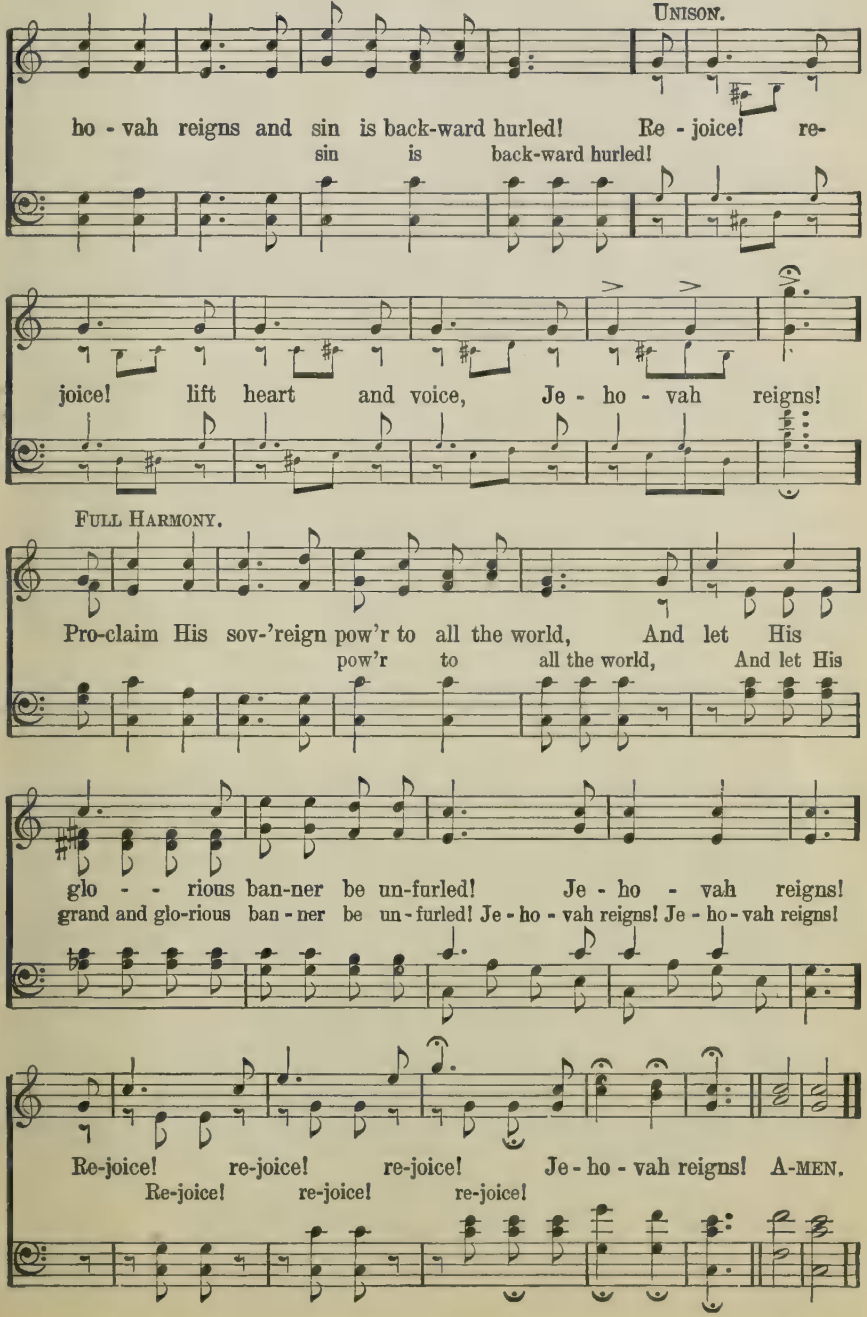
Bishop Joseph F. Berry. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

PRELUDE.
1. A - wake, O Chris - tian, from thy sleep, And heed thy broth-er's call!
2. 'Mid deep - est gloom and dark - est night He lifts his help - less hands;
3. O save the lost, the sin - ner turn! To blind men send the light!
He cries to thee a - cross the deep, Where dark - est shad - ows fall.
Can aught but Je - sus give him light Or break his cru - el bands?
O let thy soul with ar - dor burn To lead them to the right;
From sin and guilt and wretch - ed - ness He knows not where to flee;
Then send, O send the Mas - ter's word A - cross the wide blue sea,
Then ush - er in that glo - rious day, The king - dom yet to be,
Go tell him how the Lord can bless! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
Where Ma - ce - do - nia's cry is heard! Thy broth-er calls to thee.
When all shall own the Mas - ter's sway! Thy broth-er calls to thee.

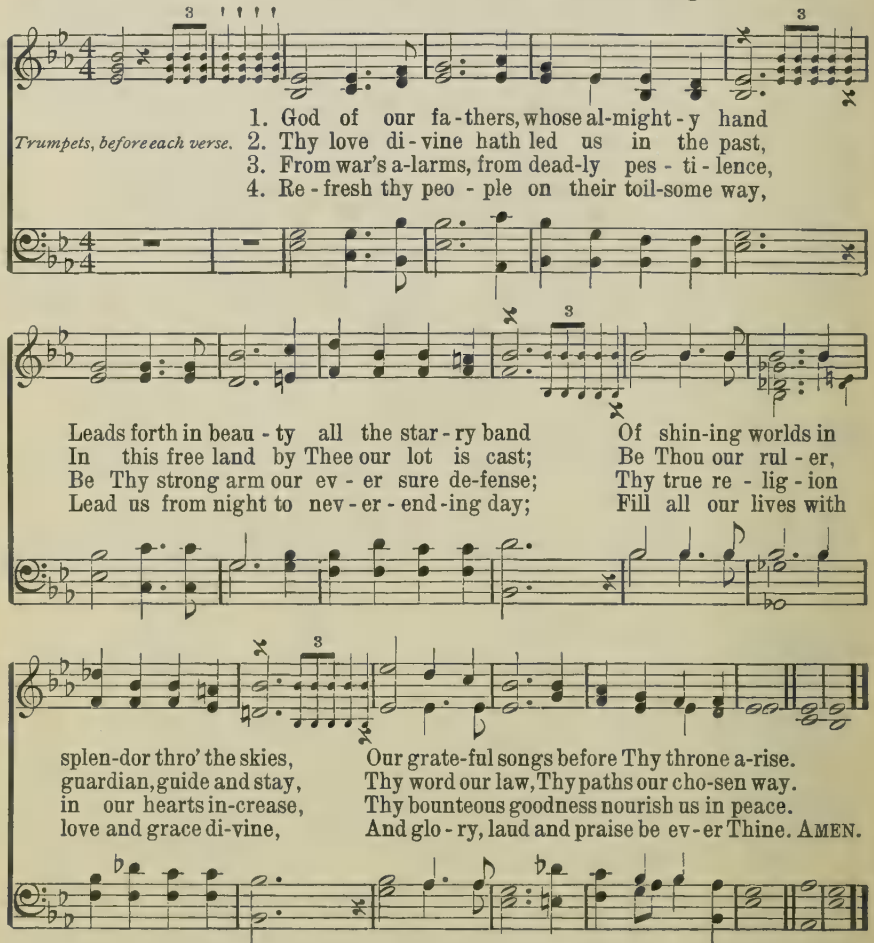
Thy Brother Calls to Thee.

Chorus.
Thy broth-er calls to thee, Thy brother calls to thee; From lands a-far a-
calls..... to thee, he calls to thee;
rit.
cross the sea He's calling, call-ing thee; Thy brother calls to thee, Thy
He's call - ing, calling thee; Thy broth-er calls..... to thee,
brother calls to thee; O send the news, the joyful news, Thy brother calls to thee.
He calls to thee;
Coda. After last verse only.
He calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee;
He calls, he calls,..... Thy broth-er..... calls to thee;
Chorus may be repeated pp.
He calls, he calls, Thy broth-er calls to thee.
He calls, he calls,.....

472 Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL, HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a-new
Male Voices in Unison.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
Full Harmony.
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His
glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

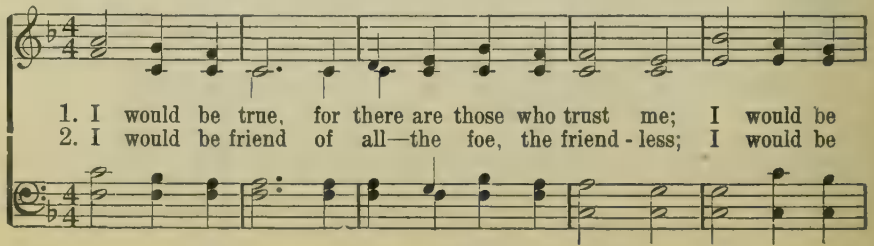
473 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* 10, 10, 10, 10. George W. Warren.

Trumpets, before each verse.
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the skies,
Be Thou our rul-er, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine,
Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine. AMEN.

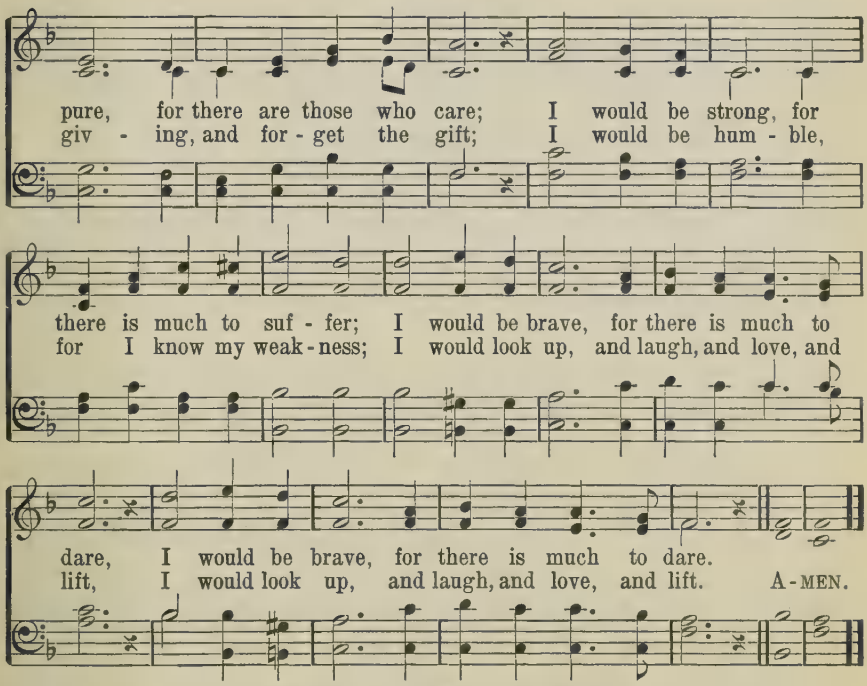
474 I Would Be True.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. YATES PEEK.

Howard Arnold Walter. *Peek.* Joseph Yates Peek.

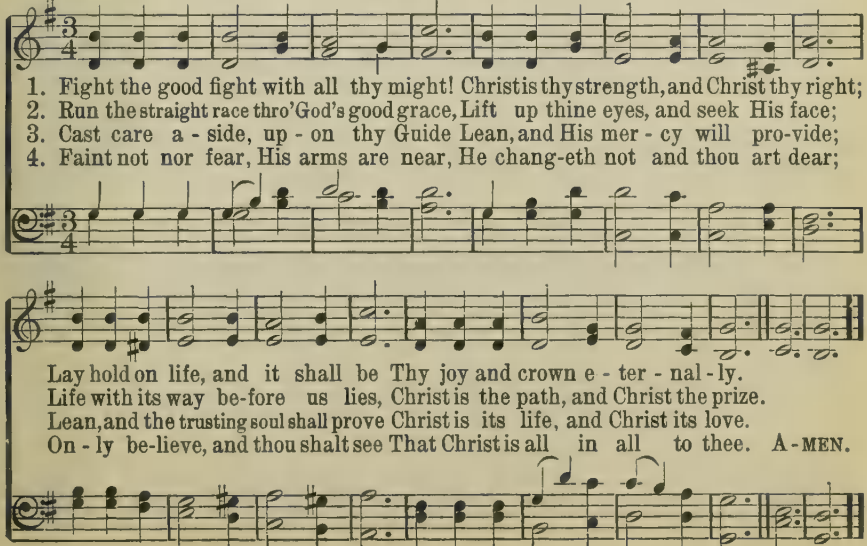


I Would Be True.


pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
for I know my weak - ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A - MEN.

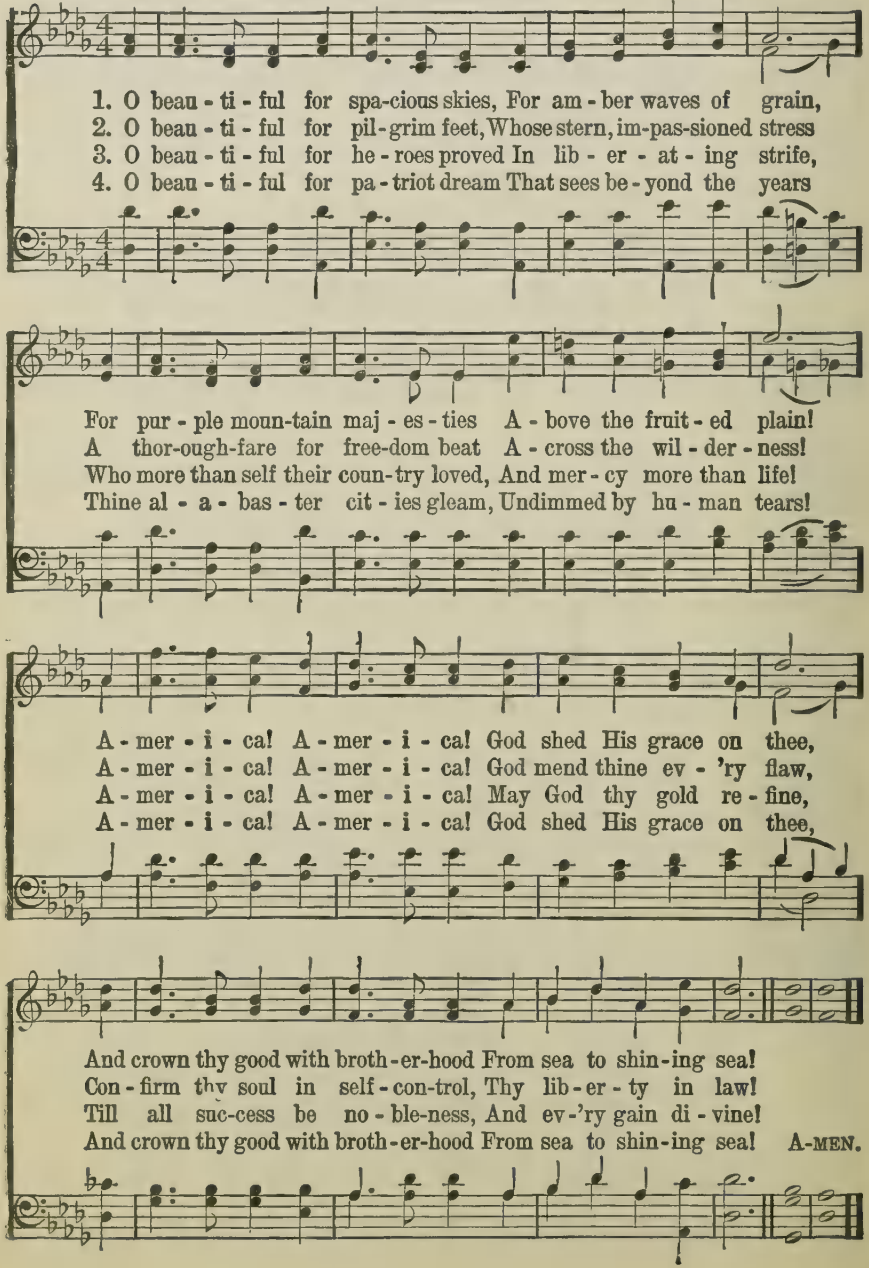
475 Fight the Good Fight.

John S. B. Monsell. *Pentecost. L. M.* William Boyd.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang - eth not and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - MEN.

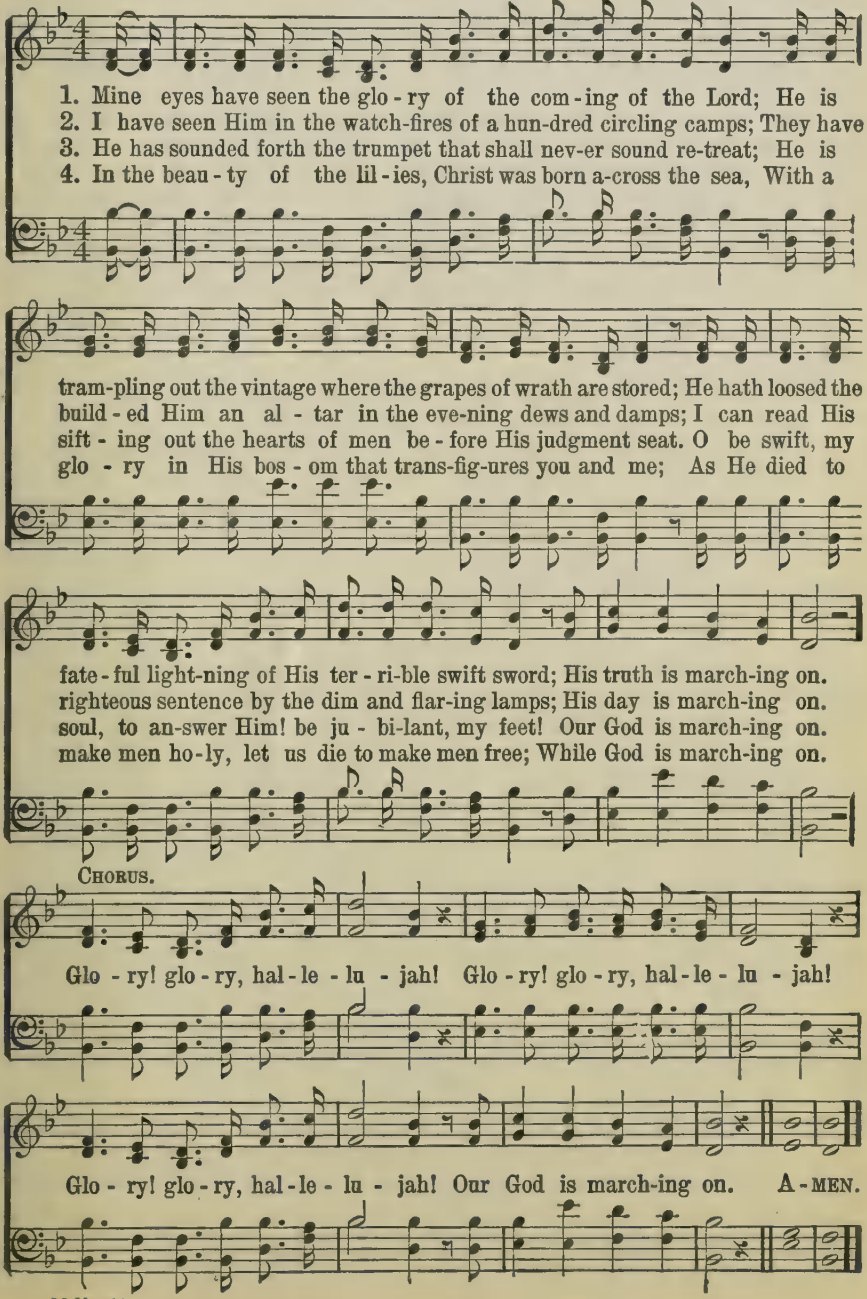
America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

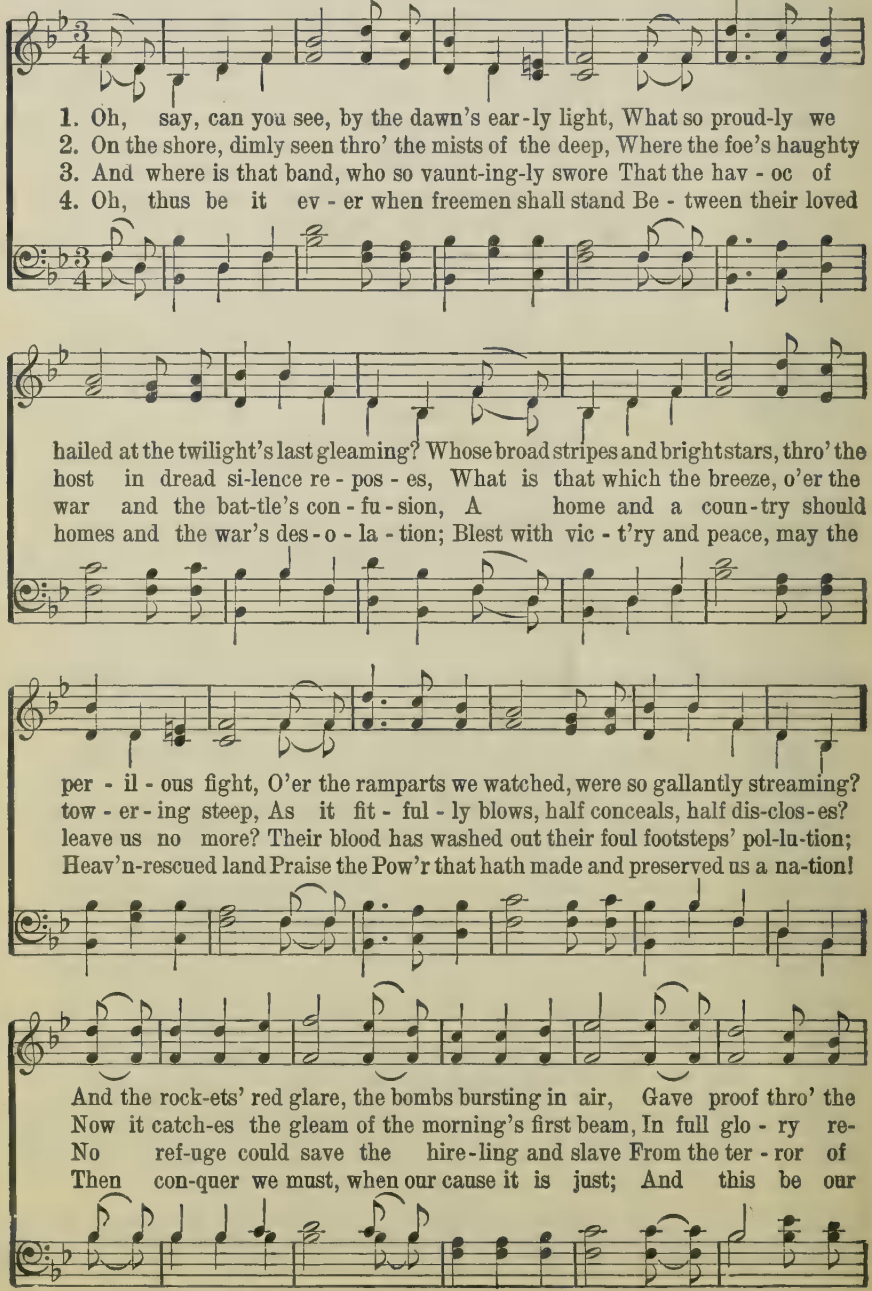
477 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

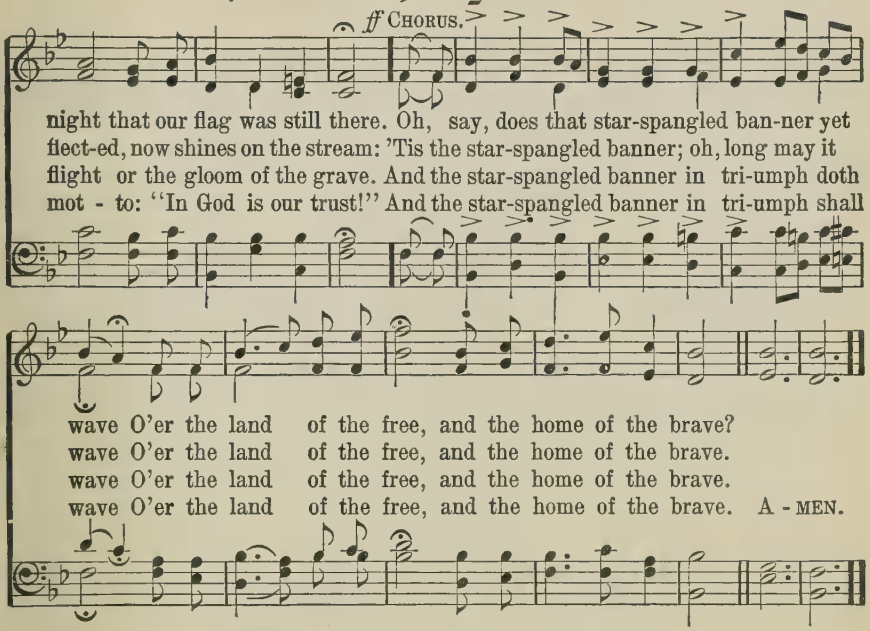
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Chorus.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - men.

478 The Star-Spangled Banner.

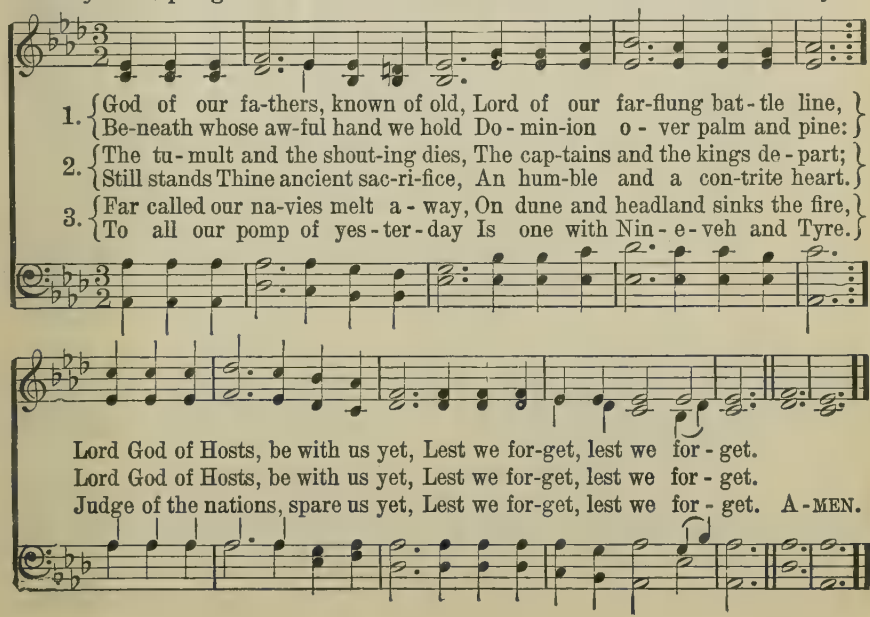
Francis Scott Key.


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

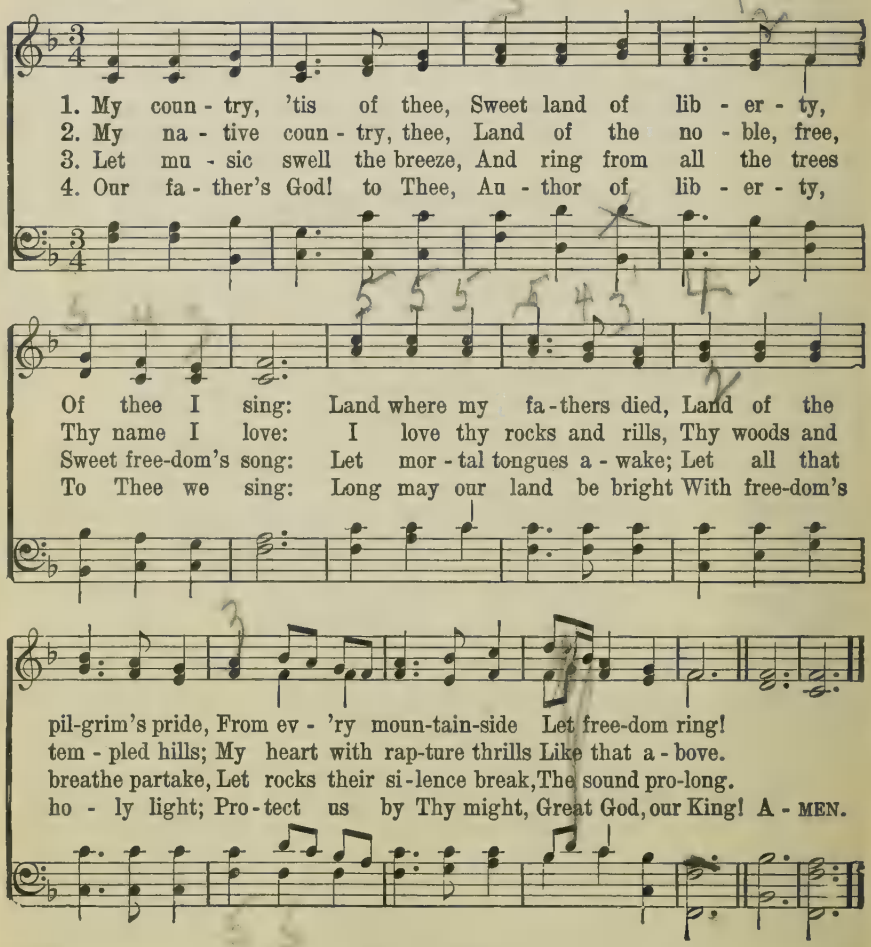
479 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a - way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get. A - MEN.

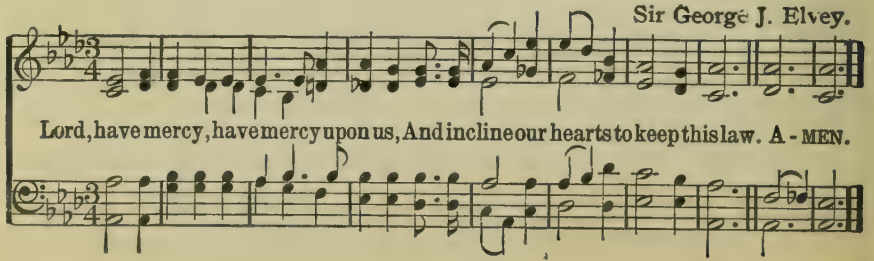
480 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A - MEN.

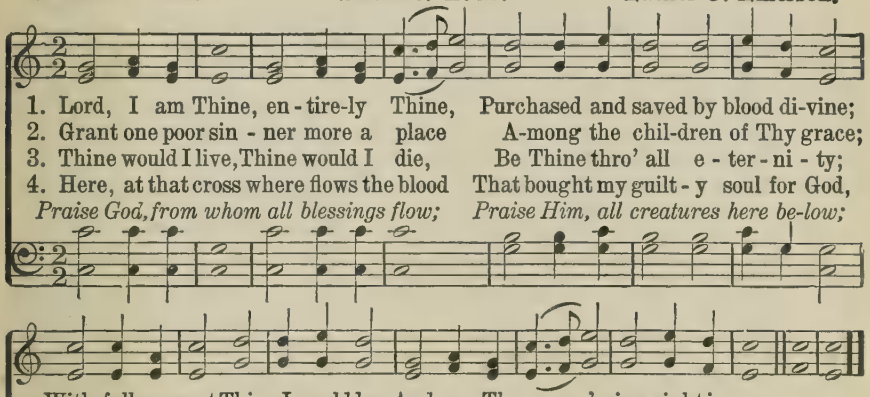
481 Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.



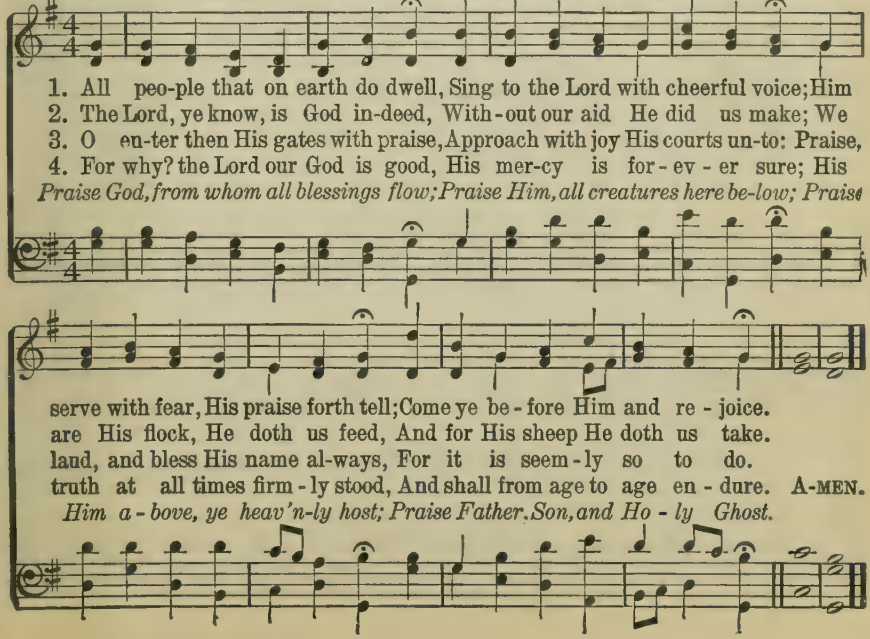
482 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies. *Sessions. L. M.* Luther O. Emerson.


1. Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt-y soul for God,
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov-'reign right in me.
A wretch-ed sin-ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is past be-yond re-peal, And now I set the sol-emn seal.
Thee, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se-crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

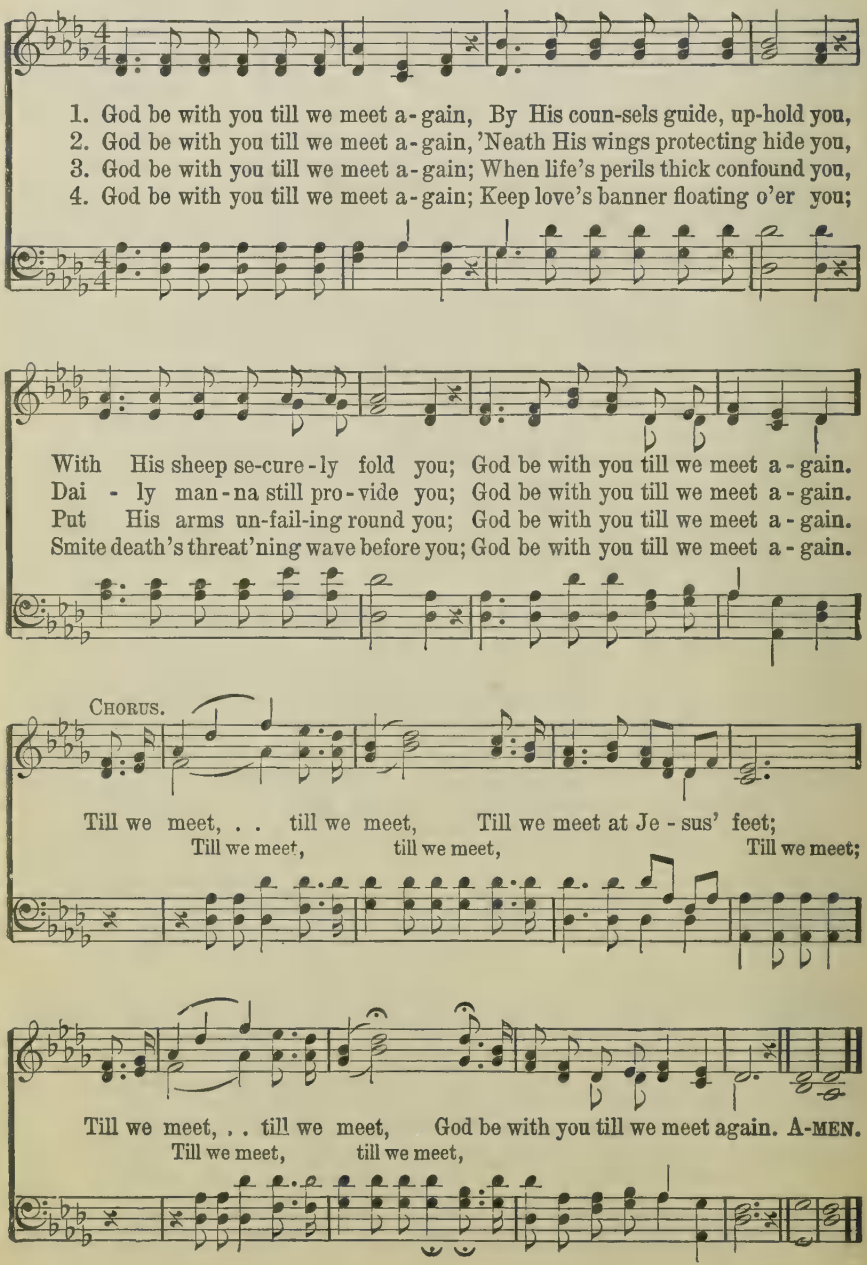
483 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise
serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.
Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

484 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-MEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

Responsive Readings

485 Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you,* and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

486 John 1

1 In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

2 The same was in the beginning with God.

3 All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.

4 In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

5 And the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.

6 There was a man sent from God whose name was John.

7 The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8 He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9 That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

10 He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11 He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12 But as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name;

13 Which were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14 And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

487 John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

488 John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

489 John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou *then,* Shew us the Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I shall do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

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490 Romans 6

1 What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

3 Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also *in the likeness* of *his* resurrection:

6 Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

7 For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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491 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

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492 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

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493 Romans 12

1 I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

4 For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

5 So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

6 Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

7 Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching;

8 Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

13 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

14 Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

15 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16 Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17 Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

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494 1 Corinthians 11

1 For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it,* in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

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495 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the *poor,* and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

496 Galatians 6

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

497 Ephesians 6

1 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

498 Philippians 2

1 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

499 Philippians 4

1 Rejoice in the Lord, alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, brethren, whatsoever things *are* true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there* be any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

500 Revelation 7

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

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501 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

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502 Psalm 1

1 Blessed *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

503 Psalm 23

1 The Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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504 Psalm 24

1 The earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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505 Psalm 37

1 Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

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506 Psalm 46

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 **Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;**

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

4 **There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.**

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 **The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.**

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

8 **Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.**

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 **Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.**

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

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507 Psalm 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 **I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.**

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 **He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.**

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 **Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.**

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 **Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.**

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 **There shall be no evil befall thee.**

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508 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 **Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.**

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 **Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.**

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

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509 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 **Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.**

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He wil lnot always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

510 Nativity

(Luke 2:8-20)

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

2 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

4 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

5 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

6 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

7 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

8 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

9 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

10 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

11 And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

12 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

13 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

511 Resurrection

(Matthew 28:1-10; 16-20)

1 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

2 And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

3 His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

4 And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

5 And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

6 He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

7 And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

8 And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

9 And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him.

10 Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

11 Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

12 And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted.

13 And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

14 Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

15 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

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512 Service

(Matthew 25:34-46)

1 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

2 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

3 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

4 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

5 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

6 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

7 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

8 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

9 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

10 I was a stranger, and ye took

me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

11 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

12 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.

13 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

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513 Giving

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

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514 The Word

(Psalm 119:9-16; 18; 32; 44-48; 54-56)

1 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

2 With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

3 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

4 Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

5 With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

6 I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

7 I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

8 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

9 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

10 I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

11 So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

12 And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

13 I will speak of thy testimonies also before Kings, and will not be ashamed.

14 And I will delight myself in

thy commandments, which I have loved.

15 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes.

16 Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.

17 I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night, and have kept thy law.

18 This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

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515 The Ten Commandments

(Exodus 20:3-17)

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

V Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

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O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

PSALM XCVI. 9.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

PSALM XCVI. 1.

Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you now and for evermore. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.